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MEMOIR OF
JAMES WYLD OF GILSTON.

MEMOIR

OF

JAMES WYLD OF GILSTON

AND HIS FAMILY.

ALSO OF

ROBERT STODART

OF KAILZIE AND ORMISTON HILL.

BY

ROBERT STODART WYLD, LL.D.

FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

1889.

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DEDICATED

TO HIS DAUGHTER,

JESSIE CASSELS SCOTT,

MONTREAL, CANADA,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

INTRODUCTORY NOTE, ... xi

CHAPTER I.

ON HEREDITY—SOME TRAITS OF MY FATHER'S CHARACTER—HIS HABITS AND FIGURE—HIS MARRIAGE, ... 1

CHAPTER II.

MY PATERNAL GRANDFATHER, HIS CHILDREN, GRANDCHILDREN, AND GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN, ... 10

CHAPTER III.

MY UNCLE BROWN AND HIS CHILDREN, ... 17

CHAPTER IV.

MY FATHER'S EDUCATION AND MERCANTILE START IN LIFE—A VOLUNTEER—HIS MARRIAGE—HIS FIRST HOUSE ON LEITH LINKS, ... 26

CHAPTER V.

OUR LIFE AT BONNINGTON BANK—MR DUNN'S SCHOOL—FULNEC SCHOOL, ... 35

PAGE

CHAPTER VI.

MY FATHER AND MOTHER'S METHODICAL LIFE AT BONNINGTON—THE COMMERCIAL BANK STARTED, ... 42

CHAPTER VII.

THE LIFE AT GILSTON—MY FATHER AND MOTHER'S DEATH, . . 51

CHAPTER VIII.

ROBERT STODART WYLD AND HIS FAMILY, ... 71

CHAPTER IX.

ROBERT STODART WYLD AND HIS FAMILY—*continued*, . . 89*b*

CHAPTER X.

JAMES CHARLES WYLD, ... 136

CHAPTER XI.

HENRY WYLD, ... 151

CHAPTER XII.

WILLIAM WYLD, ... 161

CHAPTER XIII.

GEORGE WYLD, ... 187

CHAPTER XIV.

EDWARD WYLD, ... 200

CHAPTER XV.

LIEUTENANT BENJAMIN WYLD, ... 215

PAGE

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DAUGHTERS, ... 234

CHAPTER XVII.

CONCLUSION, ... 268

ADDENDUM, ... 272

A CLOSING REFLECTION BY THE AUTHOR, ... 273

A SKETCH OF ROBERT STODART, ESQ. OF KAILZIE AND ORMISTON HILL, ... 275

APPENDIX, ... 303

THE FAMILY OF WYLD.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

It was with the intention of recording some particulars of the lives of parents whom I loved, and also of my grandparents on the mother's side, that I began to write the following sketches. I have been led to give also some notices, so far as was in my power, of my paternal grandparents, whom I had never seen, also of my brothers and sisters, as well as of some collateral branches of the family.

We were a large family, and in spite of diversities of tastes and character, and pretty strong self-will in most of us, we have through life remained wonderfully attached to each other, keeping up a constant correspondence when separated, and taking a lively interest in each other's happiness and prosperity.

My father and mother had fifteen children born to them. Of these, James and John, the second and the fourth, died respectively at the ages of six and eight. And Charlotte Mary died at Gilston, of fever, in 1838, when twelve years of age; she was the thirteenth child.

When my father died, in 1860, aged eighty-four years, he left a family of twelve children, namely, seven sons and five daughters. This is not the place to analyse the character of the individual

members of so large a family, but speaking in the general of them as a family, I may say confidently, that we were a sober, sincere, and thoughtful race—outspoken, holding honestly to our convictions, fond of discussion, combative even at times, ever ready to speculate on the questions of the day, and at times to dip into philosophy. In our habits, we were careful and prudent; in temper, we were quick, ardent, and enthusiastic. In *physique*, we were active and muscular, rather than hardy and enduring. We were all tall; one of the sons, a Canadian farmer, measures six feet four inches in height, and the other sons were either six feet, or close up to this height.

In prosecuting our professional careers, whether these went with the grain or against it, we were never less than steady and honourable, and we met with varying fortunes, as shall appear in the sequel.

All the sons, seven in number, who reached manhood, and two of the daughters, married, and were eminently faithful, loving, and happy in the domestic relationship. Nor was there one of our number of whom we have reason to be ashamed. For this let us thank God.

One characteristic of the family, deeply stamped, I have nearly forgotten to mention, namely, an overmastering diffidence, and a nervous discomfort experienced in the presence of strangers with whom we happen to have no natural and spontaneous affinities. This constitutional weakness, coming as it does in some measure from both sides of the house, is all the more inherent and ungovernable, and likely therefore only to disappear and be buried with our bones. It is pleasant, however, to observe, that greater confidence is already beginning to display itself in some of the members of the rising generations.

I shall now say something regarding the origin of the *Scottish Wylds*.

Our remoter ancestors, as well as our more immediate predecessors, flourished in the south-western counties of Scotland, especially in Lanark and Peebles, and their tombstones are still to be found in the parishes of Biggar, Dunsyre, Walston, Carnwath, and generally throughout Tweeddale and the upper wards of Lanark. These districts, I may here also remark, are sprinkled with the names of the Gladstone and Stodart families; and my eldest sister, when on a visit to Professor and Mrs J. S. Blackie, at Broughton, Peeblesshire, when exploring the surrounding country, found on a tombstone in Biggar Parish Churchyard the marriage recorded of a *Marion Wyld* to *John Gladstone*. This John Gladstone was full cousin of Sir John Gladstone, Bart., father of the celebrated G. O. M. of our day. The said Marion Wyld died 13th February 1822.

In Messrs Irvine & Murray's work on the *Upper Wards of Lanarkshire*, published in 1864, there is a handsome tombstone engraved, on which is the figure of a man standing draped in a civilian robe, within a frame supported by pillars, under which is the inscription, *Robert Wyld*, *died* 1705, *aged* 63.

As the name of Wyld was till recent times only to be found, as we understood, in the above districts of Scotland, we very naturally concluded that our ancestors must at some distant period have migrated from the south-west of England, where the name is far from uncommon.

This was *our theory*. When I was, however, in September 1887, at Ruthven House, spending some weeks with Lord Trayner and my daughter, my attention was directed to a fine copy of Sir Walter Scott's edition of the ancient poem of *Sir Tristram*, of which *Thomas the Rymer* is the reputed author. On perusing Sir Walter's introduction and notes (p. 36, edition 1806), I stumbled upon what amused me, by showing the possibility,—shall I say, the probability?—of our having been allied with the family of *Merlin*,

the celebrated wizard or bard of the sixth century. To show the ground on which I rest this idea, I shall give the substance of what Sir Walter Scott says regarding *Merlin and his times.* The Britons, says he, inhabited the western districts of England, and also the district of *Strathclwyd*, which embraced the mountains of Cumberland, and the high grounds of Liddesdale and Teviotdale, Ettrick Forest, and Tweeddale. They waged continual wars with the Saxon invaders, who occupied the eastern parts of England. In the above district flourished some of the most distinguished British Bards who mingled in the memorable events of the period, and which decided the fate of the Island. The first of these bards mentioned by Sir Walter, is *Merlin Wylit*, translated by the French *Merlin Sauvage*, who inhabited the woods of *Tweeddale*, and who was buried at *Drumelzier*, *near Peebles*, where there is a stone pointed out as his tomb. This account, at least, fixes the name of *Wyld*, then spelt *Wylit*, as existing in the sixth century, and in precisely the same limited district of Scotland where our family is known to have dwelt for many centuries back from the present time.

Merlin was called by the Welsh, Myrdin Wylit, or Merlin the Wild; also Merlinus Sylvestris, or Woodland Merlin; and Merlinus Caledonius (see Veitch's History of the Scottish Border). The family name, Wylit, was probably given to his clan, from their inhabiting the wild and wooded regions of Upper Tweeddale.

Following out the subject of the antiquity of our family, and so far strengthening the argument connecting us with *Merlin's* family, let me record another fact. My late much esteemed cousin, Robert Stodart, of the Lyon Office, Edinburgh, whose tastes and antiquarian genius are well known by his valuable genealogical works, some time ago directed our attention to the work of the Rev. Mr Forbes Leith, published by Mr Paterson of Edinburgh in 1832, designated *The Scots Men at Arms and Life Guards in*

France from 1418 *to* 1830. This work shows that *Scotsmen* of our family name are continually recorded as serving as archers in this Royal Body Guard of the Kings of France, especially from 1479 downwards for many years. The name is spelt variously, as was common in those times, when there was no established rule for spelling; thus Weils, Wills, Wile, Wilet, and Weilt, are indifferently used. In those days, they generally divided monosyllabic words, to make them more easily pronounced, as *bird-is*, *hang-it*, *wash-it*, &c.; hard sounding consonants, at the end of words, were also either elided or softened, as for example, by omitting the last consonant by writing *wile* or *weile* for *wild*, or by changing the harder *d* into the softer *t*, as we see in the above examples. Even in the present day, the country people follow the above practice, and call us the *Wyles*.

Now observe, that the men of the French Body Guard were all Scotsmen; and being Scotsmen and archers, it is at least probable that those of them who bore the name of Wyld or Weils, &c., would belong to Tweeddale, Ettrick Forest, or other southern counties of Scotland, where our family so long existed, and where the use of the bow was so common. This I considered the more likely from the fact, that I had never heard of the name Wyld as occurring in any other part of Scotland.

This was all we could urge for the antiquity of our family. We could trace the family name, though with considerable gaps, no doubt, from the sixth century down through the middle ages to modern times, during which long period of 1300 years, they seemed to have remained firmly rooted among the hills and valleys of the pastoral country above mentioned, which was, according to Sir Walter Scott, the native country of Merlin Wylit.

Thus far had I written two years ago, in preparing this Introductory Note, and I did not expect I would have anything further to add to it; but my brother William, in July last (1889),

put into my hands a half sheet he had received from my sister Mrs Blackie, bearing to be *Jottings by Robert R. Stodart, of the Lyon Office*, regarding individuals of our name casually found by him as existing in far back times. I did not read these jottings at the time, but put them up with other papers for after examination, when I might be giving a final revision to my Introductory Note. I now, in the present month of September 1889, have taken up these *jottings* for examination. I feared they might complicate, if they did not weaken, the value of my Merlin, or at least the Strathclwyd, theory of the origin of our family. The reader may therefore imagine the satisfaction I experienced on finding that these jottings, instead of weakening my theory, seemed very distinctly to give an additional and interesting strength to it. I now insert Mr Stodart's jottings entire :—

A.D.

1351. Thomas and Richard Wylde held land and witnessed charters at Brechin.

1358. English safe conduct for Thomas Wylde and two horsemen to go to Flanders and back.

1372. John Wyld, Rector of Forgie, and Randolph Wild, Sub-Dean of Brechin.

1395. Thomas Wild was paid £5, 3s. 8d. for armour for the king.

1402. Thomas Wylde, Custodier of Linlithgow.

1435. John Wild, Priest, Diocese of Brechin.

1436. Thomas Wild, burgess of Stirling.

1442. Late David Wild, landowner in Brechin.

1453. John Wyld, Vicar of Brechin.

1464. English safe conduct for Richard Wylde.

1474. Priest in Galloway, J. Wylde.

1486. Ingram Wild, witness to a deed.

1493. Lands of Ingram Wyld, in Canongate, Edinburgh.

1503. Thomas Wyld, Prebendary of Trinity College Church.

1495. John Wild, and John his son, held part of Instligulian, Lanarkshire.
1585. Antoine Wyld, Dumfriesshire.
1592. George Wild, tenant, Aberdeenshire.
1603. Simeon Wild, graduate at Edinburgh University.
1607. Herbert Weild, his father Matthew, and predecessors, held land in Annan beyond the memory of man.

It will be seen that these jottings date from the year 1351 down to 1607; that the individuals contained in the list are twenty-three in number; that several of them are *Wylds* holding offices of some importance; that while seven of them belonged to the south-west of Scotland, where we know the Wylds to have existed for many centuries, there are five on the list to whom no habitat is ascribed. The remainder of the Wylds on the list, and mostly those belonging to the farther back dates, are mentioned either as residing in the neighbourhood of Brechin, in Forfarshire, or may be held to have belonged to that district of the country. This indicates the existence *at still more remote times* of a colony of Wylds settled there. This considerably surprised me, and the question which presented itself was this, Was it the result of a migration of the Wylds from Strathclwyd, who were, at very remote times, as we know, so closely connected with the Arthurian wars? or if not from Strathclwyd, then whence, and when, came they to the more northern region of Forfarshire, where, at a very distant period, Mr Stodart's list shows them to be flourishing?

The following argument occurs to me, and seems to offer a reasonable, consistent, and interesting solution of the question. It is known that the Arthurian warriors visited and fought not only in Strathclwyd, in the Lothians, and in Stirling and in Dumbartonshire, but in various more northern parts of Scotland, even as far north as the Grampians. This is proved by the Arthurian

names and traditions which they left behind them. It is quite possible, then, that they may have fought and settled in Forfarshire. Arthurian story leads us to this conclusion.

Now here there comes in this interesting and startling circumstance, which goes far to solve our question. In the churchyard of Meigle, which lies a very few miles to the west of Brechin, stands a large highly-wrought tombstone, which is exhibited at the present day, and is believed by archæologists to be the tombstone of Guinevere. When I was, two years ago, examining this interesting relic of such distant times, the question naturally presented itself, How came it that the queen, so famous in romance, should be buried in a locality so obscure and remote from Wales and Strathclwyd, or the other southern scenes of Arthurian adventure? The jottings of Mr Stodart seem to me to throw light on the subject, and to render it probable that the Forfar Wylds of early times must have been descendants from an immigration of Strathclwyd Wylds in Arthurian times; and this being the case, we can scarcely doubt that there must be, in some way or other, a connection between this migration, and the history of Queen Guinevere, and the existence of her tomb in Meigle.

There are other corroborative pieces of evidence. First, that the two rivers on which the colony of Wyld settled, namely, the North and South Esks, have Welsh names, which must necessarily have been conferred on them by a Welsh colony. Second, that adjoining Meigle there is a property called Arthurstone, certainly suggestive of the legendary stories connected with this district of the country.

I do not deny the extreme unreliability of Arthurian romance. The French story of King Arthur is evidently little more than a wild fiction, which effloresced all the more widely, wildly, and fancifully, after the poetic and scholarly genius of Geoffry of Monmouth, gathering from various sources, had cast the story into a

Latin garb, by which means Arthurian enthusiasm was made quickly to spread and reign through all the nations of Europe. This Latin chronicle was written about the middle of the twelfth century, nearly six centuries after the Welsh and the French earlier Arthurian ballads had been sung, and had strung up enthusiasm for still higher flights of romance.

The Welsh story, however, has much more reliable matter in it than the French ones have. Purged from folly, it is substantially a history of the wars waged by the Welsh against their Saxon invaders, and which, in reality, lasted from the fifth to the tenth century, when at last the Welsh were subdued by the Saxon King, Edmund of Wessex, who, in 946, ceded Strathclwyd to Malcolm, King of the Scots.

For information regarding the discovery and the description of the tombstone of Guinevere, I refer the reader to the volume, "Strathmore, Past and Present," by the Rev. J. G. M'Pherson, minister of Ruthven, and to the authorities from whom he quotes. Mr M'Pherson's opinion is, that Guinevere was buried at Meigle, and that the monument was erected as a memento of her crime. The engraving on the obverse side represents a woman being attacked and devoured by dogs and other furious animals. Be this, however, as it may, I think that even the most scrupulous genealogists and archæologists will not easily set aside the various evidence adduced, connecting the Strathclwyd and the Brechin Wylds with Arthurian times.

All this may appear either an amusing or a ridiculous speculation, according to the temper of the reader. I hold it, however, to possess a real living interest. Yes, even as regards that most difficult, dim, and weird question, which aims at connecting us with Merlin Wylit of Strathclwyd. We know that all the individuals of the human race are descended from the *original man* by thousands of distinct yet connected links—the scoundrel

no less than the noble ; but it is both curious and pleasant, if one can persuade himself that he may get a glimpse, even of one probable link in his chain, a thousand or more years back, and may say *All hail* to his very great and venerable forefather—especially if he is no gorilla, but a Cymric or a Celtic bard—a sort of unpolished Homer.

The Wylds have now nearly disappeared from their old habitat, and have been transplanted into the metropolitan cities of Scotland, England, and America, where we see them as soldiers, sailors, merchants, farmers, medical men, engineers, &c. Of some of these we shall have something to say in the following pages.

I judge it right, in this prefatory notice, distinctly to announce to the reader, that the following notes and reminiscences have been written, not because of any peculiar genius displayed in our family, but simply from supposing, that when the writer has left the world, his children and grandchildren, and other relatives, may desire to have some knowledge of the life and character of those from whom they are sprung, or with whom they are connected by blood, and who, to say the least, were kind and honest, and therefore worthy of being remembered and honoured.

19 Inverleith Row,
Edinburgh, 30*th September* 1889.

N.B.—The photograph which forms the frontispiece is taken from the cast of a bust of my father modelled by me in 1845, my first and only attempt in this line. My daughter Frances suggested it as a suitable frontispiece to the volume.

MEMOIR OF JAMES WYLD OF GILSTON AND HIS FAMILY.

CHAPTER I.

ON HEREDITY—SOME TRAITS OF MY FATHER'S CHARACTER—HIS HABITS AND FIGURE—HIS MARRIAGE.

I have often thought it a pity that all traces of a large family should be lost, and that it might therefore be right, as past events in family history and memories of character present themselves as we look back, to record them briefly for the use of descendants and such other relatives as may care to peruse them, and who may be gratified to find that, though their ancestors were not great, they were at least good and reputable, and not without some originality of character.

Successive generations arise, flit across the stage, and disappear —a part of that flood *ever the same, never the same*, over which old Heraclitus used to ponder. Some may say, and think, that we should be satisfied to allow this flux of unrecorded atoms to flow on, especially when we realise that we are destined to meet in that mighty ocean, where we shall enjoy a purer and more enduring intercourse. Such a belief in immortality, it seems to me, should not, however, in any measure prevent our endeavouring to make the earthly life of those we have loved come back to us, and for a short time dwell again in our human memories.

My daughter Jessie, writing from Montreal, and sending me a very interesting biographical sketch, taken from the public papers, of her father-in-law, Henry Stewart Scott, merchant in Quebec, hinted that I might perhaps occupy some of my spare time at Rossigneres, in Canton de Vaud, where we intended to spend the summer months of 1883, in jotting down any particulars in our family history which I might consider interesting. Every family has many things connected with it, which, if faithfully represented, must prove interesting and instructive. The prosperity of families, their happiness and their misfortunes, depend generally on peculiarities in their character and temperament, and these again result mainly from heredity or transmitted qualities. Believing in this as a natural law, I have long held it much more important, even in a worldly point of view, for men and women to desire to ingraft themselves into a healthy stock, than to aim at raising themselves by alliance, either with wealth or title, unless indeed these are united with wholesome physical and moral qualities. When there is known weakness of mind or body, or what is worse, an ill regulated or vicious moral nature, surely it is one of the wickedest possible acts to sacrifice one's happiness, and that of one's progeny, by grasping at a tinsel so relatively worthless as money or title; and yet how often do we see sagacious and religious men yielding to the temptation. Love, no doubt, naturally makes light of all difficulties and dangers, and we may perhaps never live to see a cold and severe judgment triumphing either over wild passion or deep-seated affection; still, we hold that a large amount of evil might be avoided were parents to instruct their children regarding the superior importance of soundness and goodness to mere external elegance or social position. Physical infirmities, visible or concealed, we admit exist in most families, and therefore all we can do is at the most to endeavour to avoid those evident weaknesses and constitutional diseases which we know to

be peculiarly dangerous. With this protest we shall close what some may consider a useless and unjustifiable moralising on a subject the regulation of which lies practically beyond the reach of human control.

The first and most prominent figures in our family group must necessarily be those of my father and mother, and my maternal grandparents. None other of my ancestors have I known,—they had left the scene before I was born.

My father and my maternal grandfather were both, in the ordinary sense of the word, successful men. They raised themselves and their families a perceptible step in the social scale. The character, moral and physical, of these two gentlemen, and the incidents which led them to success, though widely different in the experience of each, and though in neither case very remarkable, were yet such as can be recalled with interest by friends and relatives.

That men of fair energy and ability should emerge from respectable provincial life and rise to wealth and prominence in the metropolis, is in our day fortunately not at all uncommon. Such success, however, was far more rare and difficult at the end of last century, and during the first quarter of the present one. Since then the country has made immense strides. There was, as I well remember, a period of great depression after the peace of 1815. The nation seemed exhausted. Money was scarce, taxation was heavy, there was no enterprise or commercial courage, our ideas and tastes were also torpid, as we may see by the style of most of the buildings and restorations executed at this period, and by the shabby paper, printing, and illustrations frequently used in books published at this time.

After an uneasy rest, however, of eight or ten years, movements both commercial and political began to stir the nation; these gradually, year by year, increased, till a period of national energy

and progress was reached which had never been equalled in the past history of our country, nor, so far as I know, in the history of the world. Steam power, railway communication, gold discoveries in America and Australia, peace at home and abroad, free trade, and especially the free introduction of foreign corn, all mark an epoch in our history. During the same period, the circle of our foreign markets had become enlarged, embracing our Australian, New Zealand, and Canadian Colonies. Most of these circumstances have, within the short period of forty or fifty years, concurred in raising Scotland, from the comparatively poor country which it was in my boyhood, into a country which, notwithstanding its many disadvantages in climate and soil, and the smallness of its population, is recognised as one of the most enterprising and successful countries in Europe; and thus it is that many families may now be found, not only in our large capitals, but also in our minor and formerly unimportant towns, who, by dint of the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*, have raised themselves and their country to a position of honour and importance. The maxims of thrift and caution which, fifty or sixty years ago, chiefly distinguished our countrymen, have now, under high pressure aims and efforts, given place to the boldest combination of *energy* with *venture*. We mention this because, unless it is kept in view, the merits of the two persons whose histories began in the last century, and which we are about briefly to record, will not be duly appreciated.

Beginning with my father, let me at once say most sincerely, that unless he had possessed higher and more endearing qualities, I should never have thought it any sufficient satisfaction to be able to represent him merely as a successful merchant, and an influential member of the community. Though he was both useful and influential in his day and generation, I am glad, as his son, to know that he was very far from being in the usual

sense of the term *a worldly man.* He did, indeed, value success in life, and it may even be admitted that he inclined to over estimate it, as well as rank, title, and social position; but in spite of this natural weakness, a much stronger and nobler principle formed the staple of his character. In his inner nature, he valued energy and goodness, and an honourable character, far above gain, and he never failed to impress on his children the great truth, that without these wealth was a very wretched and worthless affair.

One of the most marked, shall we say *external*, traits in my father's character was, that he was essentially a sensitive man. He ever shrank from every outward form of coarseness or profanity. I can confidently say that, so guarded was he against everything unseemly, that I cannot conceive him, under any provocation, allowing himself to use any harsh or unguarded expression. He viewed all such language as not only immoral, but disreputable, and eminently unbecoming; for his estimate of a gentleman was not that of the eighteenth century, which seemed to regard swearing and drinking as the natural insignia of gentility, but of another, perhaps an ideal age, when gentility was equivalent with refinement. As another trait, my father was himself, beyond any man I have known, pure and clean and decorous alike in mind, body, and behaviour. His inherent love of what was comely showed itself, not only in his language, but in his attention to dress. His apparel was never slovenly or in bad taste, or even commonplace, rather the reverse, especially, as I remember, during the younger and middle years of his life. At this period, every morning he carefully curled his hair with hot irons, and then brushed it out, and it was a pleasure to the children occasionally to witness this operation, a clean and comfortable one, not involving the same amount of time or the horrors and painful faces which accompany shaving. His usual equipment for the day was, at that time, light pants buttoned

at the knee, and long boots with stiff glazed calf leather tops. Sometimes the tops were of yellow-chamois leather; at times the boots were what I think were called Hessian boots, with a curved front rising above the knee.

Again, when he dined out or entertained at home, he was a sight to be admired, and his children never failed to admire and wonder: a black coat, a waistcoat of the same, or of purple velvet, the under man clothed in knitted tight-fitting silk pantaloons, showing the limbs, and tied with silk ribbons at the ankles, then black or coloured silk stockings, just visible, and light shoes, with buckles. Thus dressed, I believe there were very few gentlemen in Edinburgh who, in figure, feature, and outward manner, could come up to him. He was exactly six feet in height, somewhat slender, but lithe and active. His limbs were light and handsome, and tapered down to the ankle, a figure altogether of grace, energy, and action.

His features, as may be seen in the portrait by George Watson of Edinburgh, at present hanging in my dining-room at No. 19 Inverleith Row, and which was probably painted about the year 1816, when he was, say, 40 years of age, were straight and regular, and clean cut, the forehead was full, high, and well formed. Sheriff Watson of Aberdeen, a cousin or half cousin of my mother (his mother being a Stodart), and an enthusiastic phrenologist, used to assert that his was one of the finest and best balanced heads in Edinburgh. Though my father was a taller man, he was not unfrequently mistaken for the late Honourable Henry Lord Cockburn, and on one occasion he was accosted by a gentleman, who, in courteous terms, complimented him on the eloquent platform speech he had heard him deliver a few days before. I need not tell those who knew my father, that, whatever his abilities, he was not entitled to any compliment of this kind. He was a singularly diffident man, and ever shrank nervously from

making any public appearance. And though he in his younger days was a member of the Leith Town Council, and also a Magistrate or Bailie, offices which are thought to confer the gift of speech, if not of eloquence, he never acquired this accomplishment, which is as often founded on vanity and self-confidence, or on ignorance of one's own deficiencies, as on a justifiable sense of superiority. Animal spirits and vanity, we all know, go a great way in producing after dinner orators. George Watson's portrait seems to me, with its calm, honest eyes, to express a character of firmness, with a fine moral tone; but the artist has somewhat corrugated the forehead or eyebrows, which deprives the face of the open and benevolent expression which usually characterised my father's face, and he has also been singularly unsuccessful in the pose of the shoulders and bust. The full length portrait taken by a young Hamilton artist, Mr —— Tait, in 1838 or 1839, gives a much truer representation of his figure and bearing at a later period of life. This portrait is in Professor John Stuart Blackie's house, No. 9 Douglas Crescent. I have seen a very fine miniature of my father, taken apparently when he was about twenty-two years of age. The hair, as was then the fashion when in full dress, was powdered, and the grave handsome face appeared to me one singularly full of youthful beauty. This miniature belonged to Mrs Brown, my father's much loved sister, and was the property of her eldest daughter Mary when I saw it some fifty-five years ago.

It is by no means surprising that a young man such as I have described, though his fortune was yet to make, should have obtained the favour of Mr Stodart, who had retired from business in London some years previous, and who was proprietor of Ormiston Hill, a small but romantic property in West Lothian, with banks and braes, and a wimpling burn, which ran through a finely wooded dell; nor is it surprising that, ere long, he should have fixed his affections on the eldest daughter. I have at quiet times heard

my mother talk of those youthful days, and of the handsome young man who, from time to time, made his appearance on horseback, having ridden from Leith, where he had just started in business, with all the anxieties and uncertainties incident to a start in mercantile life, on his youthful shoulders. It is more difficult at first sight to understand why his first addresses should have been declined, but this also may be explained. Mr Stodart, who, in matters of business, did everything very offhand, having lately sold his property of Kaley, in Peeblesshire, had bought Ormiston Hill, in West Lothian, and settled there with his English wife, and a young family consisting of six sons and three daughters. The eldest member of the family was the young lady of whom we speak, and who was then only eighteen years of age. Just released from the restraints of a boarding school, she was romantically attached to country life, and especially to Ormiston Hill, and its wooded banks and braes and flowers; these, and books of poetry, history, and theology, were opening up to her an entirely new world, with endless possibilities of interest. Everything was fresh and attractive, and she roamed through her beautiful surroundings fancy-free, and with no desire to change her situation even with a queen on the throne, still less to take on her the cares of married life. To a romantic and highly reverential letter from my father, which, by the bye, contained a fond quotation from Shakespeare's *Tempest*, the young lady replied in a style equally graceful, modelled on the style of some of her favourite authors, accepting friendship, but decidedly declining love. But fate, and, let us say also perseverance, had determined the union, and when she reached fully nineteen years of age, she was married to my father. Few wives have been during a long married life more loving, deferential, and happier than my mother was, and very few husbands, I believe, have been so uniformly kind, indulgent, and loving. Never in my experience have I

heard a harsh word from the gentle wife, nor have I heard anything like an angry expression of displeasure from the strong and gallant husband; this, though it may perhaps be regarded as an impossibility, I nevertheless maintain to be a literal fact, so far as my experience extends.

CHAPTER II.

MY PATERNAL GRANDFATHER, HIS CHILDREN, GRANDCHILDREN, AND GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN.

HAVING gone so far without regard to chronology, I must now retrace my steps. My father came of quiet, honest, and pious parents. I have very scanty information regarding the life of my paternal grandfather, John Wyld, of Penicuik. What his early occupations were I know not, but later in life he started a paper mill in this small place, which he afterwards sold to Mr Cowan. I have no right to suppose that it was thus that the extensive paper works of the Messrs Cowan took their origin, and which have since attained such importance. In his *Reminiscences* of the Cowan family, published in 1878, for private circulation, Mr Charles Cowan states, that he believes his grandfather became possessed of the mills of Valleyfield about the year 1770, and, that he gave the place that name. Up to this time, he states, the mills at Valleyfield were on a small scale, and that they had been used for making paper since about the year 1707, and that they had occasionally been possessed and wrought by the King's printers of the day. It is interesting to know with regard to so wealthy a firm as that of the Messrs Cowan, as Mr Charles Cowan states, that, owing to the failure of the house of Mr Constable, so well known in connection with Sir Walter Scott's financial misfortunes, and also the restrictions and inconveniences to which paper-makers were then

subjected by Government, the Valleyfield Works, had it not been for the kind help of an Edinburgh Bank, would not in the year 1826 have been able to pay above 10s. in the pound.

My grandfather being old, and having dropped the paper-making business, came with his wife to Edinburgh, where they died. I have often heard my father talk with reverence of his father, who was an elder in the United Presbyterian Church, or as it was before their union called, the Burgher and Antiburgher Churches. To which of these sections he belonged I cannot say, but he was, by all accounts, a most patriarchal man. Some traits of his character and times may be given. For instance, it was his habit, along with a little band of the more earnest religious members of the Penicuik community, once a year, if possible, to cross on foot the hills and moorlands between their own quiet and secluded homes, and the still more retired and solitary little church of Ettrick, seeking to have their souls refreshed by the preaching of that ardent but severe and uncompromising Calvinist, Thomas Boston. I can record also, to the honour of my paternal grandparents, that the savour of their piety and hospitality did not perish with them, for when I settled in Queensferry in 1842, I felt some pride when told by the Rev. Wm. Carruthers, minister of the United Presbyterian Church there, that his father, who preceded him in the Queensferry charge, had often spoken to him, of old Mr Wyld of Penicuik, and his six stalwart sons and his one winsome daughter, and especially of the hospitality of the old gentleman and lady, whose house was a ready and happy resting-place when ministerial duties called the dissenting clergymen to the neighbourhood. We had at Bonnington Bank a large quarto edition of John Brown of Haddington's self interpreting Bible, in two volumes, printed in London in 1791, and which, on my father's death, fell to my brother William. The paper of the first edition of this work, which was afterwards so famous both in

England and Scotland, my father informed us, was hand-made paper made at my grandfather's paper works.

Possessing so little material that can throw light upon the domestic life and surroundings of our venerable grandparents at Penicuik, I feel the following incidents connnected with the furniture of their modest mansion interesting. After the death of his parents, my father obtained a part of their furniture, among which were nine Chippendale arm chairs, possessing all the neatness and excellent finish which distinguished the furniture of this maker. These chairs stood in my father's bedrooms at Leith Links, and afterwards for many years at Bonnington Bank. When Bonnington was sold to Lord Erskine, they fell to the noble purchaser, but they were afterwards bought back by my father and distributed through the bedrooms at Gilston. When Mr Baxter became proprietor of Gilston, and set about the extension and embellishment of the mansion, outside and in, the professional decorator of the handsome drawing-room cast his eyes on the Chippendale chairs, and at once, after renewal of their cushions, transferred them from the bedrooms to the drawing-room. There they stand in their prudish severity, admired by all, but regarded by us with peculiar tenderness on our seeing them, in 1884, in juxtaposition with so many aristocratic surroundings.

My paternal grandmother was Mary Aitcheson. of Loanhead She was somewhat delicate, and died from a rupture brought on when forcibly opening a drawer. There were eight children of the marriage, three of whom died comparatively young. Thomas, the eldest son, born 1772, died in Holland. John, the second son, a tall, dark-complexioned man, married Miss Black, a most kind and hospitable aunt to us in later years. He, by my father's interest, held the office of agent in the Glasgow branch of the Commercial Bank, and died suddenly when about forty-eight years of age, leaving a widow and a large family, regarding

some of whom I, by and bye, may give a few particulars. Janet died very young; George studied medicine, and as a young medical practitioner went to the West Indies, where he died of fever; Alexander also died when a young man.

John's eldest son, John, succeeded his father in the Commercial Bank in the year 1822 or 1823, before he had attained twenty-one years of age. He married Janet Anderson of Dunfermline, an heiress, and was a singularly intelligent and trustworthy young man. He held the Glasgow agency, with the respect of all, till August 1844, when he died of fever, leaving a widow, who still survives, and a son, John, who married Agnes Watson of Dundee, and had no family, a farmer in Kent on the property of his late uncle, Henry Bannerman, also two daughters. The one who survives is the wife of Alex. Y. Pitcairn, W.S., and has a family.

John's brother, Thomas, long held the office of cashier in the Glasgow Office of the Commercial Bank, and in old age retired on a pension, leaving at his death a good deal of money, which he bequeathed to his nephews and nieces.

My uncle John Wyld's eldest daughter, Elizabeth, married James Mather, a merchant in Hamilton, an elder in the Established Church there, and a singularly hospitable and social man. His family reside in Leeds.

His second daughter, Mary, still lives at Hunton Court. She was a very sweet and attractive young woman, and married Henry Bannerman above referred to, a leading partner of the mercantile house of Bannerman & Co., of Manchester, a man both of mercantile energy and of literary taste. He was the author of several works of a theological character, which exhibited at once power and great independence of mind. One was an argument against the divine obligation of the Sabbath in the Christian Church. He was a Plymouth Brother, and instead of attending church he every Sabbath conducted worship with his family and his ser-

vants, giving not only extempore prayers, but also a sermon or exposition.

Henry Bannerman, ten or twelve years after his marriage, retired from Manchester and from the active control of the business, and purchased the beautiful estate and mansion of Hunton Court in Kent, where, besides being a Deputy-Lieutenant, he became famous as having the finest hops in that fertile county. Acting on a mercantile principle, he stored his hops when prices were low, and speculated on a rise, a risky but sometimes successful experiment, and he informed me that he had made more profit by his hops in Kent than by merchandise in Manchester. By purchasing several small properties from the yeomen in his neighbourhood, he greatly increased the extent of his property.

He had an only child, Mary Wyld Bannerman. The history of this clever, well-educated, and decidedly interesting young woman is a very sad one. Closely adjoining the park of Hunton Court stood the parish church, which formed an interesting feature in the landscape. The curate or officiating clergyman, Mr Green, was a tall, handsome young man. The peculiar religious principles, however, of Mr Bannerman precluded all intimacy between his family and those who lived so near. The consequence was, what might almost have been anticipated. Love stole in where open intercourse was disallowed. The curate and the only child became engaged. Strict Plymouth Brethren will not even sit at table with any one bearing the title of clergyman—the engagement was therefore sternly disallowed. Outwardly the air of acquiescence seemed after a time to settle on the face and deportment of the young lady; more than this, she yielded to her father's wishes and married a young man, Smith Bannerman, selected by him. This young man had some expectations, but no profession, and what is worse, he had no tastes or pursuits. On the first visit that I and my wife paid to Hunton Court, the

young couple, only recently married, were of the party. Nothing in their deportment attracted special notice, except, perhaps, that both were unusually silent, and the lady seemingly reserved. Shortly after our visit, greatly were we grieved to hear that she had eloped with her former lover. They disappeared and emigrated to Australia, and little was heard of them for several years. In the mean time a divorce was obtained by the aggrieved husband, and his erring wife became the married wife of Mr Green. I have ventured on a tale which I should perhaps have left untold, but that it furnishes a solemn warning to parents, and shows the evil that may result from a foolish and unreasonable prejudice; it seemed, in fact, like a retribution on the father, and it certainly drew a heavy cloud over the life of a much loved and only daughter. Thirty years have now elapsed since the untoward event, and though forgiveness was doubtless accorded by Mr Bannerman before his death, and a farm on the estate was given to Mr Green to occupy his time and energies, and they paid frequent visits to the paternal home, yet I need scarcely say that the entire love and confidence could never be fully restored as it existed in earlier and happier times. It is a comfort to see that the most kind feelings now draw the mother and child together.

There was no issue of the marriage; and after the death of Mr Bannerman's widow, the property and much of the wealth is destined to his favourite nephew and namesake, the Right Honourable Henry Campbell Bannerman, representative of the Stirling Burghs, and under Mr Gladstone's Government Financial Secretary in the War Office, and who in 1884 was appointed Chief Secretary and Keeper of the Privy Seal, and Officer of State in the Irish Government.

Marion Wyld, another daughter of my uncle John, married Mr William Young, nephew of Mr Bannerman, and a junior member

of the same Manchester House. He was proprietor of Vallance, a very beautiful house and park near Seven Oaks, in Kent. He and his daughter Emily paid us a visit at Bordighera in the winter of 1884, and we could not fail to admire the calm and gentle grace of the young lady with whom we then, for the first time, formed an acquaintance.

A third daughter, Louisa, married a handsome young Glasgow merchant, Henry Morrison. She died, leaving children in England and New Zealand. Her husband died some years after her.

CHAPTER III.

MY UNCLE BROWN AND HIS CHILDREN.

I RESUME my notes regarding the family of my grandfather, John Wyld, of Penicuik. Isabella, his fifth child, born in 1780, was married to Mr Robert Brown, a Glasgow merchant. She died at Leith when about forty-five years of age, leaving five sons and two daughters. Mary and Jane, the eldest members of Mr Brown's family, were among our most frequent and most pleasant companions. Mary was quiet and grave, but sincere, kind, and sensible; Jane was lively, had always a ready, merry laugh. She married the Rev. Mr Buchan, minister of the Established Church of Scotland at Hamilton, and who at the Disruption became the Free Church minister there. He was a man of very considerable talent and accomplishment.

My Uncle Brown was essentially a one-sided man, full of passions and prejudices, and when in ill humour, very unmeasured in his language—sarcastic also in the extreme. This made him exceedingly unpopular with many merchants in Leith with whom he had business transactions, and the recoil fell naturally on our father, who had brought this *bear* to Leith. All this gave much pain and vexation to our father, who was an exceedingly sensitive man.

These were some of Mr Brown's bad traits; on the other side, he had some very good ones. He was kind and hospitable to those he liked. He frequently invited us boys, along with his

other more important guests, to dinner on Saturdays; and he never failed to treat us to apple pie, after which we were sometimes sent out of the way to play in the garden.

Seeing that some of us were careless in our penmanship, he persuaded our father to send us—one at a time—to his office in Leith to be taught to write. We were sent accordingly, and he started us on excellent lines; he persuaded us, before we put pen to paper, that good penmanship was the highest possible accomplishment, and the most beautiful and important of all arts, and that it was, moreover, essential for all prosperity in life. The result of this argument was striking: before a week was passed he had completely, at least for the time, transformed the handwriting of all his pupils.

Mr Brown had many very rational tastes and some hobby-horses; he loved to observe agricultural operations. On a Saturday afternoon he might generally be seen sauntering along the Queensferry Road, leaning over hedges and dykes, criticising the different crops on that well cultivated district. His cogitations on such occasions furnished him with endless matter of conversation. Another hobby was England, its beauty and richness. At the time his appeal to the House of Lords was pending, he made frequent journeys to London to look after his attorney. There were no railways then, and the journey had to him all the charm and novelty which is now felt in exploring the course of the Nile, or travelling through Palestine. He journeyed along in a very leisurely manner; he admired the breadth and extent of the cultivated land, the brightness of the Yorkshire pastures, the beauty of the villages, the clean white-washed cottages, the excellence of the home-brewed beer which he got at the country inns, but especially he admired the smart cleverness of the English women who served him, and the clear polite tone in which they spoke—so much superior to our homely Scotch manners. All that he saw and

heard was treasured up, and afforded him matter for conversation for weeks thereafter.

While he wandered through the Courts of Law at Westminster, listening to the pleadings of the barristers, he formed a very high opinion of a young Scotchman, John Campbell, and he insisted that his agent should secure him as his counsel. The agent objected that this could not be done, for Mr Campbell had never yet pleaded in the House of Lords. Mr Brown was, however, steady to his point; the result was that Mr Campbell accepted the fee offered him; he pleaded in the House of Lords, and gained the cause; the judgment was given in favour of my uncle Brown. The young man, I need scarcely say, was afterwards Lord Chancellor, &c.; and it was my crotchety uncle Brown who first introduced him to the Court over which he afterwards so worthily presided.

As I have mentioned the name of my uncle Mr Brown, I can scarcely avoid giving a few particulars of his life and that of his sons, with all of whom we were for long in close intimacy. When Mr Brown became unfortunate in business, he left Glasgow and came with his family to Leith, as agent for the Australian Shipping Company, then newly started, with a view of encouraging trade between Leith and this colony. Australia was then very little known except as a penal colony. My father was one of the original directors of this company; and it was through his influence that Mr Brown got the appointment we have mentioned.

Mrs Brown took a lively interest in all my father's family. She persuaded me, yet a boy, to engage in reading faithfully Rollin's Ancient History, for which task she assigned me a year. This I accomplished, and however old-fashioned and old-wifish that work may now be considered, I certainly never regretted the time I spent in reading it. I felt it a mine of most interesting matter, some of which still remains with me as the lines of a dissolving view of

ruined palaces and nations, showing dimly through later and brighter objects. How my delicate and refined aunt came to marry a man so entirely dissimilar from herself, I could never understand; we only know that such alliances are not of unfrequent occurrence. Mr Brown, as I have said, was a singular character. He was offensively contemptuous and dogmatic towards persons whom he did not like, and even towards his best friends, when they differed with him; however, in his happier hours, when business was laid aside, and his friends would give him a free rein, he became highly instructive and delightful. It was only necessary to allow him to choose his subject, and not too nicely to criticise his positions—though these were often very amenable to challenge. It was well worth while, however, at such times to allow him his own way. With his legs under the table, and a large bowl of Glasgow cold rum-punch on the top of it, he was almost equal to Dr Johnson, as described by Boswell, whom he resembled in his unwieldy and ungainly bulk, no less than in his incisive and dogmatic utterances. His range was indeed not very wide, and like most self-educated men, he professed supreme contempt for every subject with which he was not himself acquainted. Science and philosophy, modern literature and poetry, he despised, and though Sir Walter Scott's historical and antiquarian lore commanded his respect, he boasted that he never had read and never would read one page of his novels.

He was, however, well read in English and Scottish history, especially during the period of the Stuarts, and still more minutely from the Union down to modern times; and we boys were delighted to sit silent for a large portion of the evening to hear knotty points discussed, and the leading politicians, orators, and prime ministers of different periods described and anatomised. The leading clergy of his day also afforded him a wide field for criticism. It would take much time and skill to represent this

man aright, for he was a bundle of contradictions. He was frequently harsh to his children, but he was tender and considerate to his frail wife, my father's sister, also to his second wife, a Miss Campbell of Glasgow. To my father he was generally deferential, but professed a contempt for his pleasing and conciliatory manners; his subdued laugh on this point, I still think I hear, as I write.

The Australian Shipping Company to which I have alluded was planned about the year 1824, by Mr Forrest Alexander. It did not prove successful. The colony was then promising to become an important mart, and the dulness of trade throughout Europe encouraged this attempt to discover new markets. Sydney, however, at that time, proved unable to take the amount of goods sent from Leith, and after a fruitless struggle of some years the directors, in order that their three or four ships might not sail half freighted, stepped beyond the rules prescribed in the articles of copartnery. They purchased and sent out goods to Sydney at the Company's risk. All their efforts, however, were in vain, and after, I suppose, ten years, the Company closed its business with a serious loss, and with a lawsuit brought against the directors by a number of the shareholders, for loss incurred through contravention of the articles of copartnery. This expensive lawsuit lasted many years. It was at length dropped, it being found impossible to prove that the mercantile transactions complained of had in reality been the cause of loss to the Company. This action was, however, a matter of much anxiety to my father, who had been a leader in this supposed irregular management. It was a marked feature in his character to dislike being closely trammelled by verbal or legal restrictions; in cases of difficulty, he usually honestly and boldly counselled the adoption of what his mercantile mind held to be the best practical expedient. After the Australian Company broke up, Mr Brown sent his second son, Thomas, to Sydney, while he remained in Leith, and shipped to his son the

goods. Thus was started a business that was destined by and bye to become one of the largest and most lucrative in Sydney. It did not, however, attain any great dimensions under Thomas Brown, who had the merit of starting it; he was too timid. After his brother John, however, who had been educated as a law agent, joined him in 1832, it made a start. They became great tea brokers, as well as merchants; the younger brother, William, became a partner some years later; and later still, my brother Edward, who had been a clerk in the office from the time he was probably fourteen years of age, was assumed a partner. A son of Mr Lewis some years ago also became a partner by the influence of Edward. Then Thomas, a son of John, and afterwards others who had acted as clerks, were assumed as partners. Thomas Brown senior still lives in Hyde Park Place, but he has unfortunately shrunk into an unhappy life of the morose and cynical cast. This is much to be regretted, for in reality, mixed up with cynicism, there exists within him an element of kindness, which might have been a source of happiness had it been properly developed in his youthful years; instead of this, his shortness of sight, his ungainly figure, not unlike that of his father, and his inherited cross-grained nature, led his father to exercise more harshness towards Thomas than towards his other children; so that much good, we must suppose, was blighted in the bud. Thomas, like his dogmatic father, married a gentle woman, and lived some years with his beloved Hetty; but, alas! he lost her who would otherwise in his old age have been the solace and sweetener of his naturally unhappy nature.

Thomas is supposed to be worth considerably over half a million, and yet he does not seem to spend above £1000 or £1500 per annum. He has fortunately had for many years a good and faithful serving man, who strives, though in vain, to enliven him, and to turn his mind into kind and benevolent channels. When

spending a week in June, 1885, with my brother George, I called on my cousin Thomas. He seemed cheerful, and happy in seeing me. He took, however, nearly all the conversation to himself, putting innumerable questions. Whether he treasured the answers or no I cannot say. I spent an hour with him, and could not but feel much pity for so solitary and cynical a millionaire.

Mr Brown's elder son, John, was clever and intelligent, a good scholar, very well read in many subjects, especially in history. He had very considerable taste and skill as an artist in water colour, and he was naturally fond of games, and particularly of billiards. Strange to say, it was his devotion to this game that led to his going to Sydney and making a fortune. When his apprenticeship, spent in the office of Mr Thomas Johnstone, S.S.C., was ended, he not only found he had no liking for the legal profession, but he felt that he could not with any heart get up the studies to enable him to pass the usual examination. Accordingly, when, after the close of my apprenticeship, I returned home from a thirteen months' tour over Europe, in 1833, to my surprise I found John prepared to sail for Sydney to join his brother Thomas. Some years after being there, he married Mary Mackellar, eldest daughter of Captain Mackellar, a good, honest Highlander, who, after having sailed one of the Australian Company's ships, had settled in Australia, and been successful in sheep farming. John's fortune acquired in Sydney enabled him, after about twenty years' residence there, to retire and live in a very handsome house in London, to keep his carriage and pair, and saddle horses for his children.

He died in 1880, leaving five sons and three daughters. To each of the sons he left £70,000. One of his sons, Claud, married Marian or May Wyld, my brother George's eldest daughter, and had a son, a young beautiful boy. She died shortly after child-

birth. Claud is a clergyman in the English Church. Thomas Brown is a member of the Sydney House, but resides in London. James Wyld Brown, the youngest son, named after my father, passed as a barrister, but has never practised. None of the others have followed any profession.

John's eldest daughter, Margaret, married William Younger, the son of Mr Younger of Craigielands, near Moffat. She was very pretty, quick, and clever, and at heart benevolent and kind, but somewhat flighty in character. This lady has gone over to the Roman Catholic Church. She has only one son.

Isabella Brown, John's second daughter, married Colonel Malcolm, C.B., second son of Mr Malcolm of Poltalloch, in Argyleshire, one of the largest and most beautiful estates in the Scottish Highlands. Colonel Malcolm at present commands the Royal Engineers in North Britain, an appointment of great influence and importance. His elder brother, Colonel Malcolm, is one of the most popular and respected men in Argyleshire, and represents that county in Parliament. He has been married for many years, but has no family, so that Isabella's eldest son is presumptive heir to the princely property of Poltalloch. He is a boy of excellent promise, and though but a boy has already shown a decidedly musical talent.

Minnie Brown, John's third daughter, is unmarried. She is quick and energetic; she moves about in the world, but resides chiefly in London.

William, a younger son of Robert Brown, after leaving Sydney, settled in London, having married and had a family consisting of two sons and five daughters. He lived at the West End, but his wife was delicate, and his life became a very retired one. When we were much younger men, and had daily opportunity of intercourse, I ever found my cousin William Brown, by reason of his kindness of heart and a certain happy gaiety of nature, a

most pleasant and instructive companion, and this either in the parlour or on our frequent holiday rambles. He has gone, and we must ere long follow; we should not repine at what is man's appointed destiny; but when we look back to happy times long since past, we naturally experience a certain feeling of sadness, the future destiny not being sufficiently realised by us short-sighted mortals.

John Brown and his wife we always found exceedingly kind; and Mrs Wyld and I, and our children, when visiting London, frequently lived with them and enjoyed their kind hospitality. John, my contemporary and old school companion, has been called from this world; but I have a pensive pleasure in recalling the many happy days which we, as young men, spent together,—the frequent discussions and contests we waged,—and the many long autumn rambles on foot through the Highlands which he, Andrew Paterson, and I had,—and how, at the close of the day, as we wearily entered the little village after a thirty, or it might be a forty mile tramp, we were at times greeted by the womanly exclamation, "Weel dune the little ane." John was about two inches under our height, but he generally held his back straighter than either of us.

CHAPTER IV.

MY FATHER'S EDUCATION AND MERCANTILE START IN LIFE—A VOLUNTEER—HIS MARRIAGE—HIS FIRST HOUSE IN LEITH LINKS.

Having mentioned the principal descendants of my paternal grandfather, I resume the sketch of my father's life.

My father, as I have already mentioned, was born at Penicuik in the year 1776. His education was confined to the simple elementary branches taught at the parish school of his native town, and it terminated when he was only twelve years of age; and this he regretfully informed his children, in order to impress on them a sense of the importance of Latin and Greek, which occupied so much of their time and so little of their attention. When he had reached this immature age, he was apprenticed to William Fettes, wholesale and retail merchant, in the High Street of Edinburgh. This gentleman afterwards, viz., in 1800, held the office of Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and had the honour of being created Sir William Fettes, Baronet, of Comely Bank. He died in 1835, leaving the residue of his fortune to build and endow the large college in the vicinity of Inverleith Row which bears his name. His place of business in the High Street was in the year 1862 destroyed by fire, and the walls of the lofty tenement fell in a mass, burying several human beings in the ruins. Some of these unfortunates were rescued, but a boy was amissing, and after

much labour the search for him was given up in despair. On the second day, however, the search was renewed, and the philanthropic exertions were rewarded. A voice was heard issuing from the mass of stones and broken timber uttering the words, "Heave awa' lads, I'm no dead yet." These premises, 99 High Street, have been since reconstructed, and the figure of the boy may be seen carved in stone over the main entrance.

After leaving Mr Fettes' employment, probably about the year 1794, my father became a clerk or manager in the wine and spirit business of James Paterson & Co., in Leith, and after serving for several years (as the articles of copartnery, dated 3d April 1799, set forth), he was taken into the business, with right to a third of the profits, Mr Paterson receiving two-thirds. Here his activity and his pleasing manners made him so much a favourite with the public, that the senior partner began to feel the stings of the green-eyed monster, and the copartnery by mutual consent was brought to a close. The contract of dissolution is dated 12th October 1801, after one and a half years of copartnery. Mr Wyld then started on his own account, taking out of Messrs Paterson & Co.'s concern £1702, 11s. 9d. as his share of profits. I observe that, on 20th May of the same year, he became a member of the Edinburgh Subscription Library, having then purchased a share.

It was in 1798, when the nation was at war with France, and on the eve of the troubles which ushered in the Irish Rebellion, that our first great Volunteer movement began. The militia very patriotically offered to serve with the regular army, and the citizens in thousands everywhere enrolled themselves as Volunteers for national defence; my father became one of them. I have heard my father and mother talk of one of those capable enthusiastic bachelor's servants, who, as a woman *of all work*, not only kept my father's house in order at that time, but who also, unless I err, fed and curried his charger and pipeclayed his belts and military

accoutrements, and who remained his factotum till his marriage in 1803.

After parting with Messrs Paterson & Co. my father took premises in Tolbooth Wynd, a little east from what was known as the Draw-Bridge spanning the Water of Leith where it enters the harbour. There were neither wet nor dry docks in those days, and the shipping had no accommodation but that afforded by the slight expansion of this small stream before it enters the Firth of Forth, and which thus served as harbour, "and the wharves lined the right bank of the stream." The pier in those days extended only a few hundred feet below a round battlemented building, the last or lowest edifice on the shore, and which may still be seen, attesting to the present generation the then limited bounds of the port.

Much wonder, terror, and bewilderment were associated by us children with this Draw-Bridge, when we went with the nurserymaid from Bonnington Bank, into the noise, dirt, and bustle of Leith. We had to cross this bridge, and often we were interrupted by the crowd of carts, not unfrequently by the more interesting process of vessels at high-water passing up and down the tidal stream, between the wharves, above and below the bridge. Chains were, on such occasions, thrown across to keep the crowd back, and two men, one at each fold or valve of the bridge, by rack work, made the halves rise on their hinges to allow the vessels to pass. Much clamour and shouting then, as now, accompanied the passage of laden vessels to their berths, and when there were several vessels passing at once, much time was required, and the crowd of men, women, and children, carts, carriages, dogs, and cattle became ever denser. The good temper of some, the anger and impatience of others, and the striving and swearing of the carters interrupted on their journeys, all this seething mixture impressed the virgin soil of our minds with

a strong consciousness of the earnestness of mercantile life. I remember also, my feeling of horror at the coarse language of the carters, and my wonder that Heaven allowed such blasphemers to go at large.

At the time of my father's start in business, Great Britain was, as I have mentioned, at war with France, then under the victorious guidance of Napoleon Buonaparte as First Consul. Leith being a leading Scottish port, and an importer of wheat, wine, wood, hemp, and other Baltic products important in war, its merchants enjoyed many advantages, not the least being that its ships sailed under protection of naval escort. Prices at this time of supreme national effort ruled high, and fortunes were sometimes rapidly made.

My father, besides his leading trade as an importer of wine and spirits, speculated in general Baltic produce.

A step taken some years after my father's marriage, though a natural one, was not eminently fortunate. In November 1813, he took into partnership his brother-in-law, Robert Stodart, who had served several years as his clerk. Another step, much more unfortunate, was his assuming as a partner a plausible speaking and speechifying man, called Daniel M'Donald. My uncle, Robert Stodart, was one of the most amiable of men, and one whose frequent forenoon visits to Bonnington Bank, many years later, we children greatly enjoyed. His extemporised stories of journeys and adventures in France, which he frequently visited, were to us a constant treat. He was, however, much more skilled in story telling and in billiards than in commerce, and after two or three years as a partner he retired, with two or three thousand pounds in his pocket,—a share of profits very easily earned.

The other partner, Daniel M'Donald, proved a scamp; and after serving three or four years as commercial traveller over the whole of Scotland and north of England, he was dismissed. A

year later, viz., in 1817, my father bought more property adjoining his premises in Tolbooth Wynd, and pulled down the buildings formerly on the ground, in order to erect more commodious premises for his business. Here again his energy was shown. The building contract, which I have found in one of the tin cases, is dated 5th April 1817. I find that Messrs Henderson and Currer, the contractors, are taken bound to pull down the existing tenements; excavate and build arched vaults; erect the business accommodation on the street flat, and a range of dwelling houses on the two upper flats; and to have the whole roofed, plastered, finished, and fit for entry within seven months, *under penalty*, all which engagements were duly fulfilled. This, and the fact that my father did not grudge paying an annual feu or ground rent of £90 for the ground, may show the energy and enterprise then existing in the town of Leith. At such times, it is the man who strikes boldly who has the best chance. My father had the practical philosophy to see this. One evening, when I was a young man of sixteen or seventeen, taking a walk with my father to enjoy the sight of the growing crops, he suddenly stopped, and with a distinct and emphatic voice, recited the well known passage, "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; lost, and all the current of our lives is bound in shallows and in misery." I quote, perhaps incorrectly, from memory. My father was early a great admirer of Shakespeare, and many of the finest passages of that wonderful writer were faithfully transcribed on his mind. For descriptive poetry, Thomson's "Seasons" were his favourites; and for more serious moods, Young's "Night Thoughts."

Where my father lived before his marriage, I do not know; but with all his business avocations, he had apparently a surplus of time and spirit. One of the movements of that day was, as I have mentioned, raising and drilling volunteer corps, to secure us

against our restless neighbours, the French. I long had a belief that my father, as also my father-in-law, Walter Gibson Cassels, served for some time as rank and file, in the infantry corps of the volunteers. The pipe-clayed belts and the Brown Bess and cartouche boxes which we youngsters found in the dressing-room wardrobe, gave us this impression. I know, however, that my father must have also served in a cavalry volunteer corps. The helmet, sword, and blue jacket, laced with silver, afforded equal evidence of this. My sister Isabella, moreover, assures me that she remembers frequently running out to hail her father's return from drill, mounted on his charger. She also informs me that his captain was Sir Walter Scott. The probability, therefore, is that he enrolled and served in a yeomanry corps, but was at the same time put through the infantry drill. I am told that this was a common practice, in order that the mounted corps might be more extensively useful in times of emergency. In confirmation of the undoubted existence of the Brown Bess, I must confess that I myself not only knew of its existence, but on one occasion used it in a way scarcely justifiable. A cat had entered the conservatory, and was making havoc among the flower-pots; the gardener suggested it should be shot, an idea which I instantly caught up, and off I ran for the Brown Bess. We got it loaded, and off I set for my first exploit in arms. Out sprung the cat, and made for the foot of the garden, I following in hot pursuit. I raised the heavy gun as high as my strength permitted, and fired just as the animal disappeared over the high wall that bounded the garden. Great was my surprise when the gardener returned from his dinner and imformed me that poor puss had been found lying dead in the meuse lane behind the wall.

My father had only been two years in business when he married, on 16th August 1803. He was then twenty-seven years of age, having been born in 1776, as shown by the Session Books

of Penicuik (and not in 1777, as entered in the Family Bible). On the same day of August, in the next year (1804), the first child was born, and was named by my father after his beloved sister, Isabella. The 16th August, thus doubly worthy of commemoration, became the notable *festa* in our family, regularly celebrated every year by a large dinner party. At the long mahogany table, drawn out to its utmost length, sat the venerable, and I may say, majestic grandfather, Stodart—he was, I imagine, six feet two inches in height, —on my mother's right hand, and the neat dapper English grandmother on the left, and uncles and aunts; and later on, sons and daughters; still later, sons-in-law and daughters-in-law; and ultimately grandchildren crowned the board. All were deferential, loving, healthy, and happy. Perhaps the most cheerful of the company were the grandparents. My mother had always been the favourite child, and her husband was regarded with equal respect, confidence, and affection by both parents.

On my father's marriage, he took his bride, then a little over nineteen years of age, to one of two modest twin houses situated in a garden on the north side of Leith Links, and separated from that open stretch of grass common, and from the public gaze, by the garden wall. Here they spent the first seven years of their married life; and here four of their children were born.

In the other twin house lived Mr and Mrs Thomas Gladstone and their three children, Thomas, Laurence, and Helen. The father was brother of John Gladstone, father of the eminent statesman, Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, on whom, at this critical moment (2nd October 1885), the eyes of the nation, on the eve of the election of the first Democratic British Parliament, are fixed. Thomas Gladstone had not been very successful in Leith as a merchant, and accordingly, after some years, he followed the steps of his brother John, and settled in Liverpool. John Gladstone rose to wealth and eminence; he was a man of energy and eloquence,

and became a member of the House of Commons, in which he supported Conservative politics. He was afterwards created a Baronet. It is somewhat singular, my father settling next door to a Gladstone, the Wylds and the Gladstones having had their Scotch origin apparently in the same district, namely, in the upper wards of Lanarkshire and borders of Peeblesshire. Tombstones bearing the names of the progenitors of the two families are prominent in the churchyards of Biggar, Dunsyre, Culter, Walston, Carnwath; and some of these tombstones record the union of the two families by marriage.

But to proceed with our simple domestic narrative. Although matrimony is one of the chief aims of life, affording the prospect of many blessings, we are not to imagine that even the happiest unions are free from all cares and anxieties, or even from occasional dulness and ennui. It is amusing to observe this. My mother, transplanted from the braes of Ormiston Hill, with opportunities for study and speculation, and surrounded by brothers and sisters, and petted by her parents, when she first found herself installed in her own house, felt, as she told me, dull at times, being alone most of the day. Her aunt, however, Mrs Riddle, from Belfast, came as a delightful comforter, and my father's much valued sister, Isabella; and later, her brother, Robert Stodart, who, as we have seen, was a clerk for some years, in my father's office, and afterwards a partner in his business, lived in the Links house for a time, his father residing still at Ormiston Hill. Leith, in these days, was not a very charming place for a country-bred young lady. After twelve months of married life, however, came the prodigy, a first child, Isabella. After this event there could be no more dulness. Two years later, a son, James, was born, who died when six years of age. I was born on 16th April 1808; and John, the third son, was born 5th April 1810. He died at Bonnington, 16th February

1818, when I was at the Moravian School in Yorkshire called Fulnec.

I find the certificate signed by Lord Provost Creech, that on 10th December 1811 my father obtained a commission as Deputy Lieutenant for the City and County of Edinburgh.

CHAPTER V.

OUR LIFE AT BONNINGTON BANK—MR DUNN'S SCHOOL—FULNEC SCHOOL.

My father and his young family removed to Bonnington Bank in 1810. The disposition by Alex. George Millar is dated 15th May of that year.

Bonnington Bank lay about half a mile west from Leith, on the Queensferry Road. It consisted of a good house with two unfinished wings, and two Scotch acres of land. The one acre was laid out as a garden behind the house, and a small shrubbery in front separated the house from the public road. The other acre, lying to the east, and separated from the garden by a high fruit wall, was laid out as a grass field for the cow, and was surrounded by a shrubbery and gravelled walk, fenced from the field by a rail. This park is now covered with a row of thirteen dwelling-houses, called Bonnington Terrace, and about twenty-four yards have been taken from the south of the garden, and on this portion have been built eight houses, called Rosebank Terrace. Here most of the children were born, and here we lived quietly till 1824, when, my father having bought Gilston, removed his wife and the younger children to Fife. The boys who were at school resided still another year or two at Bonnington Bank with a tutor, and in winter the family was again reunited there.

In 1827 my father sold Bonnington Bank to the Right Hon.

Lord Erskine, afterwards Earl of Mar. This eccentric nobleman drove up to the house on a summer day before dinner, and, after a very hurried survey of the house and grounds, agreed to pay the price asked, insisting that the furniture, excepting the organ, the books, silver plate, and paintings, should be included in the sale. He did not at this time purchase the park. My father marvelled who this incognito purchaser might be, and he proposed writing a memorandum of sale, and asked the gentleman his name. He made no response to this, but took the pen and sat down to perform this piece of law business himself. He selected a very small sheet of card paper, and amused my father and Uncle Brown, who stood by, by his deliberate manner of proceeding, but especially by the almost invisibly small character of the handwriting. At last came the signature, and on examining closely they deciphered the name *Erskine.*

Bonnington Bank was a delightful residence. Immediately after purchasing it my father fitted up the east wing as a nursery, with two sleeping rooms and a day room, for the children; and the west wing he converted into a three-stalled stable, one for the cow and the two others for horses; while the little court outside contained the coach-house, a run for hens, a house for the boys' rabbits, a kennel for a large red coloured spaniel, and other conveniences.

The back of the house, in which were the public rooms, looked south, and commanded a beautiful view of Edinburgh, Arthur Seat, and the distant Pentland Hills.

The garden was divided into two parts by a privet hedge. The part next the house was laid out in shrubbery and flower borders, with an oval grass plot levelled for bowls. This part also contained a peach house, a conservatory for flowers, and a vinery, all in a row, with their backs against the high boundary wall. All of these were added by my father. To the south of the privet hedge

lay the kitchen garden; concealed behind were melon and cucumber beds under glass; the borders were planted with vegetables and strawberry beds, and the centre was occupied with fruit trees on espaliers and gooseberry and currant breaks. The walls were covered with stonefruit trees, apricots, peaches, and nectarines, plums and cherry trees. I have never seen finer fruit of this kind than grew and ripened on this wall in a fine season.

Bonnington Bank was after a year or two sold by the Earl of Mar to Mr Goodenge Johnstone, a candidate for the Annandale peerage. Mr Johnstone wished also to possess the park, and was led by the Earl to offer £1200 for it. The Earl immediately wrote to my father offering £1000, which was accepted; he then closed with Mr Johnstone, thus putting £200 in his pocket by this cunning, rather than noble or aristocratic transaction.

The garden, though now much curtailed in size, is still a tasteful garden. The borders are widened, the privet hedge removed, and the whole ground remodelled. The house is greatly enlarged, and a handsome glass-covered passage leading from the east wing connects the house with the conservatory. It is at present the property of Mr George Seator, shipowner, Leith. Nothing interested me more than to see the mulberry tree, which in our time was trained to the wall at the north-west corner of the garden. It is now (1885) a tree fifteen feet high, and with a stem about ten inches in diameter. The fruit trees, however, are by no means so prolific now as they were in former days.

My father was fortunate in having skilful and devoted gardeners —first, Steward, who died, I think, about 1816; and after him, Alex. Don. The explanation of the fine produce was, first, good manuring and cultivation; and then the circumstance that, below the rich upper soil there was a sub-soil of tenacious yellow clay, which effectually prevented the roots of the fruit trees penetrating, so that they fed only on the fine soil forming the upper strata.

To attempt a history of our life at Bonnington Bank would at this time be foolish—to give a few incidents is all that is necessary.

My father and mother had a family of fifteen children born to them, of whom the four eldest came into the world at Leith Links, nine at Bonnington, and the youngest one at the Royal Terrace, and one at Gilston.

Of this large family, James, the second child, died, as I have already said, on 7th March 1812, when six years of age, after scarlet fever. John died on 16th February 1818, of water in the head, when eight years of age; and Charlotte, the thirteenth child, died at Gilston, of fever, 15th December 1838, when twelve years of age. She was a truly sweet and beautiful child, and I remember her the more affectionately from the loving interest she took in my first marriage. All the other children reached man's and woman's estate.

The mother of such a family bears a pretty heavy burden, and a considerable portion of the government, moral and physical, is necessarily placed in the hands of nurserymaids. Still children are independent, self-willed creatures, and a nursery is in many respects a democracy of wild and warring elements, mitigated, if not subdued, by physical force. Our nursery, as I have explained, was situated in one of the wings of the house, in order that all discordant sounds might be excluded from the central portion of the building. In spite of this precaution, shrieks and other sounds would at times penetrate the walls or circulate through the passages. One day my mother, exhausted by fatigue, was roused by such sounds. She rang the nursery bell, and when the maid appeared demanded what was going on in the nursery. "Oh, mem!" replied Jenny, "it's naething particular; it's jist the meikle anes yokin' upon the little anes." Jenny was an elderly woman of sense and smeddum, but with a temper of her own, from which

my mother used to call her *Jenny Nettles.* She saw nothing uncommon or unnatural in muscular and impassioned children defending their separate rights with the arms which nature had given them. *Divide et impera* was in due time the principle put in force. My eldest sister was early sent, first, to a Mrs Wilson's boarding school in Edinburgh, which proved in a way unsatisfactory. She was afterwards boarded with a Miss Lee, where all was ruled on principles of kindness, strictness, and good sense.

When I was seven years of age, I was sent to Mr Dunn's school, and when nine years old, I was expatriated to the Moravian School called Fulnec, after a settlement of that name in Moravia. It lay on a pleasant slope about six miles west from Leeds. There I remained for two years, till 1819, and acquired very little that was valuable, except a decided taste for reading, and an enthusiastic love for Scotland, my native land. This was a ruling sentiment at Fulnec, at least among the younger classes, and it led to more than one outburst of civil war between the Scotch and English boys, who were nearly equal in number in the school. I remember two occasions in which we resorted to a regular battle with our fists, in right good earnest. The first was not so well ordered an affair, but it showed how inflammable was our temper. We had been discussing the relative virtues of Englishmen and Scotchmen, when the order was given to prepare for bed. The rule was to undress in our day room, tie up our clothes in a bundle, each boy to lay his own parcel on his own seat at the desk at which he sat, and then to put on our sleeping-gowns, and in soldiers' column to march in absolute silence up stairs to a very spacious hall, in which stood fully 180 narrow beds, capable of containing the entire school of 150 boys, and a certain number of the teachers. The law was most strict and imperative that not a word or syllable was to be uttered in

these precincts. The rule was a wise one, and so strictly was it enforced, that we regarded it as equally sacred as any law of the Decalogue. On the night referred to, we all lay down in seeming peace. There was still a supply of daylight, and nothing was less in our minds than any disturbance of the sacred silence. A boy very recently arrived from Ayrshire, in whose soul patriotic fire must have been burning, suddenly cried out in the broadest Scotch, that the English fed on swine's flesh and blood puddings. This could not be submitted to, and two or three English boys sprang out of bed to extinguish the beggarly Scot. Immediately, as if by electric action, the whole boys of our room, some twenty in number, were on their feet, and engaged in earnest battle. I was pummelling a Yorkshire boy with all my might when the senior usher, hearing a noise, entered the hall. Most of the boys instantly disappeared under the sheets, but I and two or three others, more earnestly preoccupied, were caught *flagrante manu*, and ordered to march down stairs for immediate punishment. Fortunately for us it was not the under usher, who was an ignorant Irishman, very ill-tempered and really disliked, who was our judge. The senior usher had a tender heart, and after a serious lecture on his part, and sincere promises on ours, we were dismissed without stripes. Another more formal battle was arranged, and came off some time after this in the playground, which consisted of a grass field on the banks of a considerable burn or beck. It was on a Saturday afternoon, and it involved two or three of the junior classes, or rooms, as we called them, of which there were eight in all—my room being the seventh, or second youngest. We endeavoured to get out of the eye of the masters, of whom there were always several on the ground. The battle began. It promised to be fierce and stubborn, but here again we were interrupted by the teachers' energetic interference. This singular national feud lasted for several weeks, without a truce or a day of real good fellowship ;

and so resolute were we Scots, that we resolved, in all our future familiar intercourse, to speak nothing but our broadest Scotch, in order to assert our independence and spite our adversaries. But I must return to the part of the sketch with which I am properly engaged, namely, our life at Bonnington.

CHAPTER VI.

MY FATHER AND MOTHER'S METHODICAL LIFE AT BONNINGTON—THE COMMERCIAL BANK STARTED.

THE general character of our life at Bonnington was this : some of us boys were at schools, or at Galashiels Academy, and for a time, at least, there was a governess, Miss Haliburton, for my sisters. As regards our father, his life was a busy, also a prosperous and happy one. His daily movements were generally these :—Immediately after breakfast, he walked straight to his place of business in Leith. In the afternoon, being a director of the Commercial Bank, he attended the board and committee meetings in Edinburgh, walking, or going in one of the odd-looking public coaches, then called nodies. After this he generally returned to Leith, except on Wednesday, when he pretty constantly attended that anomalous and most ridiculous and inconvenient assembly of merchants and farmers, which congregated at the Cross about 4 o'clock P.M., if I remember aright, in the High Street, between St Giles' Church and the Exchange Buildings, where they stood for more than an hour in the open air, exposed to sun or rain or snow as might happen. Nothing could be more ridiculous and uncomfortable. There, much business was transacted, mercantile bargains were closed, and a great deal of miscellaneous gossip was exchanged, embracing births, deaths, and marriages consummated or in prospect. In foul weather it was rather a pitiable

sight, this cluster of human beings, with umbrellas over their heads, exposed for an hour to the mixture of rain or sleet and smoke in which they were enveloped. On Wednesdays, there was always a more elaborate dinner at Bonnington Bank, as our father very frequently brought home with him one, two, or three country friends or customers. We hungry children, when our father was late in making appearance, might often be seen looking anxiously out along the Leith Road for him, and immediately that his well known figure and quick step were detected, the warning was given, and the cook bestirred herself to dish the dinner. Seldom, however, did the father sit down, if it was summer and the weather good, before he had made a rapid tour round the garden, and probably pruned off with his pen-knife such twigs from the fruit trees as might catch his eye.

After dinner he devoted half an hour to the newspaper, and generally took a nap during another half hour in his chair, from which he was roused for a cup of tea, and then off he started again for Leith. In winter, when the roads were dimly lighted by oil lamps, my father armed himself with a strong well-knotted thorn stick, which we called his knocking-down stick, and in his left hand he held an oil-fed lantern with a lens or bull's-eye glass to concentrate the light. Before he cleared out, we children counted on having some sport. One of us would envelop himself or herself in the heavy cloak which hung in the lobby, and others wrapped themselves in shawls or topcoats, and armed with sticks or umbrellas, made an assault on the *pater*. He usually lent himself to the sport, and with his bright lantern dazzled our eyes, while he poked us with his stick, thus showing how he would defend himself were he attacked on the road to Leith.

When my father was off to his evening business duties, my mother employed herself busily with her needle, and I, the eldest of the boys, was understood to be employed preparing my next day's

Latin lesson for the High School. One of the preparations was learning by heart, or rather by rote, the Latin rules for gender and quantity, and these my mother heard me repeat. After this I read Don Quixote, Shakespeare, or Rollin's Ancient History, and then between nine and ten o'clock my mother refreshed herself and me by sitting down to the piano, and playing and singing Scotch songs from Thomson's collection till her husband's return, usually between ten and eleven o'clock. My eldest sister, at the time I speak of, 1819 or 1820, was at a boarding school, and the younger members of the family being sent early to bed, I had the benefit of my mother's society during these quiet evenings, and they inspired me with a very tender affection for her. I remember many happy private conversations, discussions, and criticisms, when no one was present but the mother and the son.

The sound of my father's rap at the front door roused us up joyfully. I was allowed another half hour, and after seeing my father sit down to an egg or a salt herring and potatoes, I was pushed off to bed. I was then between eleven and twelve years of age.

My father's Sabbatarian views were very strict. We were not allowed on that day to speak on ordinary topics, or to read ordinary books—the farthest stretch of my indulgence, after my Sunday lesson was over, was to be allowed to read Milton's Paradise Lost, of which we had in the library a handsome edition, with plates, representing Sin and Satan, and various celestial and infernal scenes described in that wonderful poem. It was a great treat to me to have this indulgence, but I have, I confess, read very little of this poem since these early days of boyhood.

My greatest Sabbath enjoyment was to get out and take a quiet meditative walk through the garden and park. I remember the delight I experienced in finding sweet briar growing in the hedge which enclosed the park; everything wild and natural

had special charms for me. The park, which contained an acre of ground, had the garden wall on the west side, and a high hawthorn hedge on the north, separating it from the Edinburgh and Leith roads; and a rail which encircled the shrubbery, served as a protection from the cow, which browsed on the grass park forming the central portion. Blackbirds, thrushes, chaffinches, and all sorts of small birds haunted the garden and park, and built their nests among the shrubs and fruit trees.

I was only two years old when my father purchased Bonnington in 1810, and I remember large blue wooden doors or gates being superseded by iron folding gates, which are still extant. I also remember the fitting up of the wings for the nursery. This, however, would be some years later. I also remember a swing being fitted up in the vacant wing, and my sister Isabella insisting on taking a white rabbit in her lap and giving it a high swing, the servant girl being the impelling power. One of my early remembrances is, while we were in the park, seeing the soldiers who had been landed at Leith at the close of the war, marching past on their way up to Edinburgh. We peeped through the hedge and saw the dusty and tattered men, who, I suppose, had not been home since the Peninsular campaign. Whether they had come from the field of Waterloo, or from France after the abandonment of the Spanish Peninsula by Napoleon a year earlier, I cannot precisely assert; I think it was after the close of the war and the Battle of Waterloo. I remember also the illumination of Edinburgh about this time, and one of the principal designs remains impressed on my mind, viz., a large transparency representing Buonaparte standing with a very sorrowful air, and in a tattered condition, and under the figure in large letters the words, OUT AT ELBOW, bearing reference to his confinement in Elba after his disastrous Russian expedition and the battle of Leipzig.

Bathing and swimming were amusements in which our father

joined with his elder sons while we lived at Bonnington Bank. Though naturally far from an early riser, he, on these occasions, yielded to our solicitations. We started early in the morning, walked together to Newhaven, where there was then a tolerable beach, now much altered by the change of current produced by the extension of the Leith piers. There were also bathing coaches and some good bathing ground, both for ladies and gentlemen, not far separated from each other. My father was invariably the first of the party to leap out of the machine, which had been dragged by a horse into sufficiently deep water. He sprang from the floor of the coach, skimming head foremost under the water, and emerged five or six yards further out. He then, without pause, made a moderate tour of thirty or forty yards in his swimming evolution, which brought him at once to the machine. This he lost no time in entering, unless any of us claimed his assistance in helping us to swim. I remember his holding up my chin the first time I learned to strike out my legs and arms, and in two days I had caught the trick and could swim several yards.

Both by profession and practice my father encouraged moderation alike in bathing and eating, and in all our indulgences. I never saw any one eat an egg so neatly and cleanly and deliberately as my father, or make so small an article go so far. He very often not only satisfied himself with his egg at breakfast, but pleased two or three of the children by giving them a spoonful, and there seemed always enough and to spare. These were days of comfort; but so far as the children were concerned, of strict moderation. My father, in these days, rarely ate an apple or pear gathered from his own trees without, after carefully paring it, making some of his children partakers. Given in this way, the slender slice was doubly enjoyed. This moderation did not arise from stinginess, but from a constitutional love of moderation.

He was generous and liberal, both in domestic expenses and in contributing to public charities. The easy hack-and-manger style so common in many houses, where children were allowed to help themselves to as much and to as many viands as they pleased, was not recognised in my father's house; it embodied no moral lesson, and therefore was disallowed and condemned. Moderation, we were led to believe, was one of the most important practical virtues. This carefulness and thrift was doubtless very much a Scotch instinct at that time, but it was not incompatible with large generosity; indeed, no one can be truly generous who is regardless and thriftless in the spending of small sums. The German motto, that he who is great in small matters will be greater in large, seems generally to hold true.

It was shortly before the time that my father had his tent pitched at Bonnington that the Commercial Bank of Scotland was projected and started. The articles of copartnery are dated 25th March 1810. The Bank of Scotland was established in 1695, the Royal Bank in 1727, the British Linen Company Bank in 1746, and the Commercial Bank, as we have said, in 1810. It was thought by the merchants of Edinburgh and Leith that the three older banks were stiff and aristocratic, not affording a safe and reasonable encouragement to the rising trade of the country. This new joint stock bank, on more liberal principles, was accordingly proposed. The leading projector was Mr Forrest Alexander, whose name we have already mentioned as the originator of the less fortunate Australian Company of Leith. The capital was declared to be £3,000,000, of which 20 per cent. was to be paid up.

The original directors were sixteen in number, consisting of respectable merchants and legal gentlemen; and it is interesting to observe among them the names of several afterwards well known in Edinburgh, such as Henry Cockburn, Advocate, John and Alexander Pitcairn, Alexander Liston Ramage, W.S.,

Walter Brown, afterwards Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and my father.

The person appointed to be first manager was John Pollock, W.S. The appointment proved an unfortunate one, and after, I believe, the expiry of a year, it became evident that a change was necessary. Before a proper person could be found, the directors urged my father to take charge of the concern; and this, notwithstanding the claims of his own business, he consented to do. He continued in this responsible position for some months, till Mr Alex. Macartney was installed in the office of manager. For this service rendered in the hour of need my father received a very handsome recognition at the hands of his fellow-directors. They presented him with a solid silver salver and epergne with branches valued at £200. The inscription on the salver is in these terms:—"Presented to James Wyld, Esq., by the Commercial Banking Company of Scotland, as a mark of the high sense they entertain of his meritorious and most useful exertions to promote the interests of that establishment, 17th December 1812." This testimonial of my father's energy and ability fell to me at my father's death in 1860.

Education.—In the year 1815, my sister was at Miss Wilson's boarding school, and I was the only one of the boys of suitable age to go to school. There was, however, no school near enough for a young boy. My father, in these circumstances, applied to Messrs Fulton & Knight, famous teachers of that day, and they recommended a young man, an Irishman and a Roman Catholic, as well qualified to conduct an elementary school. My father had thus the honour of establishing a school close to Bonnington Bridge, which became quite successful, and which flourished for several years, indeed until the death of Mr Dunn the teacher. I was two years in this school, and my remembrances of it are mostly pleasant. I enjoyed fair health, encountered no hardships

beyond the customary pains inflicted by the *taws*. Mr Dun used the taws with spirit, but without spite. He liked to use it, because it kept him in a condition of healthful excitement, at the same time that it sharpened the intellect of his scholars. I ranked fairly as a scholar, as also at all games and combats. I only acknowledged one boy—Davy Bain—my superior in pugilism. He was a tall, handsome, pale-faced boy. I believe the prestige he possessed was as much due to the *cowing* effect of his language as to any experience we had of his strength. He was the only boy in the school who had the habit of strengthening his assertions by steady swearing. He was, however, a very clever and companionable boy, and I remember feeling very sad when, on my return home from Fulnec in 1819, I found he had just died of consumption.

In the matter of our primary and subsequent education, it might be held that we boys had fair opportunities afforded us had we exercised our abilities aright; but judging by the position we held in our Latin and Greek classes, it cannot be said that we did justice either to ourselves or our opportunities. We had all our own peculiar tastes, and the dead languages did not excite the slightest interest in any of us, but quite the reverse. Latin and Greek were then more absolutely than now considered the important branches of education, and the English language and literature, also modern languages, were neglected and despised. Not one of my brothers acquired the slightest taste for the dead languages; not one of them applied one-tenth part of his natural abilities to the lessons which for six or seven years were intended to occupy his whole serious attention; and thus this most important period of life was all but lost. Our classes certainly neither developed new tastes nor exercised any strengthening energies in any one of us.

All my brothers had the advantage of the teaching of the Edinburgh Academy, which was started in 1824. My father was one

of the original contributors to this establishment, which originated from the desire to refine and improve the rising generation of boys, and deliver them from the rough habits prevalent in the *old High School*.

I have here in a very slight and general way alluded to the early education of the elder sons, because it began at Bonnington Bank, and formed a part of our family life there. When this memoir takes up the business and professional lives of the sons in their consecutive order, I shall add anything concerning their later education which may seem to me important.

My desire is, after the sketch I may give of my brothers' lives, not to enter minutely into the details of my sisters' lives, whether married or unmarried, but simply to give my own impression of the natural character of those whom I have always loved, so that in some degree we may be all bound as it were in one united family group. Such is my desire. I know, however, that though to depict the paternal stems in some sort may be simple, to do any justice to the numerous branches and twigs, nephews and nieces, children and grandchildren, who are the crowning foliage, lies quite beyond my strength, and I therefore trust that each one will charitably supplement or correct any errors or omissions which I may make.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LIFE AT GILSTON—MY FATHER AND MOTHER'S DEATH.

I SHALL now pass at once from Bonnington Bank to the life at Gilston. The purchase of Gilston, in 1824, was a great excitement to the family. My father had long desired to possess land. He had visited several properties which were on sale many years before he settled at Gilston. I remember going with him and his law agent—John Riddle Stodart—to Bute to see Kames Castle; but the condition of the house and the poor quality of the soil discouraged him, though the property lay in close proximity to the Kyles of Bute, presenting the most charming scenery in Scotland. Had he settled there, some of us, instead of becoming soldiers and sailors, would in all probability have become Glasgow merchants, though it is evident that Providence had never designed us for money making in this way.

Some of the properties visited and thought of were Highland estates, poor but extensive, with mountains and streams, and which seventy years ago were offered at very low prices. Had my father possessed the prophetic spirit, and anticipated the immense rents to be given for the shootings over such hills and moors, he would doubtless, as a merchant as well as an admirer of nature, have fixed on this variety of property. As it was, he bought the estate of Gilston, extending to 1300 acres arable, less 70 acres of planta-

tion. It lay in the East Neuk of Fife, on four ridges or waves of land running east and west, immediately to the east of Largo Law. The south fields lay on the north slope of Ceres Hill; the north fields ran up to the top of Dunnikier Law, and were there about 600 feet above the sea level, and on a clear day commanded a beautiful view of the Grampians north of Forfarshire, and of Ben Brackie, near Pitlochrie, and of Birnam Hill and surrounding hills to the north-west. The two intermediate waves sloped down westward, forming a pretty deen, or den, as such little valleys are called in Fife. This den was afterwards planted by my father, and as a little burn ran through it, draining a large portion of the estate, it was a pretty and romantic part of the property.

Gilston had belonged to General Dewar, and was at the time of my father's purchase the property of his son James, a young London barrister without practice. He said his mother spent the summer months in Fife, and as they pleaded poverty as the reason of their parting with the property, I suppose it had been burdened. The history of this young man was both singular and sad. Some years after selling his property, being discouraged by his slow success as a lawyer in London, he went to India to prosecute his profession in the Bombay Civil Courts. Here also he had begun to despair of success, and he had written to his mother intimating his probable return to London, when the death of the Chief Justice of Bombay occurred. At this juncture it so happened that there existed some political or local dispute and irritation at the head of the Bombay Presidency, in which most of the leading lawyers were more or less involved. In the difficulty thus occasioned, Government, as the easiest alternative, selected to fill up the vacant post a young barrister of good family connection, and of fair ability, and who, though he had been three or four years a practitioner in the court, had wisely abstained from allying himself with either party. James Dewar thus at one leap passed from a position of little in-

fluence and of comparative poverty to the high station of Chief Justice of Bombay, with a salary of £11,000 per annum. This was the tale told us in Fife, and I have no reason to think it anything but substantially correct. Mark, however, the fickleness of fortune's favours: before a year had expired, the young man was cut off by fever. I call him a young man, for he did not seem to me above twenty-seven or thirty years of age when I saw him at Gilston with his mother in 1824. It was several years after this that he went to India, and some years later that his elevation and subsequent death occurred. Of his father's character I know nothing, except that I always heard him spoken of as one of a well-known clique of aristocrats who early in the present century signalised themselves as gamblers. The history of Gilston House, as a stone and lime edifice, curiously illustrates the habits of this gambling community. General Scott was a very successful and notable gambler, and his daughters, as heiresses, were allied in marriage to some of our highest English families, one being married to the Duke of Portland; another to the celebrated George Canning, ultimately Prime Minister of Great Britain; another to a gentleman of rank whose title and history I have forgotten. General Dewar had been at play one night at General Scott's seat in the east of Fife, which lay about seven miles east from Gilston. General Scott had lost heavily, and in place of paying over the money, he proposed to transport the mansion in which they sat to General Dewar's recently acquired property of Gilston. This offer was then and there accepted, and the whole polished stones, timber, and whatever was valuable, was in due time transported and re-erected at Gilston, forming a capacious and one of the most convenient houses I have ever known.

My father had taken Mr Scott, tenant of Myreside, a most successful farmer in the south neighbourhood of Edinburgh, to see the property and the different farms before he ventured to buy,

and on his recommendation he closed the bargain, giving £42,500 as the price, which was considered a very good bargain, as the existing net rental yielded a return of 4 per cent. on the price.

I remember well the morning, in one of the autumn months of 1824, on which my father returned from Fife after the purchase. I was still in bed when my mother came and announced to me the news that Gilston was purchased. Some weeks after this I accompanied my father, who went to make arrangements with Mrs Dewar and with the outdoor servants. The day was cold, the drive from Kirkcaldy to Gilston in a chaise was long, and my enthusiastic visions regarding the beauty of the property were somewhat damped on reaching it. I looked in vain for hills and rills and venerable trees; there was nothing of the kind. It was comparatively a new property. There was indeed a handsome house in a park or lawn of moderate size, and on each side, about thirty yards distant, were belts of trees apparently about twenty years of age, and behind the house a block of plantation of like age. One narrow stripe, mostly of spruce firs, ran northward from this in a straight line, with a gravelled walk in its midst called the sheep walk. It extended about the third of a mile, and then turned westward to an irregular shaped clump of wood, measuring eight acres, planted evidently on a piece of poor and profitless ground. This became in time known to us as the West Wood. It was the haunt of cushat doves in scores, also of hawks and owls, and hares and rabbits. On my first exploration of it with my cousin John Brown and my brother James Charles, we discovered an owl's nest, with a strange, white, downy creature, with large black eyes, its sole occupant. The wood was so dense that we could not push our way further through it.

The final act of parting with a family estate must necessarily be a very painful one. I have no doubt it was felt to be so by James Dewar, and the following incident confirms the supposition.

Mr Dewar met my father by appointment at the Commercial Bank, to sign the conveyance and receive the price. The law agents having declared all right, my father handed the young man a cheque for the amount. This was received with an evident air of indifference, and was carelessly thrust into his waistcoat pocket, notwithstanding a word of warning from my father. Scarcely had half an hour elapsed when the young man reappeared in the Bank in a state of much excitement. He reported that the cheque was lost. This was a very serious matter, but after consultation with the bank manager and officials it was agreed to give him another cheque so soon as he could obtain sufficient security guaranteeing the bank and the granter of the cheque against any loss or inconvenience in case of the possible presentation of the former cheque for payment. The matter was arranged in this way, and from that hour to this the lost cheque has not come to light.

The love of land is a human instinct; nearly every healthy natural mind, unless bound by some other engrossing pursuit, feels that agriculture embraces more of the natural history and the poetry of his life than any other pursuit. We confess that many hard and tragic elements mix with it in our civilised country. The agricultural labourers are, or were at least till lately, the worst paid and worst fed of all the labouring classes. They had fresh air and exercise, no doubt, but with this they had exposure to rain, and snow, and sleet, to cutting winter winds and scorching summer suns, while tramping over heavy, wet, and soft ground. The farmer himself had to face the ravages of insects, the uncertainties of weather, the fluctuations of prices; the only thing that never varied or failed him was the rent day. We are not, however, writing on agricultural grievances, and so shall proceed with some of our experiences at Gilston.

Innumerable are the occupations and interests connected with land. They completely and at once changed the current of my

father's life. His first step was to get a plan framed giving the form and contents of each field, road, and piece of plantation. For this he employed a skilful surveyor, but one of the greatest gossips and speechifiers I have ever met, James Knox by name. When the day's work was over, a comfortable table, and a tumbler of hot toddy, and a willing listener, were his supreme enjoyment. His listener was either one of the tenants or one of the ploughmen. It is no wonder then that he spent six winter months in surveying Gilston, and that after all the field work was done, it took other six months to get the plan out of his hands. At last, however, it was formally delivered, accompanied with a quotation from Virgil, and it was a most creditable performance.

My father's next concern was how to improve his property in beauty and fertility. He who covers a rather high, cold, bare looking country with stripes, and blocks, and clumps of plantation, ministers not only to the comfort of the cattle which feed on the grass fields, but to his own gratification and that of the passers-by.

My father immediately set about marking off the belts of wood which he designed to plant, whether for beauty or shelter, and the fencing of these with stone dykes was a laborious and expensive undertaking. Mr Sang, of Kirkcaldy, a delightful and enthusiastic man, was the nurseryman employed to plant the proper mixture of firs and hard wood trees. It has been said that they who plant trees work not for themselves but for posterity. This is not strictly true, for in planting the proprietor has an instant fruition, imagination immediately and liberally antedating all and more than all the probable results and enjoyments. Our hopes, however, of seeing in spring a rush of young plants were somewhat disappointed, for the summer of 1826 proved one of the hottest and driest known in that part of Fife, and a large per centage of the trees planted in the autumn and spring months were burned up and perished, and the whole belts and clumps and crests of

plantations had to be carefully gone over a second time by Mr Sang's men and replanted.

After the new plantations were finished, which extended to 100 acres, Mr Knox had a second visit to pay to Gilston to measure off the land planted, and thus abstracted from the fields, and he had so far to alter his plan. Even the plan thus rectified and varied had a much more pleasing and pictorial aspect; how much more pleasing must the surface of the land appear when the living trees come to shade the previously bare surface.

A much more expensive and tedious work than planting and fencing was the draining of the estate. This was not begun on an extensive scale for some years after the purchase, but once begun it went on almost without interruption for many years, and till all the five farms were thoroughly drained. It was only a year or two, I think, before my father's purchase of Gilston that the new principle of *thorough draining* was propounded by Mr James Smith of Deanston, near Stirling. He saw that in a cold and wet climate such as that of Scotland, we should not be satisfied with tapping and carrying off the water from springs which may show themselves in a field, or with intercepting and carrying off the flow of surface water. He saw that to make the soil mellow, and fertile, and early, whether for roots, or grains, or grasses, it must be relieved of all superfluous water, and the plan he proposed showed him to possess an ingenious thinking mind. His theory was generally distrusted till he exhibited its soundness by experiment on his own land. He dug narrow drains to the depth of four and a half feet in every furrow, filling up to the depth of two and a half feet with stones broken to the consistence of coarse gravel. On the top of this was laid a turf, and the drain was then filled up with the original soil. Then a cross drain at a lower part of the field carried off the outflow water from these parallel drains to the nearest surface drain or water run. In Scotland, where the

surface is generally undulating or sloping, there was little difficulty in carrying out this system of draining, therefore Scotland took the lead in this, which is the greatest agricultural discovery of the century. In England, where the surface is often level and the streams sluggish, there was greater difficulty in removing the overflow water. Another step, and I believe also suggested by Mr Smith, was, instead of broken stones, to employ pipe tiles, and to lay these contiguous, end to end, along the bottom of the two and a half feet ditch, and to tramp the earth hard over them. This again met with much distrust, and it could not be believed by those who did not realise the porous nature of all soil, and the wonderful effect of a continual, night and day, drop by drop descent, and removal of water. The pipe-tile drainage, however, once appreciated, made rapid way, and it was found to be a great improvement over broken stones. My father, nearly till the end of his draining operations, employed the stones gathered from the fields, for his drains, and even for some time after the advantage of pipe-tiles was recognised, he stuck to stones. I used sometimes to joke him, and say that he preferred the very stones of Gilston to every other imported and manufactured material. His counter argument was that the stones were cheaper, being found at hand, and that their removal from the surface of the field was itself a benefit. I am doubtful, however, whether the stone or rumble drain was so lasty as the pipe-tile, which prevented the crumbling earth from choking up the drain.

All this planting and draining, not to mention the farming of the home farm, and by and bye of all the other farms, except that of West Gilston, as their leases fell out, afforded delightful occupation to my father. It was not wonderful, therefore, that he lost interest in his Leith business, which, though superintended by steady and experienced clerks, began rapidly to languish; and after about fifteen years it was disposed of to Mr John Crabbie,

whose energy not only revived it, but remodelled it to suit the altered requirements of trade. Mr Crabbie, by agreement, took my father's traveller, Mr John Cree, into partnership, and on Mr Cree's death his son succeeded, and was received into the thriving business in which he is still a partner. Though my father allowed his own business to go down, he ever retained a lively interest in the Commercial Bank, of which he continued to be a director till the day of his death, and he crossed the Firth of Forth nearly every week to attend the board and committee meetings.

A country house may either be very dull and stupid, or it may be one of the most enjoyable centres of family and social happiness. It was, as a rule, generally the latter at Gilston. Sons brought wives and children, daughters husbands and children, and with the daughters of the house we formed a large society. We had uncles and aunts from London and from Edinburgh, and cousins, male and female, from time to time. My father's habit was to sally out on foot or on horseback as soon as possible after breakfast and family prayers, and again after lunch, and to remain in the fields directing his men till the dinner hour. During the shooting season the gentlemen, with the gamekeepers and the dogs, assembled on the lawn in front of the house before starting for the day's work, and this was a scene of interest to the female members of the company. Those who did not shoot formed other engagements.

My father was too much engrossed with his agricultural improvements to bestow much time on visiting his neighbours. He left that mostly to the ladies, but in a county so thickly peopled with lairds as was Fife at that time, a full sufficiency of dining out and dining in was kept up. Old Robert Lyndsay of Balcarres, his too exquisitely polished son, Colonel Lyndsay, and his amiable daughters; General Durham of Largo, a peculiar old gentleman of the old school, and his wife, a peculiar, eccentric little woman,

who never dined out; Major, afterwards Colonel, Briggs of Strathairly and his wife and family; also Mr and Mrs Lumsdain of Lathallan and family; Mr and Mrs Smith of Gibliston; Mr and Mrs Simpson of Pitcorthie; and Lord William Douglas of Muircambus, were our nearest neighbours and visitors. Add to these Mr Christie of Durie and family, and Mr and Mrs Stark Christie of Teases; Mr Brown, the parish minister, afterwards the Free Church minister of Largo, and his wife and large family; Emilia Lundin, Mrs Brown's unmarried sister, an elegant but highly crack-brained, but nevertheless clever and amusing young lady; and to sum up, Dr Ferry, the clergyman of the parish of Kilconquhar, and his wife and children. This embraced our nearest circle.

General Durham and his wife afforded us young people much amusement in church, for as the General was both very old and very corpulent, he was very prone to sleep, a tendency remote from that of his fidgetty little wife, who moved about the wide pew in the side gallery during the service, either to keep her husband awake, or as it might happen, to *hap* him up and make him as comfortable as possible if asleep; but which of the two contradictory steps she might adopt depended on causes quite inscrutable to us.

The county of Fife, though very populous and thickly studded with towns of considerable size, was, especially in the east, much devoted to pure and unadulterated Toryism. Except in the case of Major Briggs, an easy, good humoured, jovial man, who offended no one, and was a favourite of all except for this one foolish tendency of professing to be a Whig, I don't remember meeting a single landed proprietor of the East Neuk who supported Liberal politics at any of the social meetings. Not that the Fife gentry discussed Toryism or any other grade of politics. They usually discussed nothing but the dinner placed before them, according honest praise to the matron who excelled, whether in hens or

ducks or dishes. The idea of a gentleman having any desire to innovate, or reform the time-honoured usages, or politics of the county or the country, was hard to realise, almost impossible, and if at any time meekly attempted, it was instantly rebuked or laughed down. Agriculture was naturally the *pièce de resistance* after dinner, the varieties of manure, the size and nutritive qualities of the various varieties of turnips, the prospect of the hay and grain crops, the turnpike and statute labour roads, draining, county courts, county meetings, poaching cases, and such like.

My father, good humouredly, used to call himself a Whig of 88, *i.e.*, he was for freedom of religion; and personally he was pretty strongly opposed both to Episcopal and to Roman Catholic intrusion. Constitutionally he feared the uneducated masses, and anticipated nothing but danger to the country from the under strata gaining the upper hand. Himself a modest man, if there were any men he secretly disliked, for he rarely spoke disrespectfully of any, it was the self-confident speechifying demagogues, the class I suppose which David designates as *the bulls of the people.* He himself ever shrank from publicity—he rarely attended the county meetings in Cupar, and he greatly preferred his own circle of friends and children to attending dinners, either public or private. He occasionally, for a year or two after going to Fife, took his gun in hand and went out to enjoy an hour's sport, but he soon tired of this, and returned to his dikes and ditches with fresh relish.

Though constitutionally Conservative, he had no bigoted attachments or aversions. He dreaded democratic violence, but he condemned the stiffness of ultra Conservatives. He took the *Edinburgh Review* from the date of its starting, and though he admired the cleverness of Blackwood, he rarely read it, judging it trivial and puerile, and destitute of any well defined or generous political views.

It was the *Edinburgh Review* which, at an early period, formed

my own political principles ; still I must confess, that when I came to be, as I thought, heir to a landed property, I felt certain aristocratic pullings at my heart strings ; these were rather strengthened during the period of my apprenticeship. The cleverest young men in the office were strong liberals, but their views seemed to me pushed beyond the bounds of moderation ; this irritated me at times, and kept me from an unreserved declaration of liberalism.

When I attained majority, my father gave me a freehold qualification from his lands which he held of the Crown.

I forget the exact date of the first political meeting which I attended in the county, I think it was in 1829. There was a considerable muster of Edinburgh Lawyers and of Fife Lairds. The member of Parliament for the county was Captain Wemyss of Wemyss Castle. He was a tall man, with a very small head on his narrow shoulders. He blustered and swore whenever the points of his strange speech seemed to him to require force. This exhibition convinced me that there was something rotten in our electoral system. Here was a large, rich, and populous county represented by a man who had neither mind, manners, nor political principle. I determined to vote against him the very first opportunity that presented itself. There was a good deal of mercantile distress in the manufacturing towns of the country, and political change was scenting the air.

Parliament and Ministries at this time were rather short-lived. There was a new Parliament in 1830, at the accession of William IV. ; another in 1831 ; and then came the Reform Parliament of 1832. Captain Wemyss, who had wit enough to see the coming change, heeled over at once from high Toryism to Radicalism, and when Colonel Lyndsay of Balcarras, an ardent admirer of the repressive politics of the Duke of Wellington, took the field to contest the county, the sea captain became furious, and swore he

would hold the county in spite of all the Dukes and Lyndsays of Great Britain. In his new capacity as a Radical Reformer, he accordingly once more succeeded in carrying the majority with him. I had determined to support him in the Liberal interest for want of a better representative, but knowing my father's feelings, I abstained from using my vote.

The Reform Act coming into operation in 1832, I have from that time till now had no opportunity of exercising my Fife *paper vote*. Old things have passed away, and all things have become new, let us hope they have settled on truer and better lines.

To extend further these notes on our Gilston life would be needless. There were births and marriages both of sons and daughters; there were also deaths. The sons, in prosecuting the duties of life, became scattered over the world, all except George and myself, who remained in Great Britain. James Charles, in the year 1834, settled in Canada West, as a farmer; Henry entered the Honourable East India Company's Sea Service; William and Benjamin, as they came of proper age, went to India, entering the military service of the East India Company; Edward went as a clerk to the Browns in Sydney, and in due time became a partner in the house; George, after many shifts, settled as an M.D. in London; and I, the lawyer, remained at home. I hope I may be able to gather together the chief events of the lives of my brothers and sisters, that this family sketch may be entire, and the branches of the venerable stem to whom I have principally directed attention, may not be awanting. In the mean time, I must bring my sketch of the quiet and peaceful evening of my father's life to a close.

I have in many places, I fear, been tedious, the result of want of skill on my part. I feel a call to make amends by brevity in what remains to record of my father's closing days; this is the more easy, as the events were few. I need not dwell on the serious

apoplectic attack he had at Gilston, in 1850, because he got entirely over it, and lived many years after it in peace and comfort, being able to see his friends, and to cross to Edinburgh and attend the meetings of the Commercial Bank and of the Insurance Company of Scotland, of which he was a director. Old age, however, at length brought gentle but incurable ailments. My father's eyesight began gradually to fail, and it was ascertained that there was cataract in both eyes. He submitted to this inconvenience, without repining, for several years, reading the Bible at family worship, though with much difficulty, and superintending and enjoying all the field operations at Gilston, either alone or attended by one of his children, or by James Robertson, his faithful and trusted ploughman. I was living at Queensferry at this time, and I saw my father only when our family went to spend a few weeks at Gilston in autumn, or when I made a casual run over on a Saturday, which I frequently did, or when my father ventured to visit us at Queensferry, an event not unfrequent. These Queensferry visits, when we had him alone with us, were very much prized by me and my wife. In the evening, when the servants were in bed, we used to go down stairs to the kitchen, that he might enjoy a pipe and a talk with us by the fireside before retiring to his room. On these occasions he spoke calmly of his age and infirmities, and of the approach of the *inevitable* hour. He looked to that hour without fear, but certainly with much solemn awe. Scottish Calvinism leads us to dwell so exclusively on our sins and shortcomings, and on the absolute holiness of God, and the severity of his laws, that it is not surprising we have scarcely any strong and abiding conviction of the essential goodness and love of the Being who created us. Still, in spite of many solemn and shadowing feelings, I know no finer picture than that afforded by my father at the close of a long, useful, and happy life, resting in hope, and waiting God's time;

and so he hoped and waited till his eyesight entirely failed, and he required to be led in and out. With his very active habits it was a great privation not to see the faces of his wife and children, his fields and trees, and the feeding of the cattle. This led his daughter Augusta to consult with Dr Lumgair, of Largo, and with his concurrence to suggest an operation. My father's health was excellent, and Dr Lumgair, who knew his constitution perfectly, having attended him professionally for several years, considered there was little or no risk in an operation on the eyes. He recommended Dr Mackenzie, of Glasgow, as the most skilful operator. My father, Augusta, Janet, and I, therefore, fortified by this advice, travelled by railway from Edinburgh to Glasgow. We saw Dr Mackenzie, who fixed the next morning for the operation, in the house of Thomas Wyld, my father's nephew. I shall not forget the seemingly cruel operation of piercing the eyeball of the right eye, and depressing the opaque lens out of the line of vision. It was soon over, and my father never flinched. He was asked if he at all saw me, as I was standing and holding his hand. He said, "Yes, I do." The eye was then immediately bandaged and protected from the light, and he went to bed, alas! not again to rise from it. The day passed without pain, but the night was a troubled one, and in the course of the next day *coma* supervened, and continued with only occasional intervals of consciousness till his death, which occurred, I think, six days after the operation. His wife and three daughters, myself, and my wife, were present; and James Oswald, his coachman, who had tenderly watched over him during these anxious days. The Rev. Dr Millar, one of the Glasgow Free Church ministers, and who was married to a daughter of our old pastor, Dr Ireland, of North Leith, kindly prayed by the bedside during his illness; but it was his old friend, Robert Paul, whose presence and ministrations afforded him most evident comfort. I

well remember the grand and solemn words he used when entering the sickroom and bending over the almost unconscious form of his friend—"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; for I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour." My father enjoyed the singing of favourite hymns by Janet, his youngest born, and he passed his hand over her face, an old way of showing fondness, in token of his pleasure. My father died in his nephew's house in Glasgow, on 8th May 1860, aged eighty-four. He was, some days thereafter, taken by us to the house of his son-in-law, Professor J. S. Blackie, in Castle Street, Edinburgh, where his family and friends assembled. We, after service conducted by Dr Guthrie, accompanied the remains to the Grange Cemetery.

My father and my grandfather, Mr Stodart, had, many years previous, bought and enclosed a joint burying ground on the west side of the New Calton Cemetery, close under the boundary wall; but I thought the position gloomy and the wall unstable. None of my father's family had been laid in it. I therefore bought ground in the Grange Cemetery, in the bright sunlight, and in the near vicinity of the remains of many revered friends. I may mention as one of them our old friend Dr Chalmers. There our beloved father was laid, and a gray granite obelisk was shortly after erected by all the surviving sons.

The shock of my father's death was too severe for my mother. She became from that time feeble, thin, and very silent. They had been constant companions for fifty-seven years.

After the funeral, my mother and sisters came to Queensferry, and spent some weeks with us. They then returned to Gilston, and we and our children joined them there for some weeks. Some months later the solitude that reigned became intolerable to my sisters, and they fled from Gilston, taking their feeble mother with

them to England, first to her brother, George Stodart's, in Russel Square, and then to Ventnor, Isle of Wight, where Dr and Mrs Lewis, and their children, had been for about two years. My mother was evidently not long to survive the partner of her life, and with a prescience of the event, she made her daughters promise that if she died in England her body was to lie in the same grave as her husband.

My wife and I had gone to spend the Christmas holidays at Durie, and while there we heard that our mother had a chill when driving in an open carriage with her daughters. We did not anticipate any serious results, but fever and unconsciousness came on, and in ten days from the first chill the feeble spark of life had fled. She died on Christmas Eve. From the deep wreaths of snow which surrounded the house in Ventnor, the removal of my mother's body was a matter of no small difficulty. I cannot well forget this severe wintry weather, both snow and severe frost, as I walked from Queensferry to Edinburgh on the sad mission of receiving my mother's body. The crows were sitting moodily on the trees which lined the roadside, looking for any food they could pick up, and several of them which had perished might be seen lying under the trees. The laws of nature seem to us inflexible and severe, but perhaps there is less suffering than we imagine, for we are told that death from exhaustion or the effects of snow and frost comes on like a sleep. It is the mind which fears most and struggles most that suffers most: this may be one wise and merciful reason that we are taught to pray daily by one who knows our nature—"Thy will be done." I went straight to Mr Croall's establishment, and saw that the precious burden had arrived—all that remained on earth of our beloved mother, the snow and the cold were nothing to her now. I had the lid of the coffin unscrewed, and there I had the last sight of that sweet, calm, submissive face, just as of old, but like marble.

"She shall not arise till the heavens are no more," echoed within me; not that I believed the words in their literality, but feeling rather that, though the earthly house was left untenanted, all that we valued was safely kept by God. My mother's body was laid beside her husband in the Grange Cemetery. And now, dearest of parents, with whom I have been communing as they may commune who have mutual love but can neither approach, nor see, nor exchange words, I must say farewell until that day arrives so supremely blessed, when we may hope to meet one another in the ever enduring courts. How fully shall we then know our mutual love, and how freely shall we confess our mutual errors and shortcomings.

If there is an earthly passion that more than all others is excusable, it is that which leads an energetic man and a lover of nature to strive, even at a dangerous cost, to beautify and make more productive the surface of God's earth. The command was given to our first parents and to their descendants to gain dominion over the earth and to subdue it. This was a divine law, and therefore it must in all ages be good; it is only the unwise interpretation of it that can lead to evil and distress; and this was our father's misfortune. Like all passions, even such as are good in their direction, this one led to untold suffering, and sighing, and much mixing of gall, both with his own wholesome life blood and with that of his eldest son and heir and confidant. And the danger at last became so imminent, that I was asked to lay a statement before my father's oldest and dearest friend, Mr Paul. This friend at once recommended us to advertise the beloved Gilston for sale. It was exposed several times, but fortunately, let me say, no offer came till after the death of both the parents. I then sold Newburn farm and the parts of Lathallan lying south of the St Andrews road to our neighbour, Mr Stamford Lumsdaine of Lathallan, for £9000; and the remainder was some months later sold by our

agent, John Stodart, W.S., to Mr Edward Baxter, of Dundee, for £58,500.

These were fortunate sales, for though land had year by year been rising, the result of free trade and general prosperity, and though many judged it would still continue to rise, yet the year 1862 will, I think, be found to have been close upon the highest point of land prosperity in Scotland.

The excellent price obtained, together with the proceeds of the various life policies, and the sale of Commercial Bank and several other stocks, enabled the testamentary trustees to remove all incumbrances, and to pay the generous legacies provided by the father for his large family of twelve sons and daughters.

It may seem as if such a result as this afforded evidence, that I, the historian, took an over desponding view. It is not so. It is not my intention here to present any abstract of accounts as they stood during the last twelve or fifteen years of our father's life. It is sufficient to reflect for a moment on the well known heavy expense of keeping a large property in order, the maintaining the hedges, ditches, and dykes; the garden and shrubberies; the gamekeepers, foresters, and coachmen; the carriages and horses; the annual payments on life policies; the interest on money borrowed; the expense of housekeeping, and the maintaining, as he did, a generous, though not an extravagant hospitality. Let us, viewing all this, consider how many of these expenses are at once removed when the land is sold and a good price is got in hand, and the life policies are realised. There can be no doubt that land is an enjoyable possession, but it is equally certain that for it we have to pay a very heavy premium.

It may be said, and I have heard it said and pleaded in extenuation, that he whose labours have made a fortune is entitled to enjoy the spending of it. This proposition I entirely deny. It is never good to pursue pleasure for its own sake, or for what

may be called self-indulgence, and assuredly our father was the last man to do this, nor would he ever have defended the sentiment we have stated. He knew that to hunt pleasure for its own sake was both an evil and a dangerous pursuit. He knew well that with every pleasure so sought there was inevitable pain and danger conjoined. Rather let us view his case as that of a man of invincible energy, who, even in the face of heavy pains and penalties, is seen still aiming after the beautiful and good; his energy and his love of nature, and the instinctive desire of putting everything at its best, carrying him away, and leading him to despise the threatening penalties and dangers. We may call this an error, or a weakness, or a miscalculation, but not the selfishness, which some have erroneously endeavoured to palliate or defend.

It would be an entire mistake were I to represent my father as a perfect man. No man is or ever was perfect, and he, as I have said, would have been the first to spurn any such foolish claim. Often have I heard him say with a sigh, "Man's only righteousness is but aspiration and failure." He was all his life, so far as I knew him, even too severe in his estimate of himself. He would not even allow that he had any talent; he told me more than once that he owed his success in life entirely to his health and his activity and perseverance. When I was one day representing to him strong doubts as to my ever succeeding in the legal profession, he replied, "Be you the honest lawyer, and time and perseverance will give you your place," and then, with a quiet but emphatic voice, he pronounced this sententious maxim, whence derived I know not—probably from Young, Addison, or some other of his favourite authors of the eighteenth century,—"Persistent wisdom is the *fate* of man." This was his maxim as regards worldly wisdom. As regards divine righteousness, he believed only in One as righteous and good, He who was at once the Son of man and the Son of God.

CHAPTER VIII.

ROBERT STODART WYLD, AND HIS FAMILY.

In this chapter I, now an octogenarian, shall endeavour to state the chief events of my life from birth till the present time. In doing so, I shall indicate the pages in which I may already have made remarks bearing on any of the points now to be stated more in their chronological order.

I was born on 16th April 1808, in the comfortable small house on Leith Links, which I have described in Chapter IV., p. 30.

In 1810, my father and mother, along with their four children, Isabella, James, their firstborn son, myself, and John, removed from the Leith Links house to Bonnington Bank, which was purchased in that year.

In 1815, when I was seven years of age, I was sent to Mr Dun's new school at Bonnington Bridge, and there I learned my A B C. In October 1817 I was sent to the Moravian boarding-school at Fulnec, near Leeds, where I remained two years (pp. 39 to 41).

In a previous chapter (pp. 39 to 41) I have alluded to a feud between the Scotch and English boys belonging to the junior classes of this school. Lest this should give an unfavourable impression of this most respectable Moravian establishment, I consider it but right to state that, in nearly every respect, at the time in which I was a pupil, it fully deserved the high repute it then bore. For though boyish tricks might occasionally be done, and

though some of the teachers of the junior classes might be men of but ordinary qualifications, it was by old and young felt that among those who presided over the senior classes, were to be found many men, not only of superior ability and accomplishment, but who were possessed of those attractive and humanising qualities which inspire both interest and affection in youth. Among such there were not only English, but also several German teachers, and at least one delightful Danish teacher. Men of various tastes and character, some of them had a decided taste for music, which was cultivated by several of the older boys. Others taught drawing in red and black crayon, the sight of which drew the longing eyes of some of us small boys, who lamented being confined to the drudgery of the three R's. Several of the teachers were skilful performers on the organ and piano, also on the violin and on different wind instruments; and they thus not only furnished unusually excellent church music for Sunday and week day service, but afforded us Scotch boys matter for much debate whether such instruments were not a profane or heathenish abuse of the chapel and of the Sunday. Several of the German teachers possessed the rare gift of story-telling, and when the different classes were mingled together on an afternoon holiday on the banks of the beck, or on the skirt of the Tor Wood, we would frequently, instead of resorting to our usual sports, cluster round the gifted seer, usually a German or the Dane, and persuade him to tell us a story. It was both interesting and picturesque to see so large a swarm squatted round the central figure who possessed such marvellous gifts. The Yorkshire pipe, about fifteen inches in length, was invariably on such occasions in his mouth, and the slow, deliberate, and well-considered words, and equally deliberate puffs which alternately issued from the same mouth, fixed our attention, and the one and the other, I am persuaded, increased the savour and the romance of the story. The pipe was also evidently a great

help to the speaker, not only giving him time to mature his plot, but also to elaborate his details, which were always given as if he saw the objects he was so gravely and deliberately expanding to our mental view. I was a favourite of one of these story-tellers, and I was sometimes permitted, at my urgent request, to light his pipe by the use of a lens or burning-glass when the sun was favourable, and thus very early in youth I acquired a certain liking for the fumes of tobacco, which has stuck by me through life, though my constitution has never permitted me to indulge in more than a very moderate use of this aromatic anodyne. Still I greatly enjoy these fumes, especially when alone, and when allowed to meditate rather than when compelled to talk. Perhaps my taste for them arose chiefly from a pleasing connection of the smell of the weed with the memory of the pleasant Fulnec stories.

On returning home in 1819, I was sent to the Edinburgh High School, in order to acquire Latin. My classical education, however, was very much mismanaged during the two years I spent at Fulnec. I had acquired very little except the art of reading and writing, and a slight acquaintance with arithmetic. It was only during the last three months of my residence there that I got any lessons in Latin. I never had a Latin grammar put into my hands, but was simply taught to translate a little book beginning with an account of the creation of the world and the call of Abraham.

On my return home from Fulnec, my father was informed by some meddling wiseacre that the second class of the High School was taught by one of the smartest scholars and one of the severest disciplinarians in Edinburgh. The result was that I, though essentially a shy, timid, and slow boy, instead of getting up my grammar in the first class, was sent to the second, to be whipped up to the mark by one of the most inconsiderate men I have ever known. The experiment was not only entirely unsuccessful, it

was also extremely painful and degrading. Nearly every day I was severely flogged, and had moreover the humiliation of occupying the second lowest range of benches in a class-room of nearly 200 boys. I look back with nothing but regret and shame to this my first year in a Latin class. There were other hardships connected with it, such as the early start in the morning; the getting my breakfast of porridge and milk in due time down my throat; the long walk of nearly three miles from Bonnington Bank to the High School, which was then situated in Infirmary Street, where we had to take our seats by 9 o'clock A.M. The reader may imagine the not unfrequent discomfort of tramping all the way through mud and rain or snow and sleet; then the sitting for six long hours in the cold schoolrooms, frequently with wet feet, and the consequent internal gripings to which I was subject even in the most favourable circumstances. All these conspired to render this year the most miserable one of my life.

It is not easy to understand schoolboys' nature, but it is certain there was in these days a great amount of the dog nature in some of them; they loved to torment and worry each other. One forenoon, after the half-hour's play in the school yards, the different classes were pushing their way up stairs to their respective classrooms, when suddenly a boy, named Spence, two years my senior, who had been at Fulnec, and who recognised me, without a shadow of reason or provocation of any kind, sprang upon me, and began pommelling my face with all his might. Of course I resisted with all the strength I possessed, but as he was on the higher steps I was fearfully exposed, and got severely punished. This sharp *schiaffo* was all over in a couple of minutes, but a good deal can be accomplished in that short time, and I entered the classroom with my eyes nearly closed up. Unfortunately, but more probably by design, for Lyndsay was as quick-eyed as a lynx, I was one of the very first boys called up to read a Latin

passage. I failed signally, and was immediately again severely mauled about the face and head by this *classical* monster, whose leading principle was that ignorance was to be met by instant castigation. Like some of our former police magistrates, he had not time for minute inquiry, but only for quick execution.

Children accept every variety of harsh treatment, as being both natural and inevitable,—they offer no resistance, they make no complaints. My father, however, discovered his mistake, and next year he sent me to Mr Fysche's Boarding School at Galashiels. This school was combined with the parochial school of the burgh. We were fairly well taught here, and had enough of plain food to eat; but it was a rough school, and decency and comfort were, of all things, the least considered. In fact, they were entirely unknown. We, however, liked the teachers, and though here I cannot say I was grounded in Latin, for I was never set to learn the Latin grammar, yet, what Latin I acquired was conscientiously taught. I have, however, always grieved at the want of grammatical foundation to hold it firm.

In the second year, I gained the silver medal of the second highest Latin class. In Euclid I took considerable pleasure, geometry seemed to me like something mechanical, like fitting pieces of wood together, and I without difficulty acquired it. In it I stood at the head of the school. I felt no little exultation in getting in this study above a clever boy, who was in everything else the dux of the school. All my brothers, without exception, had a turn for geometry, though they were too indifferent to prosecute it beyond the mere tasks imposed on them.

I spent two years at Galashiels, my brother James Charles, three or four, and Henry and William, I think, two years each, before entering the Edinburgh Academy. Everything in this homely, country school was conducted in a rough and careless fashion,—it is nearly incredible the little attention paid at these

times to the comfort of the children. Scotland was slowly emerging from poverty, and it seemed that the people could not bring themselves to the spending of money for anything but the absolute necessities of life. There were above thirty boarders at this school, and the greater part slept in two houses detached from the central schoolhouse. In each room there slept four boys, and yet in neither of these two houses was there any convenience, should any of the children be taken unwell during the night. The outer door was locked by the ushers, who slept in each house, and who occupied a bed along with one of the smaller boys. I remember on one cold, winter night, when the snow lay four inches deep on the ground, being compelled to seek access to the open air. There was only one way of accomplishing this. I crept out of my warm bed, quietly opened the window, for the usher was sleeping in the next room, and noiselessly slipped out in my nightgown, and with bare feet I descended from the upper storey by means of a pear tree which grew against the wall. Then I clambered over a rough turf-coped dyke, which was some five to six feet high, into the adjoining ploughed field, lying thick with snow. I then measured my way back. Entering by the open window, I lay down, cold and shivering, by the side of my companion, who had slept all unconscious of the transaction.

Leaving out of sight, however, such things as this, and there were several others equally bad, I must say that I had little cause of complaint with my Galashiels life. The teachers, at my time, were able, intelligent and kind. Mr and Miss Fysche were also particularly attentive to me. The country was picturesque and romantic—a country of hills, rivers, and woods. There was an extensive hill immediately behind the school, covered with wood of full growth, chiefly fir trees. This afforded us an endless field for exploration and adventure. There were hawks' and owls', crows' and ravens' nests in it, also hares and rabbits, and in winter

the footprints of birds and beasts were impressed on the snow, and here and there deep-dyed circles of blood, where the hawks and the foxes had slain their victims. These exercised our habits of observation, and nourished in us a love of natural life and scenery. Through this extensive wood we rambled, singly or in parties, during our playhours after mid-day dinner. This freedom allowed us was one of the best features of the school; it cost nothing, and it was highly prized.

The playground we resorted to on Saturday afternoon, accompanied by the masters, was a piece of smooth, haugh ground on the left bank of the river Tweed, nearly opposite Abbotsford House. Here we played "Scotch and English." A little further up the river the banks were covered with young wood, affording us shelter, and the pleasant means of bathing in a deep pool of the romantic Tweed.

As I take an interest in mental phenomena, I shall mention a personal adventure. One day I ran off immediately after early dinner to enjoy a bathe in the pool, above alluded to. It was, I suppose, one and a half miles distant from the school. When stripped, I sprang off the bank into the deep water, and after indulging in a swim up and down, I dropped my feet, thinking I was in water sufficiently shallow to reach the ground. It was not so, and down I went, drawing into my windpipe as I sank a gulp of water, which at once choked me, so that when I struggled and got my head up, I could not breathe, but merely further exhausted my lungs of all wind by violent spasmodic coughing, after which, down I went a second time. I felt my feet standing on the ground, but my head was several feet below the surface. There I stood for some time; I knew I was drowning, but I felt no apprehension or fear of death, rather a sense of calmness and resignation! the result, I suppose, of an impeded flow of blood through the brain. Many ideas, however, connected with my

present condition passed through my mind, but all entirely unconnected with either mental or physical suffering. At length the idea struck me forcibly that my absence from school in the afternoon would create a great disturbance, and give much trouble. Under the stimulus of this school-boy fear, I again made a violent effort, rose to the surface, and struck out for the opposite side of the river luckily, and found myself again in shallow water. The pain then began of endeavouring to draw my breath, and it was excessive, but bit by bit I succeeded, and after resting on the far bank and basking for some time in the sun, I swam back to my clothes. I never mentioned this adventure either to man or boy, for fear of the castigation to which I might have been subjected, for we were strictly prohibited bathing in the Tweed except in presence of the master.

Much as I rejoiced when the day arrived, in August 1822, when I was to quit Galashiels and all its associations, grave and gay, yet I well remember turning my head as I sat on the top of the Edinburgh coach, and casting a lingering and regretful look behind. The next time I visited Galashiels was in November of 1844, on my marriage tour. My wife and I spent nearly a fortnight of our honeymoon at Melrose as a centre, and one day I walked to Galashiels to have a ramble through the old haunts. The first visit I made was at Mr Fysche's house. I was told that the old man was out, that he had had a paralytic stroke, but was recovering. I then walked smartly on up the hill and through the old wood, which I have just described, and when from the northern outskirt of the wood I cast my eyes down upon the well-known schoolhouse below, and upon the town nestling along the sides of the Gala, still in its old place, to Melrose and the Eildon Hills six miles distant, and onward still farther along the beautiful strath of country through which the classical Tweed flowed eastward, I confess the old memories of boyhood and school days almost

overpowered me, bringing the past and the present after twenty-two years interval into such close contrast. Here was I, the same identical *Ego*, and the landscape also the same, but how many events were in the past interval, and what was to be the nature of those which might follow? What a mystery is our life here, and hereafter!

I must here mention another very curious psychological incident, which occurred as I descended from the mount. When I was pushing along the public road at a rapid pace, in order not to be late for dinner at Melrose, I passed an old man with a dog, walking slowly up the steep road in the opposite direction to that in which I walked. When I was about twenty paces past, I heard him cry after me, *Mr Robert.* It was my old paralysed master, Mr Fysche. We stood and conversed for a considerable time, shook hands, and from that date I saw and heard no more of him. It is surely singular that, after an interval of twenty-two years, the old man should so instantaneously have recognised a pupil, who had left his care when only fourteen years of age.

When I returned from Galashiels school I was not allowed to remain at home, I was boarded by my father with a Mr Smith, who had a boarding house in Brown Square, and flourishing rooms for Latin classes in George Street, close to the west of St Andrew's Church. He and his wife were nice and superior people. My board and education at Galashiels were £30 per annum, my board with Mr Smith was £100, and I never could discover the advantage of being boarded at Brown Square, instead of living under my father's roof at Bonnington Bank.

The Latin class which I joined at George Street, consisted of about thirty boys. My normal place was about four from the top, but I often reached the top, but rarely kept it. From a natural defect in memory, but more from never having been grounded in Latin grammar, I always fell when grammatical questions were

put. I have repeatedly seen myself trapped place by place from near the top to the actual foot of the class, when the teacher took a fancy to bamboozle me; this was very humiliating, but I frequently recovered from booby's place to that of dux by a sudden spring, when some question of history, or some question regarding some obscure allusion in a passage, was put. I have always had a miserable memory for details, what the phrenologists call individuality, besides many other defects and weaknesses, and I do not think I have in any perceptible degree been able to overcome any one of these. I have never, for instance, though fond of calculating, been able to command perfectly a ready use of the multiplication table, or any of the tables of weights and measures. The only things which impress me, and which I hold firm, are general principles, in physics, philosophy, and political science; these once seen I never forget. I felt this defect in memory when a young boy at Mr Dunn's school, and now, at the age of eighty years, it is only more pronounced. When I was learning the letters of the alphabet, I could not remember the distinction between *c* and *e*, till it occurred to me that the *c* was very like a *cat sitting;* this at once ended the difficulty.

From my earliest school days I was painfully shy and diffident. After having been some months at school, my father asked Mr Dunn regarding my progress. The reply I cannot forget. Oh, said the teacher, Master Robert will be a fair scholar, but his fault is that he is very *backward in coming forward.* Poor old Dunn! My backwardness and diffidence have stuck fast to me through life, and, I believe, have given me more pain than either my sins or my physical sufferings.

After a year spent with Mr Smith, I had two rather unprofitable years at the Edinburgh University, nominally employed with Latin and Greek. At Mr Pillans's first class, I paid some little attention in preparing my Latin lessons, and I got rather a complimentary

certificate. In the second class, my indolence got the better of me; and, besides, some other more congenial pursuit engaged my attention. The Greek class, conducted by Professor Dunbar, I regarded only as a sham. I rarely took my books to the class-room; and when I left the class, at the end of six months, I had not even taken the pains to acquire a knowledge of the capital letters. I persuaded myself that it was impossible to acquire Greek in six months, and therefore that it was labour lost to take any trouble whatever about it. Thus was ended my Latin and Greek education; the former of which had occupied six years of my youth. Often have I in subsequent years felt how gladly I would exchange all the Latin and Greek I ever possessed for a very moderate acquaintance with the violin or the pianoforte, which I might have acquired in half the time that was lost upon the dead languages; but in these days music was discouraged as a snare, leading young men into loose and dangerous society; it was looked upon, besides, as an occupation only worthy of the attention of a Frenchman or an Italian, not of a plodding, manly Scot.

My mother was fond of speculating on religious subjects, and endeavouring to satisfy her mind on difficult points. My father was less inclined to enter upon such inquiries. The Bible and Catechism, and Timothy Dwight's Theological Lectures, he considered as absolutely trustworthy, and any tendency on the part of any of the children to question or discuss, he held, was sure to lead to evil. This was quite natural at the time to every one who had lived in a country where orthodoxy was considered as all important.

The usual Sunday observances, especially at Bonnington Bank, were very strictly enforced, but after my religious lessons were over, I remember gratefully that I was allowed to read Milton's Paradise Lost, and to walk in the garden. I have always inclined

to question whether formal drilling in the narratives contained in the Old and New Testaments produced beneficial results on children, unless very judiciously and lovingly conducted. I believe that the simplest religious truth, coming spontaneously from the heart of a parent or teacher at the right time, is worth years of formal teaching and drilling. One illustration I shall give. When I was four years of age, I lost my elder brother James, who died from water in the head, after scarlet fever. I and my sister were sitting by the nursery fire, very sad and distressed after this event, the first occasion on which we in any measure had realised the reality of death. As we sat, I remember the young nurserymaid, in the quietest manner, saying to us: *Your brother has gone to Jesus in heaven.* She then repeated some words of that touching passage, *They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of water; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.* This made an instant impression on us, and I felt as if at once resigned to the loss of my brother. The sight of death, however, is fearful to children. The next day the nurserymaid asked me if I would like to see my brother. On my saying yes, she took me in her arms, carried me into the next room, and drew back the curtain. Instantly that I saw the pale dead face, I was seized with terror, and nearly threw myself out of her arms, and screamed to be taken away. It required many kind words after this to reconcile me to the reality of this great enemy, as he appears when holding in his grasp the forms of those we had known when full of life and enjoyment.

I think I spent two years at the University: one of them attending Professor Ritchie's prosy Exposition of Mental Philosophy; and Chemistry, as taught by Dr Hope,—a delightful treat, and a great revelation to me; Natural History also, under the quaint but charming Professor Jameson; and Natural Philosophy, under

Professor Leslie, also a most instructive teacher. These three last mentioned Professors opened a wide field, within which my mind and some of my energies have loved to work in subsequent years, though such studies were purposely interrupted for ten or twelve years by the engrossing study of Scotch law and conveyancing. For when I entered upon these latter, to me, dry studies, I felt that if I were to be at all conscientious, I would have to put an extinguisher upon all the subjects which had excited my enthusiasm. I know that there are many men with good working abilities, who can, without difficulty, apply their full strength to whatever studies or occupations are prescribed to them; but there are others whose energies can only be excited through their imagination. They have their likes and their dislikes very strong, and their minds will no more work when pointed in a wrong direction, than a swallow will be got to hop over the pavement and pick up crumbs of bread like a sparrow. Our father, though the most kind and benevolent of men, had very naturally imbibed the philosophy of the Scotch school, which taught that it was the duty of a parent to command, and also the duty of the child to obey; instincts and natural leanings were ignored, obedience was expected to overrule them all—a great mistake. For to discover what a child's natural abilities and tendencies are, is often equivalent to fixing whether his after life shall be prosperous and happy, or shall be more or less unprofitable and unsatisfactory.

My tastes and predilections had, from an early period of my life, been decidedly scientific, and I accordingly endeavoured to persuade my father to have me educated either as an engineer or for the medical profession. But I was the eldest son of a large family, and my father tried to convince me that it was desirable that one of the family should be a lawyer, and thus be useful to the others. I resisted this argument for more than a year, but at length I yielded, and submitted to be bound apprentice. My

masters were the partners of the large and active firm of Messrs W. A. G. & R. Ellis, Writers to the Signet. My indenture was dated 7th July 1826, and I was bound for five years. The apprentice fee was £210, besides a government stamp of £30. After spending five years and ten months in the office, my indenture was discharged by Mr Adam Gib Ellis, under whom I had principally wrought in the Parliament House, with this docquet, "Mr R. S. Wyld having implemented this indenture to my very great satisfaction, I hereby discharge the same."

At the Messrs Ellis's, I was treated by my masters with the greatest possible kindness and consideration, and I did my best to serve them. During four of my nearly six years' service, I was their Parliament House clerk; first under Mr Sutherland, a senior clerk, and afterwards alone. I, at the same time, was occupied most of the evenings, when the Court was sitting, at the Register Office, lodging papers and documents, borrowing and returning processes, copying interlocutors, &c. This was a very fatiguing business, from the struggle to get served, and from the highly heated state of the offices.

During my attendance at the Court of Session, which was every day of the week during its session, except Monday, from nine in the morning till three in the afternoon, I was on foot most of the time, watching for the crying of our cases, when motions or debates were to come on; trying to keep in my eye the counsel, concealed among a crowd of five or eight hundred white wigs, law agents, and clerks; instructing counsel as to the motions to be made, or the debate to come on. All this was fatiguing, for it implied being constantly on the alert. To me it was also supremely unsatisfactory, because the Parliament House business of the Messrs Ellis was one of the largest in Edinburgh; they usually had, each year, 100 causes on their list, and I had no time to study so many cases so as to take any intelligent interest in them. This

made my duties mostly mechanical, and therefore uninteresting if not repulsive; I, however, did my best to perform them.

Very often, at the close of the day, on returning exhausted from the Register Office, I cast my eyes up to the quiet twinkling stars overhead, and wondered if the same nervous worry and contention was known in those distant regions.

The venerable Hall of the Parliament House is now much less a scene of senseless bustle than it used to be in my time; the forms of procedure have been simplified; the papers forming the Record, as it is called, are shortened; the long written pleadings, then so common, have been discontinued. The result is, a much quicker dispatch of business, so that law pleas may now frequently be brought into Court, and decided in fewer months than they formerly took years—a vast boon to the litigants and to the general public, even although the lawyers' fees are very considerably increased.

Much as I have disliked aiding in the manufacture and sale of whisky, one of my country's chief banes, I felt the living in an atmosphere of legal contention still less congenial; it often involved manifold miseries. One instance I may state. We had a bulky process in our office, Milne against Davidson. It was, to us clerks, a standing *bête noir*, for there were frequent papers to write and no payment either to master or clerk, for poor Milne had long ago sunk under his many miseries, and was prosecuting *in forma pauperis*. This notable case had been raised in the Sheriff Court, Aberdeen, in the year of my birth, 1808, and here it was still unsettled in the Court of Session in 1829. There was no pecuniary stimulus to urge it on, and so no progress was made. Year after year during my apprenticeship, poor old Milne journeyed from Aberdeen, and made his way down our area stairs to the clerks' office to repeat the question,—*Gentlemen, is my case no' settled yet?* We collected a few shillings to comfort the old man,

and he slowly, with a groan, retreated again to his northern habitat. At last, I think about the year 1829 or 1830, this wearisome, neglected case was ready for debate. When it was called in the Outer House, the counsel could not be found. *He had not been prepared.* The next day it was again called, and the counsel made appearance, but he was so ill prepared that the decision given was against poor Milne. We the clerks saw that the case had not got fair play; we accordingly clubbed together—there were probably a dozen of us,—and we raised £30, with which we printed and boxed a Reclaiming Note to the Inner House, and fee'd counsel to debate. Our counsel, Mr Alexander Earle Menteith, made an able speech, and the judgment was given in favour of *Poor Peter Milne.* What amount of money ultimately came to the litigant I do not know, but I know that a considerable sum came to the clerks, to recoup them for the many folios of fools-cap paper they had written and the sum they had advanced on speculation, as well as from sincere pity for the old man.

After the expiry of my apprenticeship and quitting Messrs Ellis's office, and before preparing myself for examination and entering on a professional life, I persuaded my father, in the spring of the year 1832, to allow me, as he had some previous years promised, to make the tour of Europe. He accordingly most kindly gave me £200 for carrying out this purpose. I started in the month of May, in a small yacht belonging to Mr James Stevenson of Leith, who was taking out five or six young ladies and two young men to a German boarding school, at Neuweid, on the Rhine. This promised well; but when I state that the voyage from the day we cleared from the Tay, from which, on account of cholera at Edinburgh, our ship's papers were signed, till we landed at Rotterdam, occupied eighteen days, the reader will surmise that we had not a very pleasant time. The voyage proved extremely uncomfortable, and also very dangerous. We had, to direct our

navigation, a rusty old captain, a person who neither knew the coast of England nor the lights intended for our guidance. During nearly the whole time we were beating up and down against adverse winds, and were frequently in great uncertainty about our whereabouts. Our bread got completely used up, and the young people suffered in many ways, and were most of the time confined to bed. Mr Stevenson and I were on the alert all the time. We slept in our stockings and drawers, and were ready to start up on deck instantly on hearing any unwonted hubbub, and I helped the crew in shifting the sails and getting the yacht about. At length, however, we entered the Helvoitschluiss, and got up the mouth of the Rhine to Rotterdam. It was the time in which the war for separation was raging between Belgium and Holland, and I did not meet a single English traveller till I had finished my tour of both these countries, and had got on board the Rhine steamer. Suffice it to say, I accomplished my tour of Europe to my entire satisfaction, and I cannot doubt gained no little profitable experience. I visited the principal towns of Holland; saw something of Belgium; went up the Rhine leisurely; walked through Switzerland, knapsack on back; climbed the Schreckhorn alone, and without guide, to the danger of my life, with my alpenstock my only friend and companion, and had the grief when clambering up the sharp ridge of that tremendous mountain by the use, I may say literally, of my nails and toes, to give it a kick and see it shoot over the cliff on which I stood, into a gulf probably four thousand feet deep. After this laborious pedestrian exploit among the Alps, I settled in Geneva, as a boarder in the family of the singularly gifted and well known protestant clergyman Cæsar Malan, till the modified heat of the last autumn month permitted me to enter Italy. This I did by the Pass of Mont Cenis. I made then a pretty extensive tour of the interesting old towns of the States of Sardinia, Parma, Modena, and Bologna; spent a month in Florence, about three

weeks in Naples, and two months in Rome, where I consorted with an interesting young Brazilian named Martinez, a young Englishman, aspiring to enter the army, but at the time under the guidance of an elderly London gentleman with a short supply of brains, I mean between the two; David Rhind, afterwards an Edinburgh architect; and lastly, David Scott, an artist, afterwards well known in Edinburgh, who died young, and in whose journal, embodied in his Life, written by his brother, my name and that of the other young men just named several times occur.

From Rome I went to Venice, and came homeward by the Italian lakes, then over the Pass of the Simplon, at the time deep in snow; through France by the Jura to Paris, and crossed at Dover. When I reached the house of my excellent uncle, George Stodart, 11 Russel Square, London, I had only a few shillings in my pocket; but then, besides several mosaics and other trinkets of considerable value for my mother and friends, I had a good many French and Italian books, bought for my own use.

I have always regarded this extensive tour as one of the most delightful and profitable events in my juvenile life. I did my best. I studied and talked the French and Italian languages. I was full of enthusiasm; and the parties Foreign and English I met and fraternised with, and the instruction I received by what I saw and heard, I can regard in retrospect with nothing but pleasure, certainly without a single regret. It contributed in many ways to the happiness of my subsequent life.

In the autumn of 1833, I commenced my legal profession as a W.S., in my father's house, No. 32 Royal Terrace, Edinburgh, after having passed successfully the usual examination; and I continued to lay myself out for practice for nine years, namely, till my removal to Queensferry in 1842.

On starting as a lawyer, in order to obtain business corres-

pondents, I accompanied Mr Cree, my father's commercial traveller, round the whole of Scotland, as far north as Tain, calling on and canvassing every respectable law practitioner north of the Firth of Forth: also those in Galashiels. I did not venture on Glasgow. By this tour, I had one promise of a law process from Dundee, but the promise was not fulfilled, the law plea never came my way. One gentleman, however, a banker in Inverness, steadily sent me all the letters of horning and caption which he unfortunately required against defaulters; and this, I think, was the sole fruit of my extensive legal canvass. It has, however, often occurred to me, that had I repeated the tour two or three times, and had I invited the gentlemen I was soliciting, when they happened to be in Edinburgh, to come to the Royal Terrace, the result might have been more successful. My business during the nine years of my practice, I think, never in any one year exceeded £100. This I felt somewhat discouraging; for I was thirty-three years of age, when my uncle William died, and the question arose what was to be done with the distillery which he had been erecting at Queensferry, and which had not been finished at the time of his death. My uncle was a favourite with Lord Rosebery, James Dundas of Dundas, Mr Hope Vere of Craigie Hall, and other proprietors in the neighbourhood. He was naturally a kind and hospitable man, but careless and fond of pleasure. He died, leaving next to nothing for his young children except the share of their mother's moderate fortune.

I must here mention that, while living at my father's house, 32 Royal Terrace, and practising not very successfully as a lawyer, I married, on 9th October 1838, Isabella Georgina Maxwell, a daughter of Colonel Maxwell, who, with his wife and family, had for many years been settled in Belgium. She had come to Edinburgh on a visit to her aunt, Mrs Johnston, of whom she was name niece, and was living at No. 4 Howard Place. About a year after

the birth of Frances Elizabeth, my eldest daughter, my beloved wife fell into bad health, and died at Sidmouth on 5th May 1841, where I had taken her for change of climate. I returned to Edinburgh after this heavy sorrow, with my little child, not two years of age, she having been born in my father's house, 1st August 1839. As my residence as a lawyer kept me in Edinburgh, Frances, during the summer months, when my father's family were at Gilston, was taken with them, and received their tender care till after I had settled in Queensferry, in my own house, in November 1844.

CHAPTER IX.

ROBERT STODART WYLD, AND HIS FAMILY—*continued.*

BEFORE giving an account of my Queensferry life, it is natural I should give some account of my uncle William, and the circumstances which led to an entire shift in my life and occupations.

My uncle William was my father's fifth brother. He was born at Penicuik 7th May 1785, and was consequently my father's junior by nine years. His education, I suppose, must have been mercantile, for during the Peninsular campaign under Wellington, he went to Spain and engaged in commissariat business, supplying the troops with provisions and other necessaries. How long he was thus occupied I cannot say, but he returned to Scotland shortly after the peace in 1815. It would appear he had been in some measure successful in his foreign ventures. He had been a tall and remarkably slender young man when he went abroad, but in Spain he had caught a fever, and after recovering he became full-bodied, and continued so during the rest of his life.

His continental occupations had brought him into connection with military society, which gave him easy and pleasing manners, but I doubt whether he ever acquired that steady and laborious habit of application to the details of business which is so important for success in mercantile life. My first acquaintance with my uncle made a lasting impression on me, then a young boy. On

his return to Scotland, he came to spend some time with us at Bonnington Bank. On the morning after his arrival, when, as usual, I went into my father and mother's bedroom, they told me to go and awaken my uncle, who was sleeping in the adjoining room. On rapping at his door, I was asked to enter. There, on a curtained four-post bed, lay a large, handsome young man, of, say, thirty years of age. The bedclothes were thrown off his shoulders, and his arm, with a snow-white nightgown, frilled at the wrists, was stretched over the side of the bed, and on his finger I noticed the sparkle of a brilliant ring. I was somewhat awed by the imposing figure of my uncle, whom I had never before seen. On the toilet table I next espied a large gold repeater and two handsome steel pistols chased with gold. My uncle pleasantly conversed with me, and showed me how to get the watch to ring the hours and quarters. He promised also, after breakfast, to go with me to the garden and have a trial of the pistols. All this very soon secured my admiration, and there seemed a mine of pleasure connected with this wonderful uncle.

Some five years after this, he married Elizabeth Dudgeon, the only daughter of Mr Dudgeon of Humbie. A year or two before his marriage, my father had taken him as a partner in his Leith business. About the time of his marriage, he removed his residence from Leith Walk to Scotstoun Park, a pretty villa belonging to Lord Rosebery, consisting of a house, garden, and park, a little way above the burgh of South Queensferry. From this place he drove nearly each day in his own one-horse vehicle to the Leith office. His mind, however, shortly after became otherwise engrossed. He had taken a short lease of the Kirkliston Distillery—part of a bankrupt estate. He worked this distillery for three or four years, and then offered to take a longer lease, but the trustee and he could not agree to the terms, and in a fit of ill-humour my uncle

set about the erecting of a distillery of his own at Queensferry. He bought three or four houses in the burgh, at the head of the harbour, also a piece of shore ground, and on this he began to build maltings, granaries, bonds, and a distillery, on *a new patent principle.* Here in every respect his movements were unfortunate. First and foremost, the water supplying the burgh was of inferior quality; being surface water collected from the fields of a rich agricultural district, and consequently impregnated with animal and vegetable matter, it was utterly unsuited for the production of a fine malt spirit. Then the distillery being in the close vicinity of Dalmeny and Hopetoun pleasure grounds, while on the north side extended the Firth of Forth, there was an insufficient market for the draff and dreg, especially as there was the competition of the Messrs Buchan's Kirkliston Distillery. The next evil was, that my uncle, having no knowledge of machinery, had allowed himself to be led by one of those sanguine and dangerous men, who, extremely ignorant of everything practical, think their crude ideas to be wonderful discoveries. The worts were to be fermented, not in wooden vats as usual, but in a range of brick-built tanks, lined with Roman cement. The water and the fermented worts were to be boiled by being forced through two bundles of small copper tubes which traversed high-pressure separate steam boilers, filled with water kept above the boiling point. The water thus heated for mashing was then collected in wooden-built vats, lined with thin copper sheeting; and lastly, the vapour, as it escaped from these tubes, was to be condensed and cooled in similar small tubes immersed in a tank of cold water. Every part of this apparatus proved a failure. The Roman cement became decomposed by the acid of the fermenting worts; the copper sheeting burst under the alternate expansion and contraction of the metal. The hot wash, with its vegetable matter, hardened in the small tubes and choked them up, producing at the same time a singed flavour in the spirits.

My uncle, by the vexatious length of time taken in fitting up this complex apparatus, and by its great expense, fell into bad health, from which he never recovered. He was thus quite unable to take any charge, and I was asked to superintend the men engaged in the erection of the apparatus. I endeavoured to push them on, and had both day and night relays, and it was often between two and three o'clock in the morning before I retired to bed, to be at my post again early in the morning. My uncle died in 1842, shortly before the patent apparatus was finished, and my father, who had advanced money to his brother on the distillery, in these circumstances of confusion and distress, asked me if I would undertake to work the distillery in my own behoof, and at my own risk. This was a new trade to me, but I entered upon it with energy and hope. My father and I, by inquiring at Leith, got a young man, of good head and competent experience, to act as mashman, and to work we went. I bought barley and all the necessary materials, but we very soon discovered, as I have already said, that the whole patent apparatus proved a failure My father advanced me no money for the works, but he became cautioner in a credit account opened with the Commercial Bank in my favour for £2000, and with this I was to do the best I could. The young mashman and I, after a brief experiment, resolved that the apparatus was unworkable, and must be entirely removed and sold for old metal. This was done, and we lost no time in fitting up apparatus on the common principle. This took the greater part of a year, and cost me much of the money at my command, but by the autumn of 1843 we were prepared to start. Vexations, however, were not ended. It had been a very dry season, and there was no water in the town reservoir. We looked and longed for rain, but no rain came till the middle of December, when we started with the good wishes of the burgh, the inhabitants of which were gathered in crowds to see the first set off. I took my uncle's son into my

office to assist my senior clerk. He remained two years, and then chose to emigrate to Ceylon, where he joined my brother Henry as a coffee planter, but falling into bad health, he died, while at sea, on board the vessel in which he was returning to Scotland. His younger brother Frank, a clerk in the Commercial Bank, also died; and his sister Elizabeth, who married and went to Canada. The only son of my uncle who survives is Frederick, who, after many struggles, settled as a merchant in Toronto, and became a thriving and much respected man. He and his daughter have paid several visits to Scotland, but from my absence from Edinburgh I have only once had the pleasure of meeting them.

Some weeks after I had turned my back on law, and settled at Queensferry, I remember meeting my kind and anxious master, Adam Gib Ellis, in St Andrew Square, who began deploring my having abandoned the legal profession. Under a certain spiteful impulse, I replied that I had no particular turn for making intoxicating drinks, but all things considered, I found it a more honest occupation than law, in as much as distillers gave full value for what they sold, which was not the invariable practice of lawyers, who frequently handed the client only the empty husk after they had exhausted all the nutritious contents.

After being fully two years at Queensferry, and having the happiness of finding I could have a home of my own, I, on 1st November 1844, married Margaret Cassels, daughter of Walter Gibson Cassels, who, as far back as 1811, had been Senior Magistrate in Leith—my father at the same time being one of the Junior Bailies.

We devoted the winter evenings of the first two years of our married lives in the old burgh chiefly in reading aloud translations, not only of the Iliad and Odyssey, but also of the three famous Greek tragic dramatists, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. This we found extremely interesting; the dramatists

especially opened to us an entirely new world of thought and feeling.

I had a very hard and discouraging time at Queensferry with the distillery. I have already said that, owing to the bad quality of the water, the spirit had a disagreeable flavour. I had consequently great difficulty in selling it, even at a low, and frequently at an entirely unremunerative price. Were all my unsuccessful journeys to and fro through the streets of Edinburgh and Glasgow told, at times with my agents and salesmen, and at other times alone, put together, I believe they would show that I had walked during the eighteen years of my Queensferry life, several thousand miles wholly unprofitably, that is to say, without effecting a single sale. For years after this time I never saw a little waterfall dashing over a Highland cliff, without reflecting how much misery I might have escaped had some clear little rill been within my reach at Queensferry. Even long years after I ceased to be a distiller, there must have been some corner of my brain working morbidly on the subject, for it occasionally took the form of a nightmare, and I dreamt that cargoes of barley were still pouring in, all to be made up into more bad spirit, and that my bonds were getting more and more blocked up, and without any probable hope of getting quit of the produce, at any price. How thankful should I be that now, in my old age, I no longer look for this little rill, but find that I have many other better rills on all sides of me.

Such were my tedious, evil times at Queensferry. At other times I was more successful, for when more lively trade came, as was the case, though often at long intervals, as I generally had a heavy stock in hand, I exerted all my energy and sold, at these happy times, as largely and as quickly as I possibly could, and to some profit; and thus, bad and heavy as my trade generally was, I was nevertheless enabled not only to support my family

during the period spent in Queensferry, but in 1862, when I sold the works and closed my business account with the Commercial Bank, I found that I had a net profit of £7000 on hand, besides the sum of £5000 obtained by the sale of the distillery and brewery, which latter work I had myself bought and fitted up.

Before quitting the subject of my life at Queensferry, I may allude to some of my other doings there. One of the first things I did when I went to Queensferry to hurry on the work of the coppersmiths, was to settle by compromise two law pleas in which my uncle had got involved. This I did to the entire satisfaction of my poor uncle. The next thing was to challenge the coppersmith's account, especially for his heavy charges for wages. My uncle upon this was taken into the Court of Session. I had seen the inefficiency of a large portion of the men employed, and that most of them were not bred coppersmiths, but merely odds and ends of unskilled men, picked up as they could be got. The pursuer's law agent was William Hunt, W.S., but his Parliament House clerk, with whom I came more frequently into contact, was Theodore Martin, now well known as Sir Theodore Martin, the poetical translator of Horace and other classical Roman poets, but still better known as the Editor of several of the Memoirs of our Queen and the late Prince Consort, and as husband of the celebrated actress, Miss Fawcett. I found him a very pleasant, honourable young man. And after the Record was closed, we agreed to refer the coppersmith's account to Messrs Milne & Sons, brassfounders. This was done by the Lord Ordinary, and a very considerable sum was deducted from the account. These were my last operations as a W.S., except assisting old ladies, gratuitously, to write their wills, and young couples their marriage contracts. I don't think I afterwards came into contact with Theodore Martin till I sat next him in the year 1874, when we were both receiving our LL.D. degree from the Edinburgh

University. Such incidental circumstances are always interesting.

Other Queensferry doings I may briefly allude to. For several years before I became Provost of the Burgh, there was much obstruction and ill temper at the Council Board, chiefly engendered by two clever, but troublesome members; and this continued, though in a mitigated form, during the period of my first Provostship. When the term of my office had expired, a deputation waited on me, and requested I would allow myself to be proposed again. I replied I would accept office if offered, but only on the condition that the two leading malcontents should be excluded from the Council. My friends accordingly canvassed the burgesses, and the result was, that the objectionable members were dropped out of the Council during the six succeeding years in which I acted as Provost; and there was wonderful peace and comfort, even though in that period we had the election of two clergymen to the Burgh Church. The patronage belonged to the Magistrates, but I, who was a Free Churchman, and the other members of the Council, gave the people the right of selecting their pastor from a leet of eight or nine young aspirants, after these, in succession, had a fair opportunity of proving their gifts in the pulpit of the Burgh Church. The result was upon the whole highly successful.

During my residence at Queensferry, we started a Gas Light Company. To this I was the first contributor; and during the first three years I took the entire management, superintending the erection of the works, the manufacture of the gas, keeping the books and collecting the accounts.

I have often thought that a chapter might be written on a variety of curious and exciting events which occurred in our little community during our sojourn at Queensferry, especially after the influx of some 200 Irishmen, who settled amongst us for the sake of employment at the time that *thorough draining* of the farms in the

neighbourhood was being prosecuted; but it would be a departure from the purpose I have in view. Cholera twice broke out during my Provostship, and not having an infirmary, we, the authorities, with Dr Greig at our head, resorted to pretty bold measures. A large house had been untenanted for several years; it belonged to a former Provost—long before my advent to Queensferry—whose residence, at the time I here speak of, was not known. The doors of the house were locked, and the keys were, I suppose, in the proprietor's pocket. Most of the window panes were broken by the school boys mischievously throwing stones at them. Dr Greig suggested this as an infirmary, and we gave our consent. The smith broke open the door; the glazier glazed the windows; the inhabitants supplied blankets and other necessary stores and articles of furniture. We made matresses of cotton, and got chaff to fill them, and in a single day we had four or five patients transferred to it. I helped to carry the sufferers, and went among them the first evening, and conversed with them; they were all Irish men and women, and they were wonderfully quiet and submissive. It was very startling, however, to me, to find that before morning light came there were two or three of them dead.

Another subject of public interest during my reign was connected with the strife and struggles of our sprat fishers, and I cannot avoid touching on it, as I took an active part in it. The sprat fishing was a branch of trade of very considerable importance to the fishermen of the Firth of Forth, especially to those of Burntisland, Newhaven, and the fishing towns along the upper stretches of the Firth. I have frequently, of a cold winter morning, seen as many as fifteen or twenty carts waiting in the streets, and on the pier of Queensferry, for the return of the sprat fishers from the sea; and an hour, or a little more, after the men had their sprat-laden boats into the harbour, not a cart was to be seen. The carts were all over the neighbourhood selling the sprats, or they

were in the streets of Edinburgh, or they had forwarded the fish, in nailed boxes, by railway to Manchester, Birmingham, and other large towns in England and Scotland, where they were cried in the streets the very same evening or the following morning.

In 1859, the Lord Advocate, urged by the herring curers of Leith and the east of Fife, had drafted a bill to prevent the use of the small mesh net used for taking sprats. The assertion of the herring curers was, that when fishing for sprats, the small mesh net caught thousands of herring fry, which it was not denied were frequently found mingled with the sprats. The Lord Advocate sent me, as Provost of Queensferry, a copy of his bill, and requested me to state my views. My reply was, that I considered the proposed measure an entire mistake, and as totally needless and mischievous, as destroying an important branch of trade, and removing from the market an article of food much valued, especially by the poorer classes, and as likely to entail great suffering on the fishermen along the shores of the Firth, who, when the regular herring fishing was ended, prosecuted this branch of trade.

My suggestion was, that the object sought by the bill might be sufficiently accomplished by a measure imposing on the Scottish Fishery Board, whose occupations were not generally over onerous, the duty of watching the sprat fishing; and when they found that the proportion of herring fry taken in the sprat nets was excessive, to have the power of interfering and suspending the fishing. My suggestion was not adopted, and the bill was passed in Parliament. The next winter, viz., 1860, proved a very severe one, and the fishermen, not being allowed to prosecute their usual sprat fishing, were reduced to great distress. I wrote to the Lord Advocate urging some remedial measure, but I received only evasive promises. Urged by the suffering I saw around me, I sought an interview with his Lordship, and called early one

Monday morning. I stated the urgency of the case, but my pleadings were coldly received. I somewhat angrily said, I would much rather his Lordship would at once be either *off or on*, for I would then know what steps to take. His Lordship, upon this, politely bowed me out. I went direct to the Writers to the Signet Library, and penned a very short letter to the Chairman of the Board of Trade in London, requesting an immediate inquiry into the operation of the objectionable Act of Parliament. I received a reply *by return of post*, saying that inquiry would at once be made. In the course of a very few days, Mr Lyon Playfair made his appearance at my house, and while talking with me, Mrs Wyld came in from the soup kitchen. Mr Playfair having been sent to Ireland during the famine, at once entered upon the soup kitchen question, and advised the use of a large quantity of pease in the broth, as he had found this greatly increased its fattening quality. My wife at once replied—Sir, this is not a question of putting on fat, but of *saving the life* of our poor, starving fishermen and their families. Mr Playfair then went to the pier and watched a boat unloading the mixture taken in a net, as a sample of the sprats and herring fry ; he also saw the starving fishermen. At the same time, I wrote a letter to the *Scotsman*, which appeared the day before the meeting of the Fishery Board, which had been called at the request of Mr Lyon Playfair, to hear his report. The result was that the operation of the Act was at once practically suspended, and this with the entire concurrence of the Fishery Board. After this success, deputations of fishermen from Newhaven and Burntisland visited Queensferry, and with bands of music serenaded the Provost at his house, in acknowledgment of his exertions. I have always felt this successful termination very gratifying to me, a quiet man.

The Tories seem to have taken an interest in the case, as some days later, Sheriff Aytoun called upon me to know about it. My

wife gave him lunch and a glass of wine, after which he lighted his cigar and departed, much pleased with his visit. Some days previous, while I was from home, Sheriff Home came from Linlithgow, with attendant soldiers, to see that all was right. To the great astonishment of Mrs Wyld, he was shown in to see her in my absence. It had been reported to him that there was much disturbance in the burgh, and that a musket had been fired by the fishermen at the crew of the Board of Fisheries' smack as they landed their men. He soon found it was a mare's nest.

Some time after, the Naturalists' Club in Edinburgh had several discussions on the natural history of the sprat. Some of the members maintaining that the sprat was only a young herring, this fallacy was speedily refuted by one of the members pulling a veritable sprat out of his pocket, and in a triumphant manner laying it on the table, while he called the members to observe, that it was a full grown sprat, as proved by its being filled with roe. This brought the question in discussion to a close. While at Queensferry, I applied my whole time and energies to my distillery business, and I remained a denizen of the old burgh till the year 1861, when my father died. As my family of six children, namely, three sons and three daughters, were then growing up, I bought my present beautifully situated house, No. 19 Inverleith Row, and removed there in June of that year.

A year after our being settled in Edinburgh, I received one morning an unexpected visit from Robert Stewart of Ingleston, proprietor of the large distillery at Kirkliston, who came reminding me of a written offer I had made him some years previous, to sell my distillery for £5000, and he offered now to give this sum. I may mention that my father had, a few years previous, conveyed to me the whole Queensferry property. After a few minutes for putting the offer in black and white, I closed with Mr Stewart on the terms stated. The sale embraced the distillery as it stood, the

dwelling-houses and shops, the horses and carts, also the brewery premises, with its stables, granaries, maltings, bonded stores, and vaults. I stipulated that Mr Stewart should take into his service Andrew Mitchell, my mashman, and my faithful and valuable clerk, Alexander White.

Thus was ended my Queensferry life, in which I had both much anxiety and care, but also much happiness; for happiness consists, not in having an Aladdin's lamp in one's pocket, but rather in doing one's best, though it should involve many struggles and many difficulties, provided always we are successful in having the daily bread and the necessary comforts of life, which we fortunately always possessed.

My Edinburgh life follows my Queensferry life. I must, however, make this portion of our history as brief as possible. After difficulties and struggles are over, there remains generally much less real interest in the narrative of one's life. Comfort and worldly prosperity are not essentially interesting.

The sale of the Queensferry property, joined with the moderate profits I had made there, and the liberal patrimony which had fallen to me, have enabled me to live very comfortably ever since, and to give my children a good education, also to enjoy time for what may be called a somewhat learned leisure. My children have all grown up: not one of them has given me or their mother a single day's anxiety regarding their conduct, or their attention to their duties. We were all very fond of our Edinburgh house, as well we might. It is a handsome and convenient house, and close to the main entry to the Botanical Gardens; and as my brother's house, No. 16, is only three doors off from us, his family and ours have frequent and easy intercourse at all hours of the day. While our children were at home with us, we and our Edinburgh relatives lived on the most friendly terms; and besides this, in a country suburb like Inverleith Row, there is naturally a friendly

feeling among a large portion of the inhabitants,—we form a little colony as it were.

After buying my house, I built two wings, one at each end. That on the south side opens below to the garden as a tool house, and above this are dressing rooms on two flats. On the north wing there is, above the boiler and washing room, a little room which I proposed as my writing room and private library. This, since I prefer the fine air of the dining-room and my old writing desk bought when I was at College, I have handed over, key and all, to my wife, where she can shut herself up, elaborate her accounts, and write her letters, and no one may at such times intrude; altogether, I know no house in Edinburgh which, for peace and convenience, I would prefer to my own house in Inverleith Row. We have, I may mention, during the last year (1888), got a funicular tramway, on which a system of superior carriages are constantly passing up and down from the Queensferry Road to Princes Street, so that at any moment we may run to Edinburgh, even on the most trifling mission, and be back within the half hour, and at a cost of twopence. We have thus the advantage both of town and country life. While living in Edinburgh, I was for eighteen years Treasurer of the Royal Edinburgh Hospital for Sick Children, which gave me much pleasant work. I was also, and still am, a Director of the Scottish National Institution for the Education of Imbecile Children at Larbert. I regret that my absence from Edinburgh prevents my being of any service to either of these most useful Institutions, except by my annual subscriptions. The Larbert Institution was the suggestion of one of my oldest friends, Dr John Coldstream, who has long since left this scene.

My Literary Efforts.—The productions of my brain must stand on their own merits. They have brought me no pecuniary profit, but the study and pains bestowed on their composition have

afforded me no little pleasure in the latter portion of my life. I know few enjoyments greater than that experienced when exploring mental and physical phenomena, and then reducing the result of one's reflections to form, and arranging it all in language as precise and simple as possible.

During the period of more than twenty-five years which, after my business life was ended, I have spent quietly in Edinburgh, I can honestly say, I don't remember having experienced a single day of *ennui*, a statement which, I think, my wife and children will corroborate. This is a circumstance which, leaving out of sight many other mercies, I ought to be sincerely thankful for.

I shall now enumerate my various literary efforts, and make a few remarks on some of them.

First, I may allude to the Papers I read to the Royal Society, Edinburgh, and which were so far the nucleus of my after volume, *The Physics and Philosophy of the Senses.*

My first Paper was on *The World as a Dynamical and Immaterial World.* (Proceedings, 5th March 1865. Vol. VI.)

Second, *Some Observations on Free An-atomic Power.* (Proceedings, 15th March 1869. Vol. VI.)

Third, *On Free An-atomic or Transmissible Power; and on Sense Perception as a Perception of Power.* (Proceedings, 3rd May 1869. Vol. VI.)

Fourth, *Certain Phenomena in Solution of Difficulties Connected with the Theory of Vision.* (Proceedings, 6th February 1871. Vol. VI.)

Fifth, *The Phenomena of Single and Double Vision, as Shown in the Stereoscope.* (Proceedings, 15th March 1875. Vol. VIII.)

My first work, *The Philosophy of the Senses* (505 pages), was published in 1852. It was written at Queensferry, mostly at the desk when occupied writing letters, checking invoices, looking into the daily distillery work, and keeping the cash-

book. I dedicated it to Sir David Brewster, Principal of the University of St Andrews.

The subject was a difficult one for a tyro to grapple with, and it was entirely new to me till after I heard that Sir David Brewster had been delivering some lectures to the students on Vision, under this name. The name excited my curiosity, and suggested a subject. I accordingly began to study, and to write. After sitting down to it, the subject much interested me. I had no experience in literary work, and the volume I wrought out is in several places careless and unequal. My reading, and my knowledge of the views of other philosophers, were also inadequate, but, in spite of these and other defects, the work was criticised in the most flattering terms—far more favourably than any of my after better matured philosophical productions,—the chief reason being, I imagine, that it was a small volume, and therefore more easily read.

Second, *Strictures on Scottish Theology and Preaching, by a Modern Calvinist.* This volume was published in 1863, shortly after my coming to live in Edinburgh. I had certainly never been much addicted to study theological subjects, preferring the study of the New Testament to elaborations of theology; but having for several years considered Calvinism as it was preached in Scotland a one-sided and imperfect view of Christianity, I ventured anonymously to express my opinions. The volume was written hastily and carelessly, and it is very ill punctuated.

Third, *The World as Dynamical and Immaterial*, was published in 1868. The subject of this volume was more carefully thought out and composed. I was assisted in correcting the proof sheets by the Rev. Dr Aitken, of Charlotte Square, formerly incumbent of the Parish Church of Minto.

It brought me into a very voluminous correspondence with two men somewhat celebrated, who held materialistic opinions, but

who had become interested in views of matter so entirely different from theirs. Our correspondence was, from first to last, of the most friendly character. The first of these gentlemen was Henry Atkinson, who figures so prominently in the life of the late Harriet Martineau; and the other was Charles Bray of Coventry, who, as I think, unfortunately, became the friend of the equally eminent female author, George Eliot. It has always appeared strange to me that these two men, certainly not distinguished by any transcendent knowledge or ability, should have exercised such influence over women apparently superior to themselves in genius and, as it seemed to me, in moral tone; and also that they should have addressed themselves to me on account of my antagonistic views.

Fourth, *The Physics and Philosophy of the Senses*, published early in 1875 (552 pages).

I intended this at first as an enlarged and corrected recast of my first philosophical volume. It became a much more voluminous work than I expected; this, and the circumstance of its not being written by a professional man of science, has prevented its acquiring any extended popularity. The sale, nevertheless, has been very considerable.

I am glad to know that my views on Single and Double Vision met the approval of the late Mr Henri Milne Edwards, Professor of Zoology, and Member of the Institute, and Senior Member of the Faculty of Science, Paris, author of several works of European repute. In the 11th volume, part 2nd, of his great work *Leçons sur la Physiologie et l'Anatomie*, he devotes a considerable space to explain my experiments on Single and Double Vision, and declares that *I have demonstrated my position*.

Though this volume purports to be written by an *Amateur*, and to be intended as a popular work, to instruct those who could be tempted to take interest in a subject so full of matter for reflection,

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I beg yet to say that I have never blindly followed the opinions or suggestions of any of my predecessors, where any of the numerous points treated seemed to me not clearly and sufficiently solved. In such cases, I at once set myself to search for more satisfying explanation, while availing myself of all the physical discoveries which men of science had laid within my reach.

I profess to have thought out, in this way, consistent theories explaining the functions of some important parts of the mechanism which anatomists had discovered, but the uses and functions of which seemed not to have been established. I have thus, I hold, contributed something towards a true and complete theory of *Vision*, which, till lately, was entirely incomplete in several of its links.

I shall not here recount my experiments and arguments. I only refer those who take any interest in the subject, to my papers on the subject of Vision, contained in the Proceedings of the R. S E. above enumerated, but especially to chaps. xiv. and xviii. of my *Physics and Philosophy of the Senses*, of which I now speak. In these I state clearly my theory on the functions of the cones and rods found in the retinæ. I prove by argument applied to the nature of the visual phenomena there alluded to, that these bodies are the sensitive tubercular terminations of the optic fibres existing in the retinæ, and that the retinal fibres, except in these their terminations, are entirely insensible to light. I show that if this were not the case, vision were impossible. Secondly, I have shown that each part of the retinal image stimulates only the cone or rod on which it falls, and that the various impulses thus made on these bodies, which they stimulate, are carried by the optic fibres to the tubercle called the *Corpus Quadrigeminum* in the base of the brain, which I maintain to be the sensorium, in which the impressions of the form and colour of the retinal images are communicated to the mind.

Thirdly, I have, I think, established by experiments, what anato-

mists have been unable to trace, namely, the order in which the ends of the optic fibres, from the cones and rods of each eye, are spread out and arranged, point by point, in the sensorium; and by this arrangement I explain, as I hold, incontrovertibly the nature and the cause of SINGLE and *double* VISION, phenomena connected with what has long been talked of as depending on the excitement of the *identical* or *corresponding* points of the retinæ, but not explained, so far as I know.

Fourthly, by my experiments with the stereoscope and the stripes of white cardboard (see p. 224, chapter xviii.), I confirm the strength of my theory as to the arrangement of the optic fibres in the sensorium, and exhibit by a diagram the cause of the increased brilliancy obtained by the use of two eyes. Thus by different phenomena and by ocular demonstration, to those who will repeat the experiment, I establish my theory that there is a real physical union in the sensorium of the impulses from each eye, when we look directly at an object; and consequently a separation of the impulses from each eye, or double vision, when we squint or do not properly direct the two eyes to the object looked at; and at the same time, by the circumstance of the increased brightness, I give a physical proof that visual sensation is not in the retinæ, but in the brain, where the two impressions are united.

Lastly, I here declare that these conclusions were all my own; I did not know that Professor Helmholtz had arrived by experiments, either his own or others', at the same conclusion as to the function of the cones and rods, till after I had, by reflection on the various phenomena, arrived at the same result. I need scarcely inform my readers that, without careful study of my volume, *The Physics and Philosophy of the Senses*, neither the explanations now given, nor the various explanations previously offered by other writers, can be known or compared. In this volume, it will be seen that I, on all occasions, endeavour to direct the mind of the reader to

the metaphysical problems which emerge, and which are so provocative of thought. I point out also the apparent contradictions contained in Professor Sir William Hamilton's views of perception. He holds firmly man's direct perceptions of the external world, but he vitiates his position by asserting with equal firmness, that we have no perception of power; in other words, of the primary qualities of matter, *e.g.*, solidity or resisting power, tenacity, attraction, &c., all of which are clearly exhibitions of physical power. I, on the contrary, hold that the mind is a spiritual principle or agent, and that it is conscious of its own active powers of thought, and of its power over the limbs, and that our perception of the physical world is nothing but a perception of its powers; and to view it transcendentally, our intercourse with the physical world is thus a direct intercourse of the spiritual intelligent principle within man with the Author of all power, who sustains the powers he has infused in the physical world.

Fifth, *Christianity and Reason: their necessary Connection.* In 1879, I published this small volume. It contains a *resumé* of the chief historical evidences we possess, establishing the credibility of the Gospels. It draws attention to the simplicity and practical character of the teaching of Christ and his Apostles as compared with much of the teaching of modern times. It touches upon the subject of inspiration, and the danger of adopting a too literal interpretation of the language of the Old and New Testaments without the due exercise of the faculty of reason which God has given us, and it ends by our endeavour to explain certain of the theological views apparently contained in the writing of St Paul, and the reason for their being so strongly insisted on at his time.

My last little pamphlet is a reprint of a lecture delivered at Bordighera, in 1885, entitled, *Hearing and Vision as affording curious evidence of a Divine provision for Man's enjoyment.* This lecture was so well received by the English audience, that I after-

wards published it, and I have received many expressions of commendation from various friends, philosophers, and divines.

A husband should not write of his wife, nor a father of his children. Parents are often bad judges: they are apt either to be partial, or prejudiced, and therefore not trustworthy critics; then evidently no one's life or character can be safely written till life is ended, or nearly so, and the party has proved that to the end he or she has been faithful. Then again, analysing and describing the character of different children might be dangerous, by giving offence or exciting jealousy, even the smallest, among those who have never had any feelings but of true brotherly and sisterly affection; and a last but sufficient reason is, that this is a memoir written for my children and grandchildren, and is not in any respect a history of them. I may, however, permit myself to say, that we, the parents, have ever dearly loved all our children, as they well know, and that they have in every respect been most loving, dutiful, and respectful towards us. My sons James and Robert were educated at the Edinburgh Academy and Edinburgh University. When they entered on commercial and professional life, I can honestly say that both of them were distinguished by a steady sense of duty towards those they served. James at once commended himself to the confidence of the Messrs M'Laren, corn merchants in Leith, to whom he was bound apprentice for four years. When three years of this apprenticeship were fulfilled, the Messrs M'Laren gave him a head clerk's position, and £100 a year. After about two years in this position, James, with the full approval of his masters, went to London to push his fortune in 1869, and they and other friends gave him high testimonials. He thus obtained the situation of managing Mark Lane clerk, with Mr Millar, corn merchant. Mr Millar had an objection to taking a partner, but in the autumn of 1872, he offered James a good commission on the business, besides salary, if he would remain

with him. James, however, determined to begin business on his own account, and in October 1872, he sailed for America, and backed by an introduction from Mr Kincaid Mackenzie, manager of the Commercial Bank of Scotland, Edinburgh, he made his business arrangements, returning in March 1873. He also visited his sister, and Mr H. C. Scott, in Montreal. I advanced him on loan £2,000, to start him in London, and he was doing a fair business, when, in November 1874, the Messrs Walker Brothers, who had watched his business habits in Mark Lane Corn Market, came to him and offered him the position of their representative in New York, and to have a third of the profits, without advancing any capital. Their representatives in New York had, by speculation, nearly ruined a fine business; but one of their agents there, the Messrs Walker suggested, might he retained as my son's head clerk. James greatly extended the American business, and after three years, as first agreed on, he entered on a second three years' partnership, and greatly benefited himself and the two London partners. At the end of the six years, the London partners resolved to send one of their sons, a young inexperienced man, in place of James. This unwise step, and the advice of the clever but dangerous head clerk, who had been kept in check by my son James, led them again into speculations, which soon brought the concern to ruin. The misfortunes thus entailed were very heavy, and it would almost seem as if they shortened the lives of the two old heads of the house in London, as both the Messrs Walker died shortly after. James has now, 1888, been in business for eight years with a partner, John Marshall, cousin of the late Lord Curriehill, Judge in the Court of Session. Messrs Wyld & Marshall now do a large trade, sending home all corn stuffs to Great Britain.

On the 4th June 1878, James married Blandina Hasbrouck, youngest daughter of William Cornelius Hasbrouck, of Newburgh,

a lawyer, who died two years before this, and who at the time of his death was speaker of the House of Representatives for the State of New York. The day after their wedding, they put foot on board the steamer, and he and his bride arrived in our house in Edinburgh to gladden our hearts. They also visited relatives in London, and saw much of England and its cathedrals, and went to Switzerland, &c., returning to us, and with us visiting Professor Blackie and Aunt Eliza at Oban, and seeing something of Scotch scenery.

James made a second visit to England at the end of October 1880, and was also with us in Edinburgh. This visit was to make new business arrangements on the close of his connection with the Messrs Walker.

The next visit was early in May 1882, when he brought wife, son, and nurse, and when we had a delightful family reunion in Glen Cloy, Arran, afterwards at Gilston House, which had, with the game, been taken on lease for three years by Mr and Mrs Trayner; they were also with us in Edinburgh. In Arran, we had two farm houses close together, and were twenty-two in family, Harry Scott and Jessie, with four children and nurse, being home on a visit to us from Montreal. We had also Frances Trayner, and little Frances and maid, and Robert and Mary Balgarnie just before their marriage, also sisters and nieces. We had a very happy three months. Harry Scott, rod in hand, was like a school boy.

The fourth visit from James was to spend the winter with us at Bordighera, Robin and Marjorie, and maid, with the parents. They first visited Robert and Mary at Weston Cotton, Oswestry, and then their London relatives, and arrived here 10th November 1886. During this visit it was their lot to have many wonderful storms, and other adventures, both by sea and land, among which was a tremendous storm as they neared Ireland, a flood all along the South of France and the Riviera, a thunderstorm

as they arrived at Bordighera, and the ever to be remembered earthquake on 22nd February 1887, the morning after James and Alice returned from a visit to Florence, Rome, and Naples. None of these striking phenomena, with which this visit had made them acquainted, appeared however in the least to abate the pleasure of this visit to Bordighera; indeed, they have rather led us to believe that they had verified the truth of the Latin words, *et haec meminisse juvabit.*

My two sons James and Robert possess a fair portion of the excellent memory and the practical talents of their mother. James also has shown, by letters hastily thrown off and printed for the newspapers, that he has a ready gift for composition, a correct taste, and no little point and humour.

Robert, my third son, was, I remember, when a boy, a somewhat mischievous, thoughtless little fellow. I did not see what I should make of him. He was a tolerable Latin scholar, and a good mathematician, but he shewed no particular taste for anything but boyish tricks. One day when he and I were walking westward along George Street, I thought I would throw a hook into the pool and see whether or no he would bite. "Bob," said I, "what do you think of that church?" It was St George's Church to which I called his attention. My object was to see if he had any germ of taste for architecture, for I thought this might by and bye be a desirable profession for him. Bob, however, had no such seeds at that time germinating, for he replied in the most provoking and indifferent manner, "*I have never looked at it; its well enough, I suppose.*" This settled the question, he was not a natural born architect. Time, however, stole on, and some year or two later, I carelessly one day asked him, "Bob, what profession do you think you would like?" "Profession," replied Bob, "I wish to be an engineer." I was glad to get this decided declaration on the subject. Some time after this, namely, 1872, I was fortunate in

getting him into the office of Messrs J. & A. Leslie, the distinguished engineers, and Members of the Institute of Civil Engineers, Edinburgh. From that time till now, Robert has applied his heart and strength to his engineering duties. He was fond of his masters, and they have ever been his fast friends. They early saw his merits, and entrusted him with the superintendence of a great many of the important operations then on hand ; for instance, he had experience in designing and carrying on the following Water Works :—Moorfoot Extension, Dundee, Dunfermline, Galashiels, Thurso, Irvine, Kirkwall Water and Sewage, and Hawick, and Belhaven Sewage Works. In 1877, he acted under Messrs Leslie, before the completion of his apprenticeship, as inspector superintending the new water works of the town and district of New Cumnock. In 1878, he was their office and outdoor assistant, and also superintended the construction of the Landowners and Dalkeith District Section of the Edinburgh Water Works.

While Robert was at his apprenticeship, he taught first in the Sunday School at Canonmills, and afterwards, with other young men, had a Children's Service there. Later, he taught in a Sunday School along with Alice in the Water of Leith. He was ordained a deacon of Free St George's Church in 1876, but this had to be severed when he went to Wales.

From January 1879 to January 1881, he was resident engineer on the extensive harbour improvement works of Scarborough, Mr Howkins, of Edinburgh, being consulting engineer. This being finished, he was again employed by his old masters in commencing the reservoir works, including the foundations and outlet works, in connection with the Hawick Water Supply. And, lastly, from October 1881 till the present date (1889), he has been employed by the corporation of Liverpool as one of their resident engineers, carrying out the works for the supply of that city with water from the River Vyrnwy, Montgomeryshire. The works here

under his personal control have been of a varied nature, consisting of the construction of three long tunnels, one, the Hirnant, being two and a quarter miles in length, and the other two about one mile each in length. He has also had the superintendence at the laying of thirty-eight miles of the main pipe line, and the various works connected therewith, including Pareltchof Reservoir, for 2,000,000 gallons; Oswestry Reservoir, for 46,000,000 gallons; also filter beds to filter 13,000,000 gallons a day. These Vyrnwy water works are among the largest of the present time, the whole aqueduct being sixty-eight miles long, and estimated, when completed, to cost above two million pounds sterling.

Robert, for several years, while engaged on this work, had a salary of £286, but in 1886, he had additional work and responsibility thrown on him, and his salary has been raised to £400, a proof of the estimation in which he is held by Mr Deacon and the Liverpool Corporation. He has all along been allowed a man and two horses, a chapel-cart and stable, for using on his daily journey, and which extends over a length of many miles. He has a counting-house at Oswestry, with clerks who keep his books, and who are qualified to check and work out the engineering calculations, over all which he keeps a steady surveillance. I am glad to say his constant exposure to the air in all weathers, though it tries his strength, seems not to impair his health, the office work and the outdoor acting fortunately as salutary alteratives.

My son Robert was elected Associate Member of the Institute of Civil Engineers on 4th May 1880, and transferred by the Council, 28th February 1888, to be Full Member of the Institute of Civil Engineers.

When occupied in the extension of the harbour and pier at Scarborough, with which work he had after the expiry of his time with the Messrs Leslie been entrusted, and which occupied him two years, he became intimately acquainted with the Rev. Robert Bal-

garnie, the excellent and most energetic incumbent of the South Clyffe Congregational Church there, which church he had by his zeal and influence got erected some years previous, and an affection very soon arose between Robert and the second daughter, Mary Rowe Balgarnie. She was just the wife who, by her cheerful temper, and active and attractive character, and by other amusing accomplishments, seemed eminently suited for my son. She is invaluable at school-children's parties, and at concerts public and private, and is ever ready, at call, to recite pieces, grave and gay, from a variety of authors, and to give scenes, tragic or comic, from Shakespeare. Though Robert had often declared that he would never marry till he had secured a steady sufficiency, he soon discovered the little respect love pays to such resolutions. And after two years, namely, in 1882, the young couple were married. His mother and I were present, also my son James from New York, my daughter Alice, his cousin and friend James Lorimer being groom's man, and a large company of friends, who showed their good wishes, not only by their presence, but also by the numerous and valuable marriage gifts, which covered more than one table in the room. Robert and Mary have now been married for six years, they are affectionate and happy, and when they visit us they bring their son, Robert Stodart the third, with them. A clever little boy, amusingly reminding us of his father's manners and movements when a boy; also of many of his early tricks in prosecuting physical experiments,—for instance, regarding the strength of chairs and tables and matter generally, the force of projectiles, the action of cutting and piercing instruments on textile fabrics, and other similar researches, so that if spared I have every hope he will in time develop into a man, with equal energy and enterprise as his father has done.

Walter, my second son, was born 6th February 1847. Had it been the will of Providence, we have no doubt, from the native

character he exhibits, that he would have become one of our boldest and most stirring children, but it was otherwise ordered; let us therefore be resigned to God's will. We cannot tell what is best for any one of us, but if we examine we will often find, that with most troubles, we have many compensating alleviations. Walter was born fully two months prematurely. For fully two months after his birth, he was subject to syncope or fainting, which occurred several times in the day. During these he lay motionless, his eyes closed, he ceased to breathe, and for nearly two minutes no pulse was perceptible. At each of these attacks, as we bent over him, we thought his end was come, but suddenly a slight quivering motion in the throat and temples were perceived; they were the beginning of a pulse, and he would then suddenly draw a deep breath, open his eyes, and become conscious. When two and a half months from the date of his birth were come and gone, these faintings ceased, and he began to increase in size and weight, and it seemed to us that he might yet become one of our strongest children, for after he had attained one year, he could stand, walk a few steps with hold of a finger, and also pronounce two or three short words. He was, however, at this time attacked by an illness, which Dr Greig admitted he did not quite understand, but he inclined to think it might be suppressed scarlet fever. His mother, sometime later, became persuaded it must have been diphtheria, a disease which was only then beginning to be understood. Certain it is, that from the date of this mysterious attack, Walter has been to a large extent paralysed, and though his arms and the upper parts of his body are muscular and well formed, so that he can pull himself from the ground into his chair, his arms and hands have never possessed any proper guiding power.

Walter's hair is dark and abundant, his eyes are of a beautiful deep violet colour, his beard and moustache, which have never been clipped, are handsome, his features are bold and often very expres-

sive of thought, affection, and humour. He is naturally cheerful and fond of fun; he is affectionate and fond of society. He has in a wonderful degree the power of exciting the sympathy of all who live in the house with him. The servants are universally fond of reading to him, and of sitting and sewing beside him, and of conversing with him, while he replies on his fingers. His appearance is not that of a boy, nor yet that of a man, but of a middle-aged youth. His highest pleasures are sitting out of doors, or driving in a carriage; but still more he enjoys being read to, and all his life he has had this mental nourishment supplied to an extent, and in a variety, which is almost incredible—history, biography, fiction, poetry of every kind, from that of Spencer down to Browning; and I am convinced, that many intelligent lawyers and merchants have not read one-tenth part of the literature which has formed the chief happiness of his life, and which, we thank God, still goes on, without any present signs of interruption or stoppage. Alice, the librarian of the *Bordighera Free International Library*, is our caterer of books, and our clerk or reader. And there are few evenings in which we may not be found, during the winter months, sitting in our peaceful little drawing-room, with our cheerful olive-wood fire blazing on the hearth, mamma sewing or knitting, and Alice reading aloud, while Walter and I are luxuriously listening, for about two hours at a stretch, to some attractive or instructive modern author.

I have already said, that we do not know what is best for us in this world. Walter, if he has been much excluded from active enterprises, has on the other side been doubtless spared many trials, sufferings, and disappointments, and also many hard moral struggles and temptations. He is at times, no doubt, somewhat flat or dull, as who is not, but at other times he is full of fun and humour. He is also sometimes self-willed, especially as to the articles of food, which he refuses to take on any persuasion; but

this negative exercise of self-will, or right of veto, we accept as one of the few ways he has of self-assertion, and which we cannot grudge him. I am thankful to say, that I know of no positively evil propensity of any kind to which he is subject. Upon the whole, all things considered, I hold him to have had hitherto much happiness mixed with his life. How many parents have had their lives embittered, and their hearts broken, by the misfortunes or the misconduct of their sons and daughters; what then are we, that we should repine or rebel at the lot assigned us! In Bordighera, he gets most regularly to church, his bath-chair enters by the north transept door, and he much enjoys the service, the music, and the sermon.

By these somewhat extended details now given regarding my sons, I find I have at once broken through the rule I had just set myself, and the way of transgressors is always hard. In the present instance, I have involved myself in the necessity of doing something like equal justice to my three daughters. I had hoped that occasional and random references, thrown out easily and pleasantly here and there, might suffice; but I fear I have put myself under heavier obligations, and that I must marshal my daughters one after the other in some sort. The characters of my daughters in some respects agree, and in others differ; and it sometimes occurs to me, that had it been their lot to have lived together as spinsters, they could and would have formed a little family phalanx, strengthening and encouraging one another, against the various arrows of fate, and the many trials of life; for Frances, though physically feeble, is ever hopeful; Jessie, though intellectual and capable so far as regards her mental faculties, is subject to occasional morbidity; even Alice, the most capable and energetic of all, has at times the same tendency.

Among all my children, both sons and daughters, I have always discovered strong centripetal tendencies. They are all loving,

united and interested in each other. The daughters are truly lovers, and their love is of the tender helpful kind. Though at present far separated, yet when fortune has allowed them, as has been occasionally the case, to assemble under our roof, they show how genuine their affection is, and that no love is more beautiful than this family love. There may be differences of temperament and character, and aims of life; but there never, so far as I have discovered, occurs even the slightest clash, each one respects the opinion and feeling of the other—the ice is never broken, nor the skin ruffled by a rash or angry word.

FRANCES I would call, *par excellence*, the apostle of love. This sentiment is the nourishing strength of her bones—her husband, her sons, her daughters, and little granddaughter, occupy and fill her heart. And yet she is very far indeed from confining herself to mere *house frauism* of this kind; she has enthusiasm for a variety of outdoor interests and occupations, and in these I sometimes fear she exceeds her strength.

She is a Lady Manager in the Dalry National School, very seldom missing her day, and by her kindness, modesty, and sympathy, she cannot fail to be a strengthening and encouraging power.

Some time ago, she was the means of starting Public Lectures in Edinburgh for instructing the humble classes in the laws of health. She got well qualified Professors, and Medical Practitioners, and Specialists, to expound and enforce the observance of these laws, which at once form one of the widest and the most important of practical sciences. The success of the effort was wonderful, the numbers who crowded to receive instruction increased so fast, that the places of meeting had to be shifted again and again during the first year, till they resorted to the United Presbyterian Hall on Castle Terrace. They afterwards, I understand, rented the Free Church Hall. It is delightful to

see that this important branch of popular knowledge is being spread year by year in Edinburgh, and among many other of our large towns, both in England and Scotland.

In 1880, it was thought desirable, in the cause of temperance, to have a *café*, where refreshments could be got without alcoholic drinks. A band of gentlemen and ladies carried this out: they first rented a handsome shop, No. 88 in Princes Street, and fitted it up to please the most fastidious eye. The experiment was highly successful, and on expiry of their six years' lease, the Directors purchased a house in Princes Street, facing the Mound, which they have rebuilt and made even more elegant and comfortable than their first premises. Frances and Mrs Wyld were from the first on the direction. This fashionable Edinburgh Temperance Café has been so well managed, that though its erection cost £22,000, it has for the last three years paid the shareholders 7½ per cent. on the paid-up capital.

At present (1888), Frances is one of a Committee of Ladies who are starting a school or home for the professional education of nurses for the sick. Regarding the progress of this scheme, situated as I am at present in Bordighera, I know too little to be enabled to speak.

When my family was growing up around me at Queensferry, I thought often of Frances, a somewhat delicate and fragile child, and I fondly pictured her in after life, as settled in some sweet country cottage as her most fitting abode, with a clear little brook close by, and grassy slopes all around, and clumps of rambling woods, under whose shadow were to be found primroses and other spring flowers. It has been otherwise. She has had a busy and useful life, and has a large and handsome house in Edinburgh.

If she is ambitious or not, I cannot tell, but if it exists within her, I know it is not as regards herself,—it must have reference

to the happiness, honour, and public esteem of her husband, and the success and wellbeing of her two spirited sons, and the peace, health, and happiness of her two sweet daughters, Isabelle Salvesen and little *Pussie* Frances. The former is married to a young Edinburgh advocate in excellent practice, and whom we all highly love and respect. She is a pattern of a pretty, loving, practical woman, and has one little daughter, Dorothy by name.

Providence has up to this time been kind and tender towards my daughter Frances, and has enabled her, though far from robust, to discharge graciously and gracefully the many duties of her present position; but I confess my mind will still occasionally revert to the old picture I formed more than thirty years ago, of the tender *Facie* in the country cottage, and her young brood of children rambling by her side, gathering the primroses, and resting on the hill sides.

Frances, as a girl, had, and doubtless still has, were there time to cultivate them, literary tastes; she even, like many young girls, occasionally shaped her ideas into verse, and one little piece she long ago sent to a popular Magazine, and to her surprise, she in reply received a handsome recognition of its value. Her idea was that of a young person giving food to a poor wayfarer, and discovering to her surprise that she had given her mite, not to a mere needy human being, but to Christ himself, the representative of suffering humanity; not a new idea, but one very characteristic of Frances's nature, and tenderly and skilfully represented by her.

Not many weeks ago (January 1889), we received photographs of Charlie and Bertie Trayner, and I confess I felt much happiness and gratitude, on seeing these recent portraits of my strong and handsome grandchildren, more especially as I have discovered in them the evident marks of an awakened sense of manly responsibility, such as befits young men who are by and by about to under-

take the duties and toils of active life. Both these young men are patterns of filial love and obedience, both are buckling gallantly to the studies preparatory to entering on their chosen professional careers—Charlie striking boldly for the diplomatic, Bertie for the military service, for which he has passed all but his last examination. He has already been under drill with the Cameron Highland Regiment lying at Edinburgh Castle (November 1888). Both the brothers have frank, easy, gentlemanly manners, and both have that general kindness and urbanity, which are always so pleasing in young men.

Lord Trayner has in succession taken leases, first, of Gilston House, our old home, with the shootings, and thereafter of Ruthven House, in Forfarshire, of which county he was so many years Sheriff; and in both of these, he has had large gatherings of our clan. I may refer hereafter to the celebration of his and my daughter's silver wedding in the latter house, on 4th August of last year (1888).

Jessie Cassels.—And now I come to Jessie, my second daughter—she who led me to begin this family chronicle, which, during the last five or six years, with long intervals occurring, I have again and again taken up, and which in all its branchings has grown on me so that I am almost overwhelmed, finding it become the more difficult as I reach my own children.

Jessie was born at Queensferry on 8th September 1849. Well do I remember the day and the hour, for I had gone out to seek the doctor, but missing him, and leaving a note at his house, I took a hasty run along the braes which extend behind the old burgh, in order to dispel my pent-up feelings by some deep inhalations of fresh air; but very quickly I ran down the hill to the Loan house, where I found that the doctor was before me, and very soon I heard the cry of my new-born child.

Jessie was pronounced to be an excellent specimen of a plump and healthy child. As she grew up, she showed a bold, energetic spirit, and no deficiency of that self-will which is a sign of character in healthy children. When eleven years of age, after some preparatory teaching, by a governess, and in the burgh school of Queensferry, she went to Edinburgh, having been invited to live with her aunt Eliza and uncle, Professor Blackie, in Hill Street, while she attended Miss Simson's school in the Royal Circus as a day scholar. After three months, we boarded her with Miss Simson. There she got an excellent education, and gained the love and approbation of that most excellent and motherly lady, and of many school companions. Among them was Ada Balfour, who has ever since, during her laborious life at Inverleith Row assisting her father, been one of our most constant and favourite friends, and who has lately (1888) been married to Dr John Cleland, Professor of Anatomy in Glasgow University.

After Miss Simson removed to Buckingham Terrace, Jessie had an English teacher, Mr Smith, an enthusiastic man, bent on all learning, ancient and modern; and Jessie got inspired by him with a love, not only of modern literature, but of ancient and antiquarian learning, and was led to read translations of the works of many old authors, some of them more curious than useful. Mr Smith was so glad to find a pupil of this kind, that he tried to persuade her to devote her life to literature. This interesting and enthusiastic man shortly after went as a missionary of the Free Church to the Cape of Good Hope, and again, when so far off, he wrote endeavouring to lead her to follow a literary life.

Jessie, unknown to me, at this period of her school life, took to writing verses, and she would sometimes read them to me as if taken from some admired author, but really to know my opinion of them, and often I felt them to have beauty, though I was no judge of modern poetry—perhaps I judged them too favourably,

because they were read with feeling. One anecdote regarding the readiness of her poetical pen I may mention. We spent the autumn of 1865 at Ambleside, in Westmoreland, and while there we made an excursion one day to the beautiful ruins of Furness Abbey, and after wandering through them, I said, "Jessie, here is an inspiring subject. Sit down and see what ideas may come into your mind while we ramble a little farther." She consented, and when we returned, after probably fifteen or twenty minutes, we found she had written in pencil several verses of poetry on the scanty margins of a letter she had in her pocket; of course, not in columns, one line under the other, but in continuous lines winding round the narrow borders, one line following close after the other till the whole blank spaces were covered. This she read to us, and I confess I was surprised to see how her ideas, under such difficulties, could arise and be arranged in such rhyme, in such smooth and unbroken connection.

All this was soon to end. When school days were ended, other phases of youthful life sprang up—far too soon, as we thought, for her girlhood seemed to us much too short for her to establish matured judgments and wise experiences before the distractions and anxieties of domestic life were to be encountered.

When sixteen years of age, three years after we had all settled at Inverleith Row, two of Mrs Wyld's nephews came from Canada to visit their Scotch relatives, and thereafter to make a tour in Europe. With them was their young friend Henry Castle Scott, a remarkably well-educated, gentle, and scholarly young man. He had taken his B.A. degree, and was being educated for the profession of a lawyer. These young men were constantly with us, and at Blackford House, the residence of their grandfather. They thereafter visited Paris, and rambled through Switzerland. When at Chamounix they climbed to the Jardin, lying in the bosom of Mont Blanc, in the glacier Talifre, where Henry Scott

had the good fortune of rescuing a young clergyman who had joined their party, and had slipped down a steep cliff into a chasm below, and who remained there, fixed, without either courage or agility to extricate himself. Henry Scott descended to his rescue on the side of the cliff to the chasm, laid himself down, forming thus a bridge, over which the young clergyman, by stepping on the prostrate body, gained courage to cross the chasm, and to climb up and out. He was so moved by gratitude for Harry's aid, that he immediately sent a letter to the *Times*, describing his adventure and his deliverance.

When the young Canadians returned from their tour to Edinburgh, they were again much in our house—a dangerous position—and an attachment sprang up between Harry Scott and my daughter. They were far too young for such an engagement, Jessie, as we have said, being only sixteen years of age, and Harry probably only five or six years her senior. Harry Scott returned to Canada, but a correspondence was kept up, and after an interval of upwards of three years, he returned to Edinburgh, and they were married at No. 19 Inverleith Row, by the Rev. Mr Main, on 17th June 1869. Harry had in the mean time passed as a lawyer, but finding the prospect of advancement slow, he, after correspondence with me, became a stockbroker in Montreal, the largest commercial centre of Canada. I encouraged him by my opinion, that when his character and abilities became known, he would not fail in obtaining public confidence and support. And so it proved. His business started fair and improved year by year, till he had made quite an excellent business for so young a practitioner. Harry's father was a highly intelligent and respectable merchant in Quebec—a most lovable and enjoyable man, as we fully experienced when he and his daughter paid us a visit at Craggan, near Grantown, on Speyside, some years after the mar-

riage of our children. He was a well-to-do man, and was able to help his favourite son in many ways.

Seven years after the marriage, Jessie paid us a visit with her three children; and in six years later Harry, Jessie, and their four children, paid us a second visit. Let us accordingly record some memoirs of these happy events. The first visit was to us in Edinburgh, in May 1876, and then after a little we all went to a cottage in Braemar. Jessie had with her on this occasion her three children, Marguerite, Leslie, and Eleanor. Marguerite, known by the familiar name of Tootie, was tall and slender, active and picturesque in all her attitudes and movements. Leslie interested us much by his stirring and independent character. Though only a child of four years of age, he was constantly rambling about and examining everything. In such explorations he twice fell into the deep and rapid mill-lade which ran not far from the door of our cottage. On the first occasion he was pulled out by Ada Balfour, and the second time by the nurserymaid, when we were all absent ascending Ben Macdhui, many miles away. On our return, we found him snug in bed, while his clothes were being dried. When told by us that if he repeated the experiment a third time he would certainly be drowned, he replied quietly and meditatively, "I'm not sure, *I think I might fight my way out.*" One day Tootie and he were walking along the banks of the river Dee when we came to a dark, deep pool. Leslie and Tootie, who were in constant conversation on all they saw, pondered for a time on this mysterious pool. At length Leslie put the question, "Is this pool deep enough to drown God?" This was quite seriously put, for Leslie was only four years of age, and Tootie was six. "Oh you foolish boy," said the sister; "do you not remember that God walked on the sea of Galilee?" Truly heaven and heavenly thoughts lie about us in our infancy. Another day I met Leslie more than a mile away up the glen, walking quite alone by the

banks of the rugged Cluny. I was quite surprised to see him in this situation, and I sharply confronted him, exclaiming, "Leslie, what are you doing here all alone?" "Oh!" said he quietly, with his soft child's lisping voice, "the other day when we passed I saw a piece of wood lying, and I thought it might make a good boat, but I can't find it now."

Six years later, in the year 1882, when we had James and Blandina, and their little Robin, only eighteen months old, Jessie, Harry, and their children, now four in number by the addition of Henry Maurice, then about two years of age, paid us their second visit, when we had two adjoining cottages up Glen Cloy, in Arran. Marguerite was all the time of this visit much interested in Walter, and she devoted herself for hours, as they lay on the grass behind our cottage, in conversation with him and reading to him.

Jessie's children, I remember, arrived at the cottages, which lay well up the glen, late in the evening, in June, my son James having gone for them to Liverpool, as their parents had gone first to London. We thought they would be hungry and weary, but not a bit. The wild little Canadians were full of talk and enthusiasm, and off they immediately ran to the pasture fields, to gather some of the flowers, new to them, which they had seen when driving up the glen. After ten or fifteen minutes they returned breathless, with large armfuls of all sorts of flowers—one, I remember, a magnificent specimen of the large campanula, which I certainly had not met in my rambles, and purple lythrum in abundance.

Everything connected with children is fresh and interesting to an observer who likes to discover marks of character. Leslie, though but a young boy of ten years, was very determined and independent. Harry one evening asked him to bring his violin, and practise a piece of music lately given him. Leslie pled that it was too late and dark to begin this; the father, however, insisted, and the lesson began. I, who was standing near, could

scarcely keep my gravity, for I saw that Leslie was decidedly unmusical on this occasion, and I wondered how the performance would come off, for Leslie had a quiet but determined expression in his face. He, however, played the piece from beginning to end, but the peculiarity was that scarcely two notes were in accord, each one a perceptible degree out of tune or out of time. How he managed this I cannot say, but it must have been to him a decided difficulty; still, most skilfully was it managed. Harry stood this to the end, and then said firmly, "You are a very bad boy; go instantly to bed." This Leslie did, marching off in a quiet, but very determined manner. The next morning the first task required of him was to play this same piece. Nothing could have been conceived more different. It was performed in the most correct and pleasing manner.

None of Jessie's children, however, when we were at Arran, were more attractive than Frances Eleanor, always called Elsie. She had a constant happy self-possession. Though not addicted to much speaking, she was always alert. She could play for hours either with the other children or quite alone. One day I had walked to the extreme head of Glen Cloy, through the rough grass and heather, and when returning I sat down on a rock to rest and look about me. When doing this, I caught sight of a small white object up the grassy hill slope that lay along the north side of the valley. The white object rested, it then moved, it then darted off to a little distance, and so the movements continued for half an hour. I thought it might be a lamb, or perhaps a white dog, and at length the object darted quickly towards me with shouts and exclamations. It was Elsie, holding in her outstretched hands a daisy chain five or six feet in length. It must have taken her an hour or two to make it, during which time she was about a mile from home, shut in by mountains and rocks. How much happiness, how much industry and concentration of thought, must the

little creature have enjoyed; how much happiness had I in seeing the happiness she had at the time by diligent self-employment. I have much happiness now at this moment in bringing the scene again before me. She was then six years of age.

These were happy times, as I have more than once said—happy then, and still happy to look back to, even though many pensive reflections will mingle with the retrospect. But we must take life as God sends it; it is brief at the best, and the woof and weft are very rarely unmixed with some black threads. Changes, I have said, were to come, and did come. First, a period of extreme dulness fell on all branches of trade both in Europe and in America. This has not yet passed away. Then one of Mr Scott's sons-in-law involved the father-in-law in heavy losses. Not long after this Mr Scott died; and lastly came a still severer shock to Harry and Jessie. Leslie was attacked by diphtheria, and suddenly carried off on 11th May 1884, when twelve years of age. This sudden death of their eldest son, so manly and energetic already, the companion of his father, overpowered the parents, and even now, after four years, they have been unable to shake off their mournful feelings. The brave boy, when at his worst, was told that he might die, and when asked by his mother if he was afraid to die, he answered at once, "*Not a bit, mother: I have seen God;*" and very soon after this he sank, let us say, into the arms of God. The pure in heart shall see God. He was spared many sins and sorrows, and moral struggles, and it is unwise to consider his death a loss either to him, or to his parents, or to us. We see but a part, and a very short part, of what is before us in this world, and we cannot say that death is an evil. Let us rather believe that all is wisely done to those who can submit to His will. Let us confess that Jessie has been severely tried; but instead of dwelling on past sorrows, surely she is bound to consider the many blessings she still possesses; surely it is her duty to see how many more

means of happiness she has than falls to the lot of thousands around her. She has a husband who is loving and beloved; she has still four children, for God has given her another son in the place of Leslie, whom He has taken to Himself. Little Charles Hope was born 5th September 1886, and is now more than two years of age. What a wealth of young life to fill a mother's heart and to occupy her time, and to make her overflow with thankfulness. She has, moreover, many kind and sympathetic friends to help and sustain her when in trouble. If, casting aside all doubting, she would cling to the most ennobling instinct of human nature, and the most satisfying conclusion of reason, she would find some friends near her who would help her to soar on the wings of faith towards heaven, and though still on the earth, to be as if already living in the presence of the blessed.

Marion Alice, always called *Alice*, was born at Queensferry 3rd May 1858, and was named after my mother and my grandmother. As a child, she was healthy, active, and diligent; and now that her character has developed, I must call her my energetic and learned daughter. She not only has a natural tendency to read, and think, and search after knowledge, but at all spare hours, or hours of rest, if such an expression is not, in her case, a contradiction in terms, she is either reading aloud for the general benefit, or working busily at simple needlework, or at more or less laborious fancy work for some favoured friend.

She has excellent abilities, and she has steadily used them. I do not think it would be the befitting expression to say she has cultivated them, for she seems to do very little with a direct reference to self in any form. Alice is, I think, nearly the only young woman I have known who, so soon as she had passed girl's estate, adopted what may be called stoical or self-denying principles. It seems natural to her to despise all unnecessary indulgence, whether

in food, dress, or amusement. She is tall and slender, but straight, active, and commanding. When animated or lighted up by any interesting subject, she is bright, her face becomes inspired by the sentiment experienced, and she seems to me on such occasions essentially beautiful.

Though bold and outspoken, and even at times defiant, when dealing with questions of opinion, she is at other times, I would say, over shy, silent, and reticent.

She has a reverent, religious nature, but as a searcher after truth she is broad and tolerant, and many may think too much so. Certainly she is not as the Scribes and Pharisees of old, who rejected truth simply because it did not, as they thought, come from established and orthodox sources. She, like many in the present day, prefers to exercise her reason freely on the important subject of religion, and all the more because it is felt by her to be so important, not, however, arrogantly presuming that she may be able to solve all her difficulties, but at least hoping that some progress may be made by humble seekers which may satisfy the longing and inquiring human mind. This, I think, is my daughter's position, but I have never asked her, nor got her to discuss such matters with me. From the quality of her mind, I believe, however, she is occupied not so much with abstract doctrines and beliefs as with the practical outcome of Christianity--with the main objects which are laid before us by Him who is the highest pattern of goodness, and of human and divine wisdom.

When I have said that she is self-denying and stoical, let it not for a moment be thought that she is not sensitive and sympathetic. She is eminently so, at least to those who excite her interest. She has a large and constantly increasing circle of friends and correspondents, and though she has no great pleasure or skill in ordinary gossip, especially with elder and unsympathetic people, yet when she is engaged in conversation with her friends, whether

young or old, she has no lack either of subject or language, or of laughter and enjoyment.

She naturally attaches herself to those who are interesting and intelligent, but much more readily and steadily to the sick and distressed, and many such have been her fast friends and correspondents as long as they lived—for many of these have passed away from this scene.

Alice has been the tried and faithful friend and help of her parents now for many years—their *factotum* when at home, and their *vade mecum* when travelling. I sometimes fear she may have other longings, and may think that more extended aims and occupations may be her future destiny; but she has assuredly never hinted at any such change, but rather that the present duty which Providence has prescribed, is to be with her old parents and her helpless brother. I am convinced, however, that if any change were presenting itself to add to the happiness and usefulness of so active and capable a nature, the parents would not stand in the way, but at any sacrifice to themselves they would willingly submit to whatever change would seem best.

Alice had a fairly good school education, but rather upon the whole scanty, till she attended the Professors who were selected by the Association for Promoting the University Education of Women. Alice began her education in Edinburgh under Miss Kenward, a very deserving and competent governess for a young person, who came in daily to teach Walter and her till she was ten years of age. She then went to Miss Parkinson's school for between two and three years. For a part of the session of 1871-2, and all the session 1872-3, she attended Mr Oliphant's English class in Charlotte Square, and was taught by himself, and therefore, I need not say, well taught.

The classes for the University Education of Women attended by her were the following:—

1st. Professor Masson's class on English Literature in 1874-5.
2nd. Professor Calderwood's class on Moral Philosophy, 1876-7.
3rd. Professor Fraser's class on Logic and Metaphysics, 1878-9.
4th. Professor Shield Nicholson's class on Political Economy, 1880-1.

In each of these classes Alice stood as first in merit, and received the highest prize, except in Professor Nicholson's class, when she and another young lady were judged equal in merit.

She also passed the Local Examination in the summer of 1875. Her musical education was chiefly given by Miss Marianne Kay. She then received twice twelve lessons from Mr Lichtenstein, and she had six months' teaching of German by Miss Steinhoffer. She had also a session for French, taught by M. Havet. This may seem a limited time bestowed on these languages, but nevertheless she has a very ready use of both French and Italian. In German she has had less opportunity of practice.

Since we came to Bordighera in November of 1882, she has been one of the Episcopal Church choristers, and steadily attending all the practisings under the able direction of Mrs MacDonald. She has also been librarian since the establishment of the International Free Library of Bordighera in 1886. When we came to Bordighera, there was the small nucleus of a church library under charge of the Rev. Mr Scarth and the curate, Mr Jameson. I proposed that we should have a *public library* for more general use, which was agreed to; but this remained under the direction of the clergymen, and was kept in Mr Jameson's house. It did not, however, make any very lively progress till about three years ago, viz., 1886, when some who took an interest in books proposed that it should be popularised and put under the management of a committee, so far as possible, of gentlemen of the different nationalities, English, Italian, French, and German, and called by the above name of the International Free Library of Bordighera. The

committee was accordingly named, and it contained at least one German, Baron Klendgen; and one Italian, Dr Agnetti; the rest being English residents.

Mr H. de Burgh Daly was named secretary and treasurer; Alice, librarian; and I was made president. From this popularising of the library in 1886, and under the energetic management of Alice, who attended on Wednesday and Saturday weekly, it has greatly thriven, so that we have now, in 1889, considerably above one thousand volumes. It has this year (1889) been removed from Mr Jameson's house, and established in the large and handsome museum built by Clarence Bicknel, Esq., and is open all the days in the week for his extensive and valuable collection of the Italian flora, and for other public purposes, and Mr Bicknel has kindly put the west end of his hall at the disposal of the library. Alice has accordingly got the assistance of three other librarians. The library is supported solely by voluntary contributions, which are dropped into a locked box which stands on the table, and these, upon the whole, have hitherto been ample, if not liberal. Alice is the main selecter and purchaser of new books, and her aim is to make the selected books as interesting, various, and instructive as possible, and it seems to me that she has been wonderfully successful in this.

Though naturally muscular and athletic, I have all my life suffered from weakness in the digestive organs, especially during damp cold weather. In the autumn of 1877, I took refuge in Cannes, accompanied by my wife, my paralysed son Walter, his nurse Mrs Wade, and my youngest daughter Alice. Here we spent a very happy winter. We fortunately arrived just one day after Dr and Mrs Ainslie and their family, consisting of two most amiable daughters, and Miss Margaret Scott, a niece of Mrs Ainslie. As we could not find any moderate and convenient villas to suit us,

we arranged to take a substantial villa, built by an Englishman, and which was abundantly capacious for the two families. We entered by the main door, and the Ainslies occupied all the rooms from top to bottom on the right hand or east half of the house, while we occupied all in the west end. There was an elderly French woman, a cook, taking charge of the vacant house ; her we engaged, not only to cook two dinners daily for the two families, but also to make the beds, keep the rooms in order, and serve the meals, in fact, do all the usual domestic service, except that our nurse brought in *our* meals. Marie proved an entire success,—a good cook, active, punctual, most capable in every respect, good natured, and with one of the clearest and most ringing laughs I have ever heard. She was a widow, and had either two or three daughters boarded out of the house, who paid her frequent visits. Amidst all her onerous house duties, she did not neglect her church services. When we saw her stepping out to walk to the old church, fully a mile and a half distant, we sometimes reminded her of the dinner hour ; to this she invariably responded with the clear laugh, telling us to fear nothing, and we never found she disappointed us. Such women are not easily found either in Scotland or England.

Our house was next to the extreme villa on the west bay, opposite the grand mansion and grounds of Tollemache Sinclair, a rather eccentric and not very satisfactory gentleman, who, however, was not present at his villa the season we were in Cannes. Though a poor linguist, I proposed to initiate my daughter Alice and Miss Jennie Ainslie in the Italian language. I had never studied it systematically, but having spent the winter of 1832 in Italy, I had learned to read and speak in an indifferent sort, my reading being chiefly in the poets, and especially in the dramas of Metastasio ; so to work we went, and we passed an hour together, if I recollect aright, nearly every second evening. The result

was, that when Mamma, Alice, and I, made a tour of two months through Italy as far south as Sorento and Amalfi, in the spring of 1878, Alice felt no difficulty in conversing in the new language.

In the autumn of 1881, after having had further experience of our native land, we went to Pau, Mrs Allan, my wife's eldest sister, accompanying us. We were fortunate in having one of the finest winters that had been known at Pau for many years. We joined Mr Brown's Presbyterian Church, and met many pleasant people, among them my old school companion Alexander Stuart Monteith and his accomplished wife, whose volume of poetry, "The Kirk and the Covenant," contains many beautiful pieces. There is a good deal of gambling among the English at Pau, and horse racing, and four-in-hand driving there. I first witnessed the exciting game of polo, on the Links of the *Cacerne;* golfing also, on the grassy banks of the rushing Gave, was a favourite amusement of the English, both male and female. Our villa was right above the golfing ground near Billiéres. The peculiarity of the climate of Pau is, the almost continual calmness of the atmosphere —wind is the scarcest of all phenomena. The consequence is, that there may be pretty severe frost, both by day and night, where there is shelter from the sun, while all the time, in clear weather, invalids may be seen sitting for hours on the open slopes, enjoying summer heat, and unconscious that on the north sides of the hills there may be, as there actually was during our stay, skating going on for weeks together.

Our most delightful reminiscences of Pau were, however, connected with our drives over the extensive ranges of hills a mile south of the town, and which are known as *les coteaux*, planted, and covered with villas, gardens, and flowering shrubs, and affording beautiful views of the Pyrenees covered with snow. The Riviera has its charms, but there are few scenes more picturesque and beautiful, than those enjoyed among the *coteaux* at

Pau. In the spring before leaving Pau, we spent some days visiting Biarritz, St Sebastian, Font-Arabia, Jean de Luz, Bayonne, the Adour, and the Bedassoa, all historical names exciting profound interest in the heart of patriotic Britons.

We also visited Lourdes, the centre of constant modern pilgrimage, Eaux Bonne and Eaux Chandos, Pic du Midi, Pierrefette, St Sauveure, Gavarnie, Cauterez, &c. &c. All these were new sights to us, and they gave us insight into the peculiarities of scenery among the Pyrenees.

In October of 1882, we went from Edinburgh to Bordighera, and rented the villa of *Casa Bianca* for seven months, for the sum of £150. We soon began to feel a strong attachment for this snug, picturesque little place, perched on a steep olive mount, and commanding one of the finest views to be had on any part of the Riviera. I accordingly, in the month of March, corresponded with the proprietor, the Rev. Charles Vernon Adams, who had built the house seven years before, and occupied it with his interesting and beautiful wife for the short period of only two years. We came to terms, and it became mine for the sum of £3000 for the house, furniture, and grounds, and all its beautiful mimosas and flowering shrubs and flowers. This was somewhat romantic, but at the same time also somewhat rash as an investment for a man seventy-four years of age; but for me, sunshine was not only health but inspiration. By God's good favour, I have now (1888) spent seven happy winters there, and my wife, son, and daughter, I think, have all, in different ways and degrees, enjoyed the place, the climate, the flowers, and though last, not least, the exceedingly easy and genial English social intercourse. Dinners, in the English view of the word, are almost entirely unknown, with their hollow and troublesome display; afternoon tea, often *al fresco*, being felt sufficiently refreshing, and infinitely less fatiguing and engrossing. The year I bought Casa Bianca, I opened corres-

pondence with M. Bischofscheim, the Paris banker, a principal proprietor of the grounds around Bordighera, and bought three additional terraces which lay contiguous, dominating the highest point of my ground. These I cleared of their olive trees, leaving only two of the largest. I formed a promenade walk on this terrace, and a pergola, which is now covered with creeping and climbing plants. When not otherwise engaged, I may be found very frequently at sunset promenading this commanding position, and enjoying the golden glow which so often, in the winter months, dyes sea and land and distant hills along the wide sweep of the Riviera. Though I doubtless grow more frail, as probably does my wife, from year to year, I have never felt disposed to repent the possession of this quiet yet social retreat of our old age. It is the delight of my frail son Walter, who can generally enjoy fresh outside air seven days in the week. My only doubts are as regards Alice. She is essentially energetic and intellectual, and holds, I am persuaded, her own theories of life. Perhaps she could better fulfil them in London or Edinburgh, as some of her cousins are doing; I cannot tell—she has never said so; on the contrary, she has I think, always held that her duty was to be with her old parents; and certainly without her, life at Bordighera might sink into dulness, for the absence of those we love cannot but be severely felt by those whose energies are naturally decaying. So long as we have our blessings, let us, however, enjoy them, and trust the future to Him who holds our lives at his own disposal, and who generally conceals the future even from those he loves and sustains.

It would be strange were I not to allude to some friends, to whom we and the whole English community at Bordighera owe a large portion of their enjoyment while here in their winter retreat; I allude to Dr George MacDonald and his gifted family. We all feel him and them to be a strong binding influence. All his life of delicate health, and seldom able to spare time to enjoy out

door exercise, he devotes his life to literary work, by which he has supported and educated his large family of sons and daughters, besides affording a refuge in his large house for years to several persons, both young and old, whom fortune had cast into circumstances of destitution, and who have found in his family circle tender care and affection. His sons are capable, energetic young men, some already settled in England and in America in professional occupations, and others in England preparing themselves for their future professional lives.

Besides charades and concerts which this family, including any of the sons who may be here during their Christmas holidays, and frequently also strangers assisting them, get up so readily for our amusement or for charitable objects, Dr and Mrs MacDonald, every Wednesday afternoon, receive their friends and have a large reunion in their ample drawing-room, at which he delivers an easy lecture on Browning's poetry, or that of some other English poet, modern or ancient. Here he is neither the invalid nor the recluse, but, on the contrary, a singularly handsome and apparently hale Aberdonian—a poet from head to foot—simple, easy, genial. The lecture being ended, a cup of tea is handed round, and an easy, friendly conversation is enjoyed by all.

Perhaps even more than his Wednesday lecture, we enjoy a meeting he holds on Sunday evening, when an address is suggested by a passage read from the Bible, after a portion of poetry by George Herbert or Henry Vaughan, having a religious bearing, has been read. Dr George MacDonald is equally broad as he is spiritual, and it is strange to observe the intense interest with which all, without exception, irrespective of their own peculiar religious differences on many points, listen to his expositions, and confess to the strengthening effect of hearing religious views enforced by a man, at once of pure personal piety, and of warm and strong Christian faith.

CHAPTER X.

JAMES CHARLES WYLD.

My brother James Charles was born at Bonnington Bank, 11th July 1813. He was thus five years my junior. The earliest remembrance I have of him is this. On the morning of my return from Fulnec, in the autumn of 1819, when he was told by the nurserymaid to go and rap at his elder brother's door, and to carry his shoes to him in his hands, as a *raison d'etre*, I suppose, for his thus early presenting himself, I had not the least remembrance of him at that time. To youngsters of our age the interval of two years since we parted was a chasm entirely impenetrable. I asked, "Who are you?" The fat little boy replied meekly, "I am Jim."

James was sent to Galashiels about a year after this, according to his own account, and I followed some time in the same year. But here again I may remark how great may be the separation even between brothers in a large rough school of this kind. At Galashiels, James associated with the young boys of his own age, and I mostly with the oldest boy in the school, Alexander Finlay, who was two years my senior. Finlay was the reputed son of an Edinburgh lawyer or law agent, and on his birth there rested the bar sinister. He had been sent to Cromarty for his education, and when about fourteen years of age he came to Galashiels boarding school. In Cromarty he had been one of a knot or club

of young men who had banded themselves together for literary improvement. They wrote essays and poems, and they met together to read and to criticise their productions, their hall being frequently, when weather permitted, in caves which existed in the cliffs along the seashore. The head and inspiring soul of this band was Hugh Miller, afterwards known in Scotland as the editor of the *Witness* newspaper, the organ of the Free Church party, and thereafter still better known over Europe as the author of important and eloquent works on geology. Alexander Finlay and I became at once fast friends, and he inspired me with my first admiration of Byron's poetry. I remember, especially, our reading together "The Siege of Corinth" and "The Corsair." It was not therefore strange that at Galashiels James and I had no very close acquaintance at this time. After parting from Galashiels, Finlay had been sent to a slave estate in the West Indies, and I lost sight of him for many years. But one day he again turned up, and called upon me at the Royal Terrace; and as I was out, he returned again at the dinner hour, when my father and the family were at Gilston. This would, I think, be in 1834, say twelve years from the time we had consorted together at Galashiels. He would thus be about twenty-eight and I twenty-six years of age. We thus renewed our acquaintance, and after dinner we sallied out, and called on George Bremner, the Galashiels dux, and supped with him, when we lived over again a great deal of our Galashiels life, and young Bremner sang the fine old song, "Braw braw lads o' Gala Water." This was shortly after the passing of the Act abolishing Slavery in the West Indies, and Finlay had come home to mature arrangements for the management of the estate under this important change. He told me it was fixed he was to return immediately to the West Indies, and would write to me, but from that time to this I have neither seen nor heard of Finlay. He must have died, for I know he

would never have returned to Edinburgh without searching for me.

James remained, it would seem, six years at Galashiels school. None of his brothers were there above two years.

It was a frequent remark of our sister Isabella, that James, when a young boy, was very bold and determined in temper, and the following anecdotes, furnished by my brother William, may give confirmation to this remark of the elder sister. I have, I think, alluded to Robert Mitchell, a rather coarse and ignorant young man, who had been recommended by Dr Ferrie, of Kilconquhar, to our father as tutor for his sons. One day Mitchell, for some offence or other, seized my brother Henry, and began beating him passionately. James could not stand this. He cried out, "You shall not beat my brother in that way," and he instantly sprung upon the big, strong tutor, holding on and struggling with him, and doing his best both with feet and fist. Henry also joined in the affray, till the three combatants were exhausted and breathless, and paused to think about the next step.

Another anecdote may be given showing James's coolness and courage when a young boy. My brothers and some other school companions had dug a sort of cellar, cave, or cavern in the earth It was covered with wattles and turf. They were sitting in it roasting potatoes, when a tricky boy, who was above, took his powder-horn, intending to frighten his companions, who were sitting below in comparative darkness, by opening his flask and allowing some powder to drop down the chimney into the fire. Accidentally, however, he allowed the flask to slip, and it fell into the fire. James immediately saw the danger, and in an instant seized the flask out of the fire, thus saving probably more than one life, certainly saving the eyesight of those below.

Another case bearing upon his character for promptitude and nerve I shall give, and then be done.

George Craven, the gamekeeper, a great enthusiast, was teaching James and William to make hoods for hawks, when, as the boys were working at this craft, a long needle was struck by accident right through the palm of William's hand. James at once seized it and drew it out, a matter requiring both skill and determination in so young and inexperienced a surgeon.

James grew up to be a very tall man, and to overtop all his brothers by at least four inches. There were three gentlemen in the county of Fife, living within three miles of Gilston, all exactly the same height, namely, six feet four inches: Sir Henry Bethune of Kilconquhar; John Wood, manager of the Commercial Bank agency, at Colinsburgh; and my brother, James Wyld. This extreme height is not inconsistent with great muscular strength and energy, but it has often occurred to me that it is not so frequently connected with equal firmness of fibre and endurance, and this seemed to be the case with my brother James. My father destined him to his own business as a merchant in Leith, and James was for more than a year settled at the desk of the Leith agency of the Commercial Bank, and then two more at his father's counting-house. He soon found, however, that this confinement disagreed with him, and brought on pains in his chest. It seemed that, for the keeping up of his strength, a great deal of open air, exercise, and change of employment were necessary, and nature seemed thus at an early age to have given him a decided love for outdoor exercise and country pursuits, and a taste for natural history, fishing and shooting. Accordingly, when he was twenty-one years of age, at a time that there was much attention drawn to Canada as a field for agricultural enterprise by Mr Ferguson of Woodhill, who had visited that country, and bought land there on speculation, James and a considerable number of young

men connected with Edinburgh and Leith, determined to emigrate to that country; and no fewer than three youths from the Messrs Ellis's office abandoned law and went out at this time with James. I do not think that to any of these emigrants this proved a successful step.

As James's life in Canada was one of much change, I wrote in 1886, asking him to furnish me with the details, which he alone could give, of his life in Canada. This request he kindly complied with, and I shall here insert the particulars sent by him 16th February 1886. It will be at once seen that his account, as he says, is a simple catalogue of events. It will, however, indicate very clearly what an anxious, trying, and laborious, and, upon the whole, disappointing life my brother had in Canada. Doubtless it was relieved by much domestic happiness, and by occasional inspiring hopes and prospects of success; and where there are active young children about, there is seldom dulness. James thus gives it in his own words:—

"When seven years of age, I went to Galashiels. Mr Fish was a man of but ordinary type. The school must have attained its fame from the excellence of the assistant teachers. I was five or six years there. I then went to the Edinburgh Academy for two years, under Archdeacon Williams. I ought to have gone to a lower class, but happened to be pretty well up in Ovid and Horace, and Greek. Among my school-fellows were A. C. Tait, head of the school, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. Thence I went to Professor Pillans, at the University, for two years, and I obtained an excellent certificate; also to Professor Jameson's class of Natural History. I used to go with brother Willie and others to Hangingshaw, to fish in the Gala Water, very often; always unsuccessfully. On one occasion, when some burgesses of Edinburgh were there, we produced our creels at their request. Their praise was faint, not being able to say that they were heavy or very fine.

One man said they were bonnie 'aqual troot.' Afterwards we fished in the Tweed and Gala, further down, with much better success. On the road we often saw Sir Walter Scott, who would say a word to us school boys. From College I went to the Military Academy classes for geography and history, and took the first prize. At mathematics, under Mr George Lees, I took the second prize. I attended the gymnasium. George Ainslie, who took the first prize in mathematics, I afterwards met in Hamilton, Canada, and his brother Bob, who, with Adam Paterson, were my greatest chums. All these are dead. Afterwards I went to the Commercial Bank, Leith, for two years, Mr Spence, agent; then to my father's counting-house in Leith. Confinement to the desk I found quite unsuitable to my health and temperament, so I left it to farm in Canada. Adam Paterson sailed with me from Liverpool in April 1834, in the ship *Waverley*, with about 40 cabin and 500 steerage passengers. When a fortnight at sea, we sprang a leak, and it required the whole force of both steerage and cabin passengers to keep the vessel afloat. To add to our trouble, a fearful storm arose. I have made many voyages, but have never seen the sea in such a state; in fact, the wind was so high that it kept the waves down as it screamed through the rigging. We headed back for England for some days, and then the wind hauled round, and we made for the Azores, throwing overboard heavy crates of crockery, it was said to the extent of 300 tons. An India ship, bound to Liverpool, then hove in sight, and some of the passengers, who looked as if dying of fright, at some risk left us and got on board. In about a fortnight we put into an open roadstead at Fayal, and were billeted in some vacant houses and convents. We were here very hospitably entertained at evening parties by the British and American Consuls and others. Paterson lost his heart to the sister of the Consul, and subsequently returned and married her. We were here six weeks while the

ship was hove down. When her cargo was landed in lighters, it was found that one of the planks had sprung, and the oakum had worked out; so, after a thorough overhauling had been given, the *Waverley* again proceeded on her way to New York. Of course, the steerage passengers, nearly all Irish, must have a row before leaving, so they and the Portuguese had it out with handspikes and shillelahs. One stalwart Paddy had his skull cracked; the doctor asked me to take the probe in my hand and feel. Sure enough one part was depressed, and the fracture was perceptible; nevertheless, next day there was the fellow on deck with his head bound in a red cotton handkerchief, and no great harm done, so well adapted is the Celtic cranium to the danger it so often courts. We had a tiresome voyage, getting into the hot southern latitudes, and lying becalmed for three weeks, the ship turning round and round without any steerage way. At last, toward the end of July, we saw Sandy Hook, and every one took his own way; our party to Canada, up the noble Hudson River. Cholera was raging this year. On making inquiry at the hotel, a very original looking, and certainly *irritable* looking host, on being asked what he thought about it, said, 'Oh, I don't feel much irritated about it.' Not to laugh was impossible. There were no railways in those days, so on one occasion there was a start of six stage coaches together, the drivers the least professional looking whips you could wish to see, and the most unwashed. On arrival in Canada, we found cholera raging, and we saw one poor man seized with the spasms on the road.

"I looked at land in the neighbourhood of Toronto, the capital, and probably would have settled there, but Buchan and Paterson selected the neighbourhood of Brantford, having letters to a certain man named Wilkes, who sold them a large lot of land, upon which they settled. They afterwards found there was no title, except such as the Indians could give, but which Government would not re-

cognise. I fell into a similar mistake, although not through Mr Wilkes. I might have bought 200 acres, near Toronto, for £20 an acre. On this land the best part of the city now stands, and is worth probably £10 per foot of frontage, by 150 feet in depth. After some time I left the Indian land and bought a farm nine miles further up the Grand river—a most beautiful spot, with a charming reach of the river. It had a musical fall, and a pine wood grew opposite. Every summer a pair of ospreys were to be seen careering in mid-air, or dashing down into the shallows seizing a fish, which was carried for a long space in their talons until it was dead. This farm, although close to the town of Paris, was an unprofitable investment; in fact, I found farming, during over twenty years in which I was engaged in it, a losing concern. I then tried merchandise. I had one good year and one very bad one indeed, in which I lost twice what I had made the year before.

"I had, while I farmed, a house burned through the carelessness of a servant, and lost every thing it contained, food, clothing, beds, and bedding. I let one farm to a hard working Irishman; he made himself very comfortable, bought land, cheated me, and at last claimed the land for himself, and I had to bring an action of ejectment to get quit of him, in which I succeeded.

"Afterwards, I got an appointment as clerk in what is called the Division Court, which is similar to the English County Court. 1857 was a disastrous year. In Canada, courts were held every three months, and in a poor part of the country there were hundreds of cases at every sitting. The occupation was entirely new to me. I drew conveyances, issued marriage licences, and took affidavits. I kept at this work for over ten years. Luckily I escaped making any serious errors, but I was chained to the desk for twelve hours in the day; thus I fell into the very work I

left Scotland to escape. Of course my health suffered, the more that while farming, and overworking myself, I had five years of ague. This, I suppose, would be called the irony of fate. As times grew better my work grew less, until it dwindled down to twenty cases at a sitting of the Court; and as the emolument depended upon fees on each case, it came at last to a starving point, and I left and went to Hamilton, a town situated at the upper and west end of Lake Ontario.

"While clerk at Widen, where the Court was held, I may mention, I bought a house and garden, and at noon one day, while the cook and another girl were at the kitchen stove, the only fire in the house, smoke was observed pouring through the roof, and in a few minutes the house was in a blaze. I succeeded, however, in saving all the furniture. The office, a wooden building near the house, I succeeded in getting canted completely over on its side by throwing a heavy rope over it, and getting all the villagers to pull on it, and so I saved all papers, documents, and cash.

"In 1844, on the 3rd of February, I married Dorothea Morson, the only daughter of Henry Morson and Mary Fryer: the former a son of a lawyer in Rochester, England; Mrs Morson, the second daughter of Richard Fryer, the first Member for Wolverhampton, and an agitator for the big loaf.

"We had nine children, viz.:—

"James, born 13th February 1845, married 25th December 1880, Nora Pauline Verner, of the Verners of Churchhill, Armagh, and niece of the Marchioness of Westmeath.

"Marion, born 16th January 1847, married 24th August 1866, to Edward Osler, son of the Rector of Ancaster; has two daughters.

"Robert George, born 24th November 1848; died 27th April 1849.

"Robert, born 23rd April 1850.

"Henry, born 10th January 1852.

"William, born 26th February 1854; married 8th May 1879, to Margaret Smith, the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman.

"George, born 19th March 1856.

"Richard Charles, born 24th September 1857.

"Margaret Dorothea, born 18th December 1860; married 14th November 1883, to Cyril Gwyn, son of the Rector of South Repps, Norfolk, England; has two children, a son and a daughter. Mr Gwyn is a brewer in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

"I held an important position, as did my dear son James, for some years, with Mr William Hendrie, a large contractor. I had the supervision of three different railways, was paymaster, and audited all accounts, until I was disabled by the direful effects of stone in the bladder, for which I underwent an operation, which was successful in the main, but not in other respects. I was under chloroform and the knife three different times, and was confined to my room for eight weeks, and now, at the age of seventy-two, I am fairly shelved.

"Our poor James was engaged in railway work of the same kind, in the State of Michigan, by Mr Hendrie; the climate was most unhealthy, the water undrinkable, and the work of the hardest; night and day, through almost trackless forests, and among the vilest and roughest of men, travelling with immense sums of money, and on one occasion having to present his revolver to save it. He entreated Mr Hendrie to relieve him of this duty; he was unfit for it, having previously suffered from attacks of inflammatory rheumatism; but no one so suitable could be found. He was an immense favourite with Mr Hendrie, as indeed he was with every one, so he went on until he came home on a visit to us at Bonnington, at Christmas, with his wife and

child. Here an attack of erysipelas set in, which ended in his death, on the 10th January 1882. Mr Hendrie wrote me a very kind letter, and said how much he felt the loss himself. James's widow and child, James Charles Verner Wyld, have lived with us mostly ever since. This grandson is a wonderfully bright, clever boy, too advanced in fact.

"Having retired from all profitable work, as I have mentioned, my dear brother, Ned, presented me with the handsome sum of £1000, to invest in a farm, which I did, in the neighbourhood of Dundee. It consisted of fifty acres, with a very handsome Gothic stone house. I bought horses, high-bred cows, sheep, and so on, but found that, though my boys and myself worked hard, we worked at a loss. It would have been better to have bought a hundred acres and kept a man. I sold this place well, and built a house in the town of Dundas. I had here three acres, which I planted with fruit and forest trees, hedges, levelled and made roads; in fact, I laid out more money than I could well afford. This, and bringing up and educating eight children, two of them to professions, law and medicine, bore heavy on me. Both these sons are fortunately doing well. Three of my other boys went to the North-West Territory, on a cattle and dairy ranche. Everything there, however, was most unfortunately upset by the Riel rebellion, and two of these sons came home. One is now engaged in a foundry and machine factory, the other in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, where he has a clerkship. Robert, the second son, remains still at Battleford, farming. During the rebellion, he had all his large herd of cattle driven off by the Indians, he and his partner barely escaping with their lives, the ice on the Saskatchewan breaking under the horses' feet. It is expected that the Government will pay part of the losses; but the loss of time, and a year's crop, will not likely be made up. I made two trips, at different times, to Battleford, and enjoyed prairie life very much.

We had excellent shooting, of ducks, and of grouse of two kinds, hares, &c.

"In February 1886, I sold Bonnington, and settled with my wife and son George, for whom a nice house and grounds, together with a medical practice, had been bought, in Port Elgin, on Lake Huron, and where he is doing very well, and Pauline and her son joined us. It is probable that after George's marriage we shall at last live in Toronto, where we have many friends. The winter on Lake Huron, as may be supposed in so northern a situation, is long and cold, but the summers are said to be delighful; many people from the towns of Canada and the United States spend the hot months here; and there are mineral baths, trout and lake fishing, and in winter snowshoeing, tobogganing, skating, &c., so that our banishment is made more tolerable."

This is a mere index or table of contents to a life of between fifty and sixty years of a Canadian settler, and we can easily conceive that it contained enough of hopes and hardships, disappointments and vexations, to fill a volume. But yet it would be wrong to imagine that it was altogether or mainly unhappy. James enjoyed a country life and country occupations, and he was simple in his tastes, social and hospitable, a good husband, a kind and indulgent, it may be an over-indulgent father. He was also ever hopeful, ever sanguine. Whatever may have been the disappointments of the past, he never ceased to anticipate success in the future; experience did not convince him of the many adverse chances which ever exist in a country such as Canada was for many years after he settled in it. When one is driving through a rough and broken country, not only is strength and dexterity necessary, but also watchfulness and a determination to avoid the many rocks which lie around; the driver must keep a tight

rein, and feel assured that he has an absolute command of his horses, or that otherwise he will come to grief. It would seem that James was much too easy and trustful; he had more charity than worldly wisdom—hoping all things, believing all things, trusting all things; and hence there came many *contretemps* and misfortunes.

Providence also has tried him by family losses; more than one of his best beloved children—James, his eldest son, and Marion, his eldest daughter—were suddenly cut off. We must believe that all these past trials have been made to work for higher good to my dear brother in his calm and reflecting old age.

It is not difficult in old age, when the world, with all its fancied glitter, is passing away, to discover how much it has disappointed and deceived us; and this may be needful and well, but it is better for us if we have been brought to realise that God, who holds our lives in His hands, loves and pities His children even when He chastens them; and when we know that we have Christ as our never-failing friend and brother, one with whom we may at all times hold converse, and with whom we may hope to live hereafter. Having such hopes, even in old age we may realise that our life and all its trials have not been in vain; and such, I believe, has been the conclusion to which my brother James has been led, as he some years ago confessed to me, saying at the same time, that if he had earlier realised this Christian faith, much of his life might have been, not only much happier, but also more prosperous than it was.

I am glad to be able to close this imperfect sketch by inserting an extract from one of the letters written by Alice Lewis to James's loving sister Isabella, on the occasion on which she made an extensive tour through the United States and Canada, to see her kin who were settled there; and especially to comfort my daughter

Jessie on the occasion of her heavy grief on the death of Leslie, her eldest son. This letter is dated Ardgay, Cornwall, on the Hudson, 29th June 1885. Regarding James and his home life she writes:—"Dearest Aunt Isa, I have wished, ever since being with Uncle James, to write to you and tell you of my delightful visit to Bonnington. I found Uncle James looking such a beautiful old man, nearly white now, with a long white beard. He is stronger now than he ever has been in his life, and looks peaceful and comfortable. His house is so pretty, and the garden was all in lovely order, as Harry (his engineer son) has been attending to it this year. Dundas is decidedly the prettiest place I have seen in Canada. The hilly country round makes it more like our own country, and it has the picturesqueness which Canada generally wants. Uncle likes to lead a very quiet life; his little walk in the morning is down to the village for his paper and to hear the news, and then back to his arm chair, where he reads till dinner time. Aunt Dorothea is always trying to make him go to places, stirring him up, but he likes peace. I think Dorothea is delightful. She had toothache all the time I was there, and was as lively as a cricket. Harry seems very amiable, rather silent, and not very strong; devoted to his mother. Minnie is looking so handsome and young, and is the life of the house. I don't know what Uncle and Aunt will do if she takes her girls to Toronto and sets up there; but Dundas is too small a place to bring up girls in, and Minnie already sees rocks ahead in the shape of penniless but ardent youths."

I grieve to have to close by recording that, since this cheerful letter was written, another cloud came over my brother's head: his eldest daughter, so much beloved, was taken away by a sudden attack of fever.

James has sold Bonnington, near Dundas, and he has now for more than a year been living with his wife in a comfortable house

in Toronto, his two granddaughters, Isabella, born 18th January 1868, and Ethel Picton Osler, born 16th February 1870, being alternately with him and with their uncle, Edmund Osler, Esq. Such is life, sunshine and cloud alternating, till we are prepared for a happy and cloudless heavenly life.

CHAPTER XI.

HENRY.

My brother Henry, the third son of the family who survived childhood, was born at Bonnington Bank on 27th January 1815. He was only two and a half years of age when I went to Fulnec, and the last home picture I carried with me was that of my mother sitting on a low stool, with the little boy on her knee, singing an extemporised song fitted to his juvenile capacity. For many years after this I cease to retain any distinct remembrance of him, except a very shadowy one of a quiet, good-natured boy, fond of small practical jokes. Disparity of age, and the circumstance that I was either from home at Galashiels, or a boarder at Mr Smith's, or occupied daily at the Messrs Ellis's office, while Henry, and James, and William were *studying* Latin and Greek at the Edinburgh Academy, may account for the blank in my memory. Before Henry's going to sea, however, when I was on my continental tour in 1833, he wrote me a farewell letter, the first letter probably he had ever penned; for Latin and Greek leave little space for any other occupations or accomplishments. This letter, from what I heard, must have cost him much toil; but from my shifting about from place to place, it never reached me. I was told it dwelt with enthusiasm on the fact of my having reached the top of Vesuvius, and of the *crater*—the Scotch for *creature*—having vomited the day after the ascent.

Henry obtained, through the kind influence of Colonel Lindsay of Balcarres, an appointment in the old Honourable East India Company's mercantile sea service; and accordingly, in 1833, when he was eighteen years of age, he entered as a midshipman. It was on the 11th of March when he left his home at the Royal Terrace to battle his way in the world. It was a sad day to him and to all the house, for on that day in which he went down to Leith to embark for London, my father and mother and some of the children were driving in a cab to attend the funeral of our grandfather, Mr Stodart. Henry felt the parting and the seriousness of the occasion much, and George tells me he remembers his tears, and our father striving to comfort him as we parted on our different roads—his a newer and a wider one than ours.

Henry first sailed in the *Marquis of Huntly* East Indiaman, and afterwards in the *Kelly Castle*, and this occupied the first six years of his sea life. In 1839, he was second in command, under Captain Walker Pitcairn, in the *Charles Grant;* and in 1842, on the retirement of Captain Pitcairn, Henry took his place as commander of this fine old ship. This position he occupied for two years, say, till 1844. Unfortunately at this time there arose a great excitement regarding coffee planting in Ceylon, and my brother, who knew the island well, was carried away by the movement. He resigned his fine post, and with the money he had saved he purchased and planted a coffee farm in the interior of the island. He selected an elevated position, because this was considered favourable for the production of a fine quality of coffee. The occupation of coffee planting he prosecuted for some years alone, and he afterwards assumed Archibald Burns, the eldest son of Archibald Burns, Esq., banker, Perth, as a partner. The coffee speculation did not prove successful, for though the quality raised was excellent, and brought a high price in the market, the bulk or quantity of produce was proportionally small, and the expense of

manuring and cultivating the soil, and securing it from being washed off the steep sloping terraces, was very great; also the cost of transit of the crop to the port, and, we may add, the loss and pilferage during the rough journey on mules and horses driven by untrustworthy natives—all these, joined with a serious fall in the price of coffee, concurred in rendering coffee cultivation, as I have remarked, far from profitable. My brother and young Burns therefore, after some more years of trial, requested Mr Burns, of Perth, and me to advertise the farm for sale. After several months we succeeded in obtaining what was considered a fair price. Since that time coffee growing in Ceylon has considerably decreased, and has been recently to some extent superseded by the cultivation of tea, cinchona, and other crops.

Henry left Ceylon in 1849, and after two years spent at home, during which he applied himself to the special study of steam navigation, he sailed in 1851 as second in command of the *Bogata*, one of the large steamers belonging to the South Pacific Steam Navigation Company, which navigate the west coast of South America from Valparaiso to Panama. This was a very onerous and responsible position. These fine vessels were generally crowded with cabin and steerage passengers, of a very miscellaneous description as regards nationality, colour, and character—English, Spanish, Italian, native and negro tribes, and the sailors were an equally mixed and uncertain set of men. Among them were occasionally some very desperate characters, with whom Henry had to deal, and to exercise discipline at once prompt and severe. After some years he got the command of the *Bogata*, and in 1858 he brought it to Glasgow for extensive repairs. In 1859, he married Constance Kennedy, a younger sister of Mrs George Wyld. She was a most amiable and accomplished woman, and proved a truly loving and helpful wife to my brother. She had for some years been an intimate friend of my sister Janet, and had

on several occasions spent weeks and months at a time at Gilston, so that we thoroughly knew her, and esteemed and loved her.

When the *Bogata* was refitted, Henry and Constance sailed in her from the Clyde for Valparaiso, where they took a house. The frequent letters which we received from Constance were principally interesting to us, as exhibiting her womanly feelings at parting with her husband each successive voyage he made along that long stretch of coast, and the joy experienced when, after some weeks, she hailed his return. There were doubtless many stories to tell and adventures to recount when they met, and after a brief stay, off he went again on another voyage. My brother was fond of his profession, but doubtless he felt the situation of his wife somewhat solitary and trying. Henry, I have always heard, was much respected and liked by the passengers, and he would probably have continued on the American coast some years longer, but an unexpected and disheartening accident occurred, which brought his ship to grief, and which determined him to bring his sea life to a close. On the night of the catastrophe, which occurred on his southward voyage, Henry had been on deck till a late hour, had resigned his charge to the senior officer, and had gone to bed; but after some hours he and every one on board were alarmed by a sudden crash—the ship had struck on a projecting head of land, and every one was instantly engaged in reflections how to save his life, and in the mean time in dressing and preparing, if possible, to quit the ship. Fortunately all succeeded in landing. It was a desert coast, and tents, and sheds, and huts of different kinds were erected on shore for the numerous passengers, who were detained there for several weeks, till the vessel was repaired and fitted to resume her voyage to Valparaiso. Though there was much discomfort, yet, very fortunately, no lives were lost.

This was a severe shock to Henry, who was a very sensitive man, and as we have said, it determined him to give up the service

and retire to private life,—a determination which he had previously fixed in his own mind to carry out as soon as he could conveniently do so. He and Constance accordingly came home to England in 1862, Henry having apparently been connected with the sea for thirty years, of which period twelve years were spent with the *Bogata*.

The Court of Inquiry which sat upon the above untoward event, acquitted my brother of all blame, but the misfortune was a severe and permanent distress to him, and it prevented him carrying with him those tokens of satisfaction and *eclat*, which he would otherwise have undoubtedly obtained, and which are so consolatory to a retiring officer.

My brother, after he came home, was destined to endure a still more severe affliction. The health of his wife began to decline, and it was discovered that she was suffering from diabetes. This, though not a painful disease, is in many ways distressing, and especially from the faint prospect it permitted us to indulge of a permanent recovery. Every thing that skill and affection could suggest was tried, but still the disease advanced. In summer weather, my brother and his wife visited different parts of England and Scotland, and in the autumn of 1865, they, along with Constance's sister, Louise, were living in lodgings in Callander, when a fright, which Constance got when riding a pony, brought on a violent nervous attack, which ended in apoplexy, and after some hours, in death. She died in presence of her husband and sister Louise, and my brother William, and myself, to whom notice of her serious illness was telegraphed. My brother George also arrived from London, but too late to see her alive.

The body was taken by Henry to the house of Professor Blackie, in Hill Street, the family being absent from town, and there the funeral service was performed, several sisters from London being present. Thereafter, the body was laid in the family ground in

the Grange Cemetery. Henry was thus reduced to a peculiarly sad and solitary condition. He had lost his wife—he had no children—he had no profession or active occupation—he had, however, brothers and sisters, whom he visited from time to time, and who were always glad to meet him, and to afford him every comfort in their power.

It was during this period of desolation that he and his sister Isabella, knowing that I and my family were spending the autumn months of 1866 at Braemar, took lodgings there, and it was then that Henry and I had the best means of intimate acquaintance, and that we most enjoyed each other's society. I look back with much pleasure to those quiet, social, and soothing weeks. Braemar being full of visitors, Henry took for himself the ground-floor of a very humble, and if described structurally, miserable looking hut, in Auchendryne. It consisted of nothing but the four stone and lime walls, which had been whitewashed at some distant date, and an earth and brick floor, on which stood a bed and table and two chairs. There was also an open fire-place, in which a peat fire burned at intervals; above was the bare raftered roof. My sister had somewhat better accommodation in a close adjoining cottage. Both the hut and the cottage, however,—and here was the redeeming point,—looked out upon the beautiful stretch of heathery moor which separated the northern village of Auchendryne from the larger village of Braemar, in whose moor *we* had our cottage, and away, extending up Glen Callater, the eye ranged. Through this wide heathery waste, so clean and beautiful in colour, rambled a little burn of clear water, gathered from the steep slopes of Morone hill, from which burn Isa and Henry replenished their urns or water jugs as often as required, and from it the women and girls of the place drew water for their iron boilers, which might be seen sprinkled over the moor, propped on stones, and which supplied the hot water, extensively used for clothes'

washing. These boilers were practically public property, for any one, as he or she had need, might use them, and broken branches and peat divots, as they are called in Scotland, lying about, afforded ready fuel. Altogether, it was a scene of arcadian simplicity and beauty. Henry enjoyed all this; he was a quiet, simple, and contented man, fond of a little social talk, a lover of peace, and a lover of nature. My wife was able to help Henry and Isabella in procuring butter, eggs, and other country produce, till they came to find such things for themselves. Quiet pleasant days to look back to: the hills, the streams, the pine forests, the climate, all were delightful; also the occasional excursions to Loch-na-Gar and Ben Macdhui. These days seem now far in the distance. Braemar has doubtless since then striven to rise to a more civilised and fashionable state, but it must ever be beautiful. My brother, however, is for ever away from such earthly scenes; also the Rev. Mr Cobban, so dearly beloved by all of us, and so helpful to all alike, whether Episcopalian, Presbyterian, or Roman Catholic: he has gone to that kingdom which dwelt so much and so attractively on his lips and in his heart. Mrs Hallard also, so graceful, so attractive, so beautiful, is gone, and the light-hearted, kindly Sheriff Hallard, her husband, all have passed away from beautiful Braemar, let us believe to scenes still higher and more beautiful. This is all that can reconcile us to such losses, and it should be sufficient, especially if we anticipate the day when we shall again see them.

Two years after Constance's death, viz., in June 1867, Henry married Louise Kennedy, the sister, who was with him at the time of his wife's death. This was a case of *the deceased wife's sister*. They were married at Neuchatel, in Switzerland, in which town, and in Vevay and Montreux they spent ten months, and then returned to England.

Different minds will form different conclusions regarding this

and all such marriages. I can only say that it had the entire approval of the wife's parents, and that it proved a happy and congenial marriage. It did not affect the social friendly intercourse of the parties with their relatives on either side. Some ordinary acquaintances might doubtless ignore them, but they felt quite independent of such countenance. Henry found, among his own and his wife's relatives, all the society he cared for, and his wife was, so far as we could discover, much of the same mind. They nevertheless exerted all the means they possessed to help the party who so zealously sought to obtain a repeal of the law which was hostile to such unions. They were, however, satisfied in their own consciences, and the Bible seemed to them, as we think it will seem to most men, to countenance and encourage such unions. It may be mentioned, as showing how anxious and hopeful Henry was for the repeal of the legal restriction, that on the morning of the day on which he died, he asked Lousie, *Has the Bill not yet passed?*

The fruit of this marriage was a clever and precocious boy, Henry Cecil, and James Douglas. The latter died in 1877, of inflammation of the lungs, taken after measles.

After ten months' residence in Switzerland, Henry and Louise came to London, and in 1870 they furnished a house in Leamington Park Villas. In this they lived happily for ten years, till 1880, when Henry most unexpectedly died, after a surgical operation, which, though painful, was not considered dangerous. On the day of the operation, in his usual methodical way, he arranged his papers, and after saying a prayer, he went to bed, saying to Louise, "I have committed my soul to God, and whatever way it ends, His will is best." After the operation he suffered much for some days, but the severe pain left him for some hours before his death, during which interval he repeated aloud the Scotch paraphrase, *O God of Bethel*, and that other one, *How bright these*

glorious spirits shine. Henry was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery, on 16th March 1880, aged sixty-five years. His brothers, William, George, Edward, and I, and my son Robert, from Scarboro', attended the funeral; also many of the wife's relations, besides some of our London cousins. His widow, and her son Cecil, whom we all dearly love, have for the last two years (1885 to 1887), resided abroad for her own health and the education of her son, and have both much benefited by the various German baths.

After an interval of some years, during which we had not seen her or her son, we had a very pleasant reunion arranged on our journey, the beginning of June (1887), from Bordighera to Edinburgh. My sister Augusta had been for about a month at Aix-les-Baines, and Louise being in Lausanne, it was arranged that they and Cecil, for the few days, should meet us at Glion, on Lake Leman. There we accordingly met, and spent ten happy days, renewing the memory of old friendships and sorrows. Surely we should be thankful for such hallowed opportunities of strengthening family bonds.

Henry had many of the charcteristics of a sailor. He rarely returned from a voyage without bringing presents and curiosities for his mother, brothers, and sisters. Many beautiful specimens of Chinese and Indian ware, cups and saucers, &c., were for many years visible in the Gilston drawing-room. He gave a valuable gold chain to my wife, and a pebble cameo handkerchief pin to me, which I have used daily for more than twenty years, and need scarcely say how often, as I use this little gift, I recall the tender memories of my simple-minded and warm-hearted brother.

Henry, in his dress, habits, and movements, was always trim and orderly. He never entered a house or room without smoothing his hair and whiskers with his hands, and then casting a hurried glance over his person to see that all was right, and whether all was right or not, giving his clothes a cuff with his hand, to stand

in place of a formal brushing. He ever kept all about him, his house, his papers, and accounts, in what he called *ship-shape* order. And I am told that he had kept a journal most of his life, which would have enabled me to make a much more full and interesting sketch than from memory I have been able to accomplish. This journal, however, was unfortunately lost by the burning of the house of Blelack, in Aberdeenshire, alluded to in my sketch of my sister Janet.

CHAPTER XII.

WILLIAM.

WILLIAM, the eighth child of the family, was born at Bonnington Bank on 6th November 1817. The winter of that year would appear to have been unusually severe, for a robin sought refuge in the mother's bedroom, and was a companion during her confinement. My brother says this was told him in his early years, and that it may perhaps account in some measure for the interest he has always taken in birds and in all the lower animals.

I can never forget the year of my brother's birth, for it was the year in which I was sent to Fulnec. The first letter I received from home recorded that I had got another little brother, and had lost my dog Rover, which had run away. I fear I grieved more at the loss of my dog than I rejoiced at the idea of a brother; he was to me a mere abstraction.

In 1821, when four years of age, and amusing himself in the park at Bonnington Bank on a bright summer forenoon, the little boy espied through a hole in the hedge a detachment of artillery coming from Leith Fort, and marching up to Edinburgh, to fire a salute on the Castle esplanade, probably on the 18th of June. The horses and the bright trappings excited his wonder and admiration, and without further thought he crept through the gap in the hedge, and, indifferent to every other consideration, he followed the glittering cavalcade up to Edinburgh. At the High

Street he was swept along by the excited crowd which that street always pours forth on such occasions, and on to the Castle esplanade. Here, losing sight of the horses, guns, and helmets, the illusion vanished, and the fact of his being somewhere far from home, and entirely ignorant of the way to find it, took possession of him. He trotted back on his little legs into the High Street, down the Mound, which at that time was a rough mole of earth connecting the old town with the new, and which was used as *a coup* for all sorts of rubbish, consisting mostly of the earth excavated from the foundations of the New Town houses then being built. Having reached the top of Dundas Street, all means of further guidance failed him; he was lost, and he sat down and cried bitterly, till a good Samaritan came to the rescue, and asked him his name. This, by good chance, the child knew, and by equally good chance the unknown friend knew our father and his residence. Willie was accordingly at once put into a street porter's creel, and carried on his back direct to Bonnington Bank, about two miles distant. It would seem that this fright did not cure the boy of his love of wandering, and the servant in charge had frequently to shut him up in a closet for safety, and at other times to take his shoes off and hide them, that he might not indulge in his dangerous propensities.

Being, I suppose, what is called a troublesome child, he was in 1822, when only five years of age, on account of his mother ailing at the time, packed off to Galashiels boarding school, as some of his elder brothers had been. My father drove him there in his gig; it was exactly thirty-four miles distant from Bonnington Bank. My brother's only remembrance of the journey was seeing the horse get a pail of water at Fushie Bridge, a half-way inn kept by a notable landlady, who, I have heard say, suggested to Sir Walter Scott the picture of Meg Dods, of the Cleekum Inn.

Willie was too young to join any class at Galashiels, and so he

was allowed during lessons to run about the floor of the school-room, which was the parish school of Galashiels; and at night he slept with Miss Fysche, the staid maiden sister of the master of the school. He was not long at Galashiels, not more, I understand, than nine months. When he left Galashiels, he carried home a pocket handkerchief full of squashed blaeberries as a present to the nurse, having remembered hearing her say, that if she could get blaeberries she would be quite able to dye and renovate her old bonnet. This my brother has sometimes said he considered one of the most thoughtful and disinterested actions of his life.

For a short time after coming home he attended Mr Dun's school at Bonnington Bridge, and after the purchase of Gilston, a tutor (Robert Mitchell) was added to the establishment. Mitchell was a coarse-minded licentiate of the Established Presbyterian Church, passionate and severe, but diligent as a teacher. He instructed William in the three R's, and his two elder brothers in English and Latin About the year 1827, he was entered in the first class of the Edinburgh Academy. His teacher, Mr Cumming, my brother has often said, was one of the best men he has ever met, and of him he has nothing but affectionate remembrances. I shall make no remarks regarding my brother's progress at the Academy in Latin, as I have already said that none of my brothers took any interest or made any progress in it except James Charles, who, I have been told, stood about the middle of his class, and paid tolerable attention to his lessons. William and all my brothers liked geometry, but their interest in it was greatly damped by the stupid and discouraging practice then adopted of making the boys in the geometry class stand in the position they held in the Latin class. As my brother was an indifferent Latinist, the effect was very depressing and in every way bad, for boys were led to believe that while the study of Latin was the one thing

needful, all else was of comparatively trivial importance, and both English and geometry were accordingly in a large measure regarded with contempt.

William continued for six years at the Edinburgh Academy, and after that had two years more of the dead languages at the Edinburgh University, under Professor Pillans for Latin, and Professor Dunbar for Greek. Could ever money, and time, and youth have been less profitably employed? But under the heavy pressure of traditional belief, it was considered essential that every gentleman should attend Latin and Greek classes.

He after this attended Professor Jameson's class of Natural History, which was very much more to his liking, and he has had an enthusiastic interest in studying the habits of birds and wild animals all his subsequent life. As he had access at this time to the University Library, he then acquired also a taste for reading.

At Gilston he was allowed to carry a gun, and he became a good shot; but in 1833 or 1834, returning one day fatigued from a day's sport, he was standing in front of the house, leaning on his gun, with his left arm across the muzzle, when it went off, and the shot passed through his wrist, mangling some of the small bones, and severing the ligaments, thus permanently weakening his bridle hand, and preventing the movement of his fourth finger. This accident might have prevented his entering the military profession, to which he was destined, but luckily the defect in his hand was not discovered when he was under examination.

William got his appointment as cadet in the East India Company's service through the influence of Mr Hope Vere of Craigie Hall and Bonnington, a brother-in-law of Sir John Cam Hobhouse, then chairman, if I remember aright, of the Honourable Board of Directors of the Honourable East India Company. Our uncle William was on very intimate social terms with Mr Hope Vere,

and through this channel, in those days of unmitigated patronage, my brother, as I have said, got his cadetship in the Bengal Cavalry.

He sailed from London on 2nd February 1836, in the *Kellie Castle*, Dommit master. He touched at the Cape of Good Hope, where the vessel lay for some days, and he reached Calcutta in May 1836, when he was appointed to do duty with the 5th Light Cavalry, Colonel Kennedy commander; and after passing the riding school and other drills, he was, on 4th September 1836, appointed to the 4th Light Cavalry, then stationed at Kurnal, then the advanced station on the north-west frontier, now abandoned. Our lives are shaped and their currents directed by God. In the first family to which William was introduced on landing in India, he met Jane Kennedy, one of the daughters of Colonel Kennedy's large family. She was then a young girl, preparing to start for her education in England. Some seven years later, after her return to her father's house and the large family circle, she became William's chosen wife, and was for many happy years his faithful helpmate and sympathising companion, both during his busy life in India and after his return to his native land.

Four years after joining the 4th, viz., in 1840, he was appointed adjutant of his regiment, and he held this post till 1846. He took the greatest interest in his regiment, and in his regimental duties; he knew nearly all his men individually, their names and characters, and was fond of them. The 4th Light Cavalry was a specially fine regiment, the uniform was light French grey, with orange facings; the dress jacket was an expensive affair, being heavily covered with silver lace. The regiment was considered a fast one.

If my brother had entirely neglected the dead languages when at the Edinburgh Academy, in India he at once saw the importance of acquiring the languages of the country and of the people

among whom so much of his life was destined to be spent. He accordingly, shortly after joining his regiment, began to apply himself to the study of Hindostanee, Hindee, and Persian, and in the year 1845 he passed with credit the examination, and was appointed interpreter to the regiment. It is to me an interesting coincidence, that I should here, in Bordighera, where I am writing these notes, have become, in 1886 and 1887, intimately acquainted with Colonel Edmund Smyth, who, in the year 1847, when my brother had to be absent for a year at Simla on sick leave, succeeded him as interpreter in the 4th Lancers. Colonel Smyth did not belong to the regiment, but was appointed interpreter, none of the junior officers of the regiment being qualified for the office. This provisionary appointment Colonel Smyth only held for one year. Colonel Smyth is a tall, handsome man, and I found him one of the best and most agreeable gentlemen, and his wife an equally good and interesting woman.

On 20th July, William was appointed quartermaster of his regiment, by general order of the Commander-in-Chief.

Before recording the chief military events in which my brother became engaged, I shall, in the briefest manner, recall the memorable events which immediately preceded them.

First then, we may cast our eyes back to the time when Captain Alexander Burness, a Scotchman, and a scholar, and soldier of no mean distinction, was sent by Lord Auckland, in 1835, as envoy to Afghanistan, with the object of watching the movements of the Russians, and, if possible, of establishing some British influence with the ruler of that rude and warlike people, but ostensibly to settle the dispute between Afghanistan and the Sikh power regarding the mutual boundary of these countries. This mission failed, owing to the superior influence of Russia. Lord Auckland then, unfortunately, as I think, resolved on a bolder policy, namely, to dethrone the usurper, Dost Mahomed, and to restore the more

subservient exiled prince, Sha Shuja, to the throne, and to support him there by British arms. This was accomplished in 1839. We restored the deposed monarch, and for about two years our policy seemed successful; but the fire was smouldering, and in November 1841, the national aversion to all foreign interference showed itself in the most violent and determined outbreak. Captain Burness, and Sir William Macnaughton, the chief political agent, were attacked and murdered at Cabul, and our troops, amounting to 4000 soldiers, besides 2000 camp followers, under the command of the aged General Elphinston, finding themselves overpowered by greatly superior numbers, after a painful hesitation of sixty days, began that retreat, destined to be so memorable and disastrous, through the defiles of the country, in conducting which our men were assailed at every point by a bitterly hostile people. In this perilous retreat, the army was entirely annihilated, only one individual, namely, Dr Brydone, long a chum of my brother, from whose house he started for Cabul, having succeeded in reaching the British cantonments at Jellalabad, then obstinately held by Sir R. Sale.

Sad as this disaster was, the English were not a people tamely to submit to it, and General Pollock accordingly, in 1842, again entered Afghanistan and led our troops to Cabul. After blowing up the bazaar and destroying the fortifications of this place, we again quietly retired from this ill-omened country; we regret to say, only again, after the lapse of some years, to renew the experiment of controlling it, and this second time with an equally disappointing result, though, doubtless, our efforts were marked by many spirited exploits.

Our next military enterprise was the conquest of Scinde, in 1843. This extension of our territory was prompted by Lord Ellenborough, and was executed by Sir Charles Napier with a success which placed him high in the eyes of the nation as a military

commander. The conquest of Scinde gave us the river Indus as our western boundary.

My brother, during these stirring events, was engaged with his regimental duties at Nemuch and Nusserabad, in Rajpootanah. While at the former station, he visited the Dobund Lake and Jungles on shooting excursions; here he caught fever, which compelled him for a time to retire to Simla. While he was at Simla, his regiment marched to Nusserabad, where his old friend General Kennedy then commanded the brigade. William rejoined his regiment there, and on 18th July 1843 he married Jane Kennedy, the General's seventh daughter. While stationed here two tigers fell to his gun, the sport being conducted on foot.

But he was soon, as a junior officer, to take a share with his regiment in sterner military duties. His first experience of war was connected with the disturbances which had arisen at Gwallior, a small but active independent Maharatta State, in the centre of India, which, since 1803, had been on the most friendly terms with the British Government, and which had a British Resident attached to its Court. The capital of Gwallior, which bore the same name, was distinguished by the possession of one of the strongest forts in India. At the time of which we speak, namely, in 1843, disturbances of a serious nature had arisen regarding the succession to the throne, and in these the large and ambitious army had taken a foremost part, and had, in fact, become the controlling power in the country. This national distraction called for our immediate interference, and quiet was not restored till after we had humbled the pretensions of the native army and established a stable civil government. Sir Hugh Gough was here the successful general. He severely defeated the Maharatta army at Maharajpore, on 22nd December 1843, Lord Ellenborough being present on the field; as also on 29th December at Punnear. William was with his regiment, as adjutant, at the battle of Maharajpore, and received

the star awarded to the troops engaged in that action. He alone can give us any particulars of his experiences on that occasion. All we know is, that the army was exposed to very great dangers, and lost above 1000 officers and men. The victory, however, was complete, and the crown of Scindia lay at our feet, had we chosen to take it up, which we did not then think it right to do.

The conquest of the Punjaub was our next achievement, in which my brother bore his own share of duty, toil, and danger. This large and important district of India, watered by five fine rivers, had been framed and consolidated into an independent state, or empire, by the skill and energy of Runjeet Singh; and from the year 1791, down to 1839, he had wisely kept on the most friendly terms with the British power. On his death, however, in June 1839, matters quickly changed; disturbances arose, and several of the children and grandchildren of the deceased monarch were in turn placed on the throne, then assassinated, and the splendid troops of all arms, drilled and commanded by French and Italian officers, became the turbulent masters of the country, entirely overriding the Civil Government.

During the minority of the grandson, Dhuleep Singh, Lall Singh, the favourite of the Maharanee, ruled; but finding the Sikh army ungovernable, he sanctioned, if he did not encourage, the soldiers to invade the British territory. This unprovoked attack led, as we shall see, to the conquest of this large and fertile country, and ultimately to its annexation to our Eastern Empire.

Their first aggression was on 14th December 1845, when the Sikh army crossed the Sutlej, and 20,000 pushed on towards the walled village of Moodkee. The main body entrenched themselves at Ferozeshah, about eight miles west of Moodkee, under their leader, Lall Singh, while Tej Singh blockaded Ferozepore, which lay some miles to the west of Ferozeshah. This outlying station, with a garrison of about 5000 of our men, was commanded

by Sir John Littler. It was at this juncture a source of great anxiety to us, from the circumstance of its lying in close proximity to the hostile Sikh army, and being at that time crowded with the wives and children of officers and men who had fled to it for shelter.

Sir Henry Hardinge, Governor-General, and Sir H. Gough, so soon as they heard of the hostile Sikh movement, pushed forward the division, and other troops collected at Umballa, making one of the most rapid marches recorded in Indian warfare, namely, about 180 miles in seven days. They reached Moodkee, which was about nine miles from Ferozepore, on 18th December. The first intimation of the proximity of the enemy was brought to the British commander by my brother, who was brigade-major of the 3rd Cavalry Brigade. After taking a hasty breakfast, he had started with his orderly to get a sight of the country in front of the army, and to clear up a doubt regarding the cause of a cloud of dust seen in the distance. On riding forward three or four miles, he found himself surrounded by the scouts of the advancing Sikh army, and he was suddenly attacked by a horseman. This man, William faced, and kept at arm's length, while the Sikh spurred his horse round him, waiting, doubtless, assistance to enable him to make a capture; but as no assistance came, he discharged his carabine at my brother, fortunately without effect. At the same moment, my brother's orderly had his hand cut off by another mounted Sikh. No time was to be lost; William seized his unfortunate attendant by his belt, and succeeded in galloping with him back to camp, where he made an immediate report to Sir H. Gough of the close proximity of the enemy. Our troops were then quickly turned out, and in less than half an hour the severe struggle began. Thus, after so fatiguing a march, as we have mentioned, and without a moment for food or rest, Sir Henry Hardinge's troops were attacked at Moodkee, and our men, when

in an exhausted state, had to endure the keenest and best directed fire of artillery and musketry which our Indian army had ever come under. Our horse artillery and cavalry were, however, boldly advanced on either flank, and the infantry in the centre. It was a desperate encounter, and though some of the Sepoy regiments hesitated for a time, the general bravery of our men ultimately prevailed; and when night came on, the fire of the Sikhs suddenly ceased. Lall Singh had withdrawn his army, and seventeen pieces of cannon remained in our hands. Our exhausted men then rested at Moodkee for two days, and during this time they were reinforced by two regiments from the neighbouring hill stations. Such was the sanguinary, and, we may say, touch and go battle of Moodkee, in which our killed and wounded numbered 972 men, and in which Sir Robert Sale, the brave defender of Jelalabad, mentioned in our notice of the first Afghan war, fell, and many other officers with him. Colonel Mactier, the commander of William's regiment, the 4th Light Cavalry, was speared through the lungs, the thin blade entering his left side and coming out on the right shoulder. He recovered, however, and lived to command the Benares brigade.

The next encounter with the Sikh forces occurred at Ferozeshah, on the 21st and 22nd December, namely, on the third and fourth days after the battle of Moodkee, just described. It was a battle, at least equally severe and well contested, and it was conducted very much on the same principle as that of Moodkee.

The notes I have received from my brother of the battles of Ferozeshah are briefly these :—

Our army marched from Moodkee after midnight of 20th December, under command of General Sir H. Gough and Sir H. Hardinge, and reached the road leading from Ferozepore, where we met and joined the forces marching from that place, led by Sir J. Littler. It was then noon of the 21st, and we advanced

towards Ferozeshah, where we found the Sikhs occupying a strongly entrenched position.

Owing to the derangement of the 3rd Cavalry Brigade, consequent on the loss of officers at Moodkee, my brother found himself free to act wherever he might be wanted; he accordingly offered his services to Brigadier White, commanding the cavalry division, who willingly accepted them.

The battle on the 21st consisted mainly of a succession of desperate assaults of our infantry and cavalry on the strongly intrenched lines of the enemy, and against their skilfully masked artillery, in which weapon they greatly over-matched all we had on the field. The enemy had more than 100 guns, many of them of heavy calibre, and 36,000 men. We had 36 light field guns and 17,000 men, General Gough and Sir H. Hardinge having on their rapid march left many of their heavy guns behind. It was afternoon when the battle began. Our army made little visible impression on the enemy. Gilbert's division was driven back in more than one attempt to take the batteries in its front, while Littler's division fared even worse, and was driven back in confusion. About four o'clock in the afternoon, an order came to Brigadier White to charge the entrenched guns which had driven back Gilbert's division. The 3rd Dragoons were then moved rapidly forward, and made their desperate charge, riding over the entrenchments and through the line of batteries, never drawing rein until under the walled village of Ferozeshah, which lay in the centre of the Sikh position. The Sikhs were much shaken by this dashing exploit, seeing that our troops had gained a firm position within their entrenchments, and had in their hands nearly the whole of their guns, 91 in number. Accordingly, during the night, they abandoned their position and fell back, joining Tej Singh, who was advancing from the river with a large force of fresh troops of all arms. Captain C. Trotter, in his *History of India*

under Queen Victoria, thus describes this charge of the 3rd Dragoons: "They charged over the trenches, stormed the guns behind, swept through the Sikh camp over every obstacle, and reappeared on the other side, with a loss of sixty killed and 90 wounded."

It was fortunate for us that at the close of the battle of the 21st the Sikh force did so retreat, for we had entirely exhausted our ammunition. We succeeded, it is true, before the morning of the 22nd, in obtaining a fresh supply from Ferozepore; but it was fortune more than forethought or fighting that carried our wearied army through the labours of the second day on the field of Ferozeshah. Our loss was unprecedented in Indian warfare; it amounted in all to 2415, of whom 594 were slain.

My brother's services in the battles of Moodkee and Ferozeshah are mentioned in General White's despaches of both actions, also in the Parliamentary vote of thanks to the army; and his share in the battle of Ferozeshah is more fully recorded in the friendly letter of General White, alongside of whom he rode on that day. We shall here transcribe it, though it was written several months after the action:—

"My Dear Wyld,—As you contemplate a visit to your native country, and amongst friends who may not be acquainted with your merits and spirited conduct while under my command with the army of the Sutlej, some testimony from me to that effect may not only be acceptable, but possibly useful to your future views.

"I did not fail to notice your gallant and distinguished service when attached to my personal staff, particularly when the 3rd Dragoons attacked the enemy's position, charging through their entrenched camp at Ferozeshah, on the evening of the 21st December 1845. In my despatch to his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, I considered the charge on that memorable occasion to

have effected the results of the battle and the fortune of the day in a very great measure. I noticed in particular your meritorious conduct in placing yourself in front of the line, and advancing with my regiment in their celebrated charge, by which the enemy were driven from their position, and their batteries on that flank completely silenced. I have to thank you particularly for your able and valuable assistance on that occasion, as well as on all others while employed under my orders, and I trust that this testimonial of your spirited conduct may prove satisfactory to your own feelings. And I again thank you for volunteering to act on my personal staff, when so much activity and intelligence were most acceptable to me. With best wishes, believe me, dear Wyld, yours sincerely, ALEX. WHITE."

The Sikhs retired after the battle of Ferozeshah, discomfited, but not conquered. Another such action, said Sir H. Hardinge, will shake our empire. Accordingly, every effort was made during the succeeding month to strengthen our army along the Sutlej; and this was wisely done, for about the 10th of January, the Sikh forces began again to swarm across the Sutlej at Sobraon and Aliwal, and we were again hastening to face them.

The closing and crowning battles in this, our first campaign against the Sikh power, were those at Aliwal and Sobraon. In the former, on 28th January, the British, under Sir Harry Smith, with 12,000 soldiers and 32 guns, encountered the division of the Sikh army under Sirdar Runjeet Singh Majeethea, 19,000 strong, supported by 68 pieces of cannon. The contest was obstinate, but, by the skilful generalship of Sir Harry Smith, it ended in the defeat of the Sikhs, who lost in killed and drowned about 8000 men.

While Sir Harry Smith was thus successfully engaged at Aliwal, the main body of the British army of 36,000 men, under Sir Hugh

Gough, lay facing the enemy, who were entrenched at Sobraon, upon the bank of the Sutlej, some miles west from Ferozeshah, with a bridge of boats formed across the river in their rear, which kept them in communication with Lahore, and enabled them to draw their supplies from their own side of the river. The cause of our inactivity was the want of some heavy guns, and considerable expected reinforcements, which were toiling through the heavy sands on their way from Meruth. This anxiously expected addition to our force came into camp on the 9th February, and next day, at early dawn, the attack was commenced with a heavy cannonade. The Sikhs were entirely taken by surprise, for while our guns and columns were taking up their position, not a sound, not even the challenge of a sentinel or the bark of a dog, was heard; but a few minutes made a difference, and the whole forces of our opponents were standing to their guns and lining their works, and a reply was made by them from every point with a continuous roar of guns and musketry. About nine in the morning General Dick carried the entrenchments on the extreme right, but he was checked in his advance into the stoutly held position of the Sikhs, and he fell dead at the head of his men. General Gilbert's attack on the centre was repulsed with severe loss. Our Simoar battalion of Ghoorkas gained for an instant the crest of the entrenchments, but they also were pushed back by the bayonet, and their commanding officer, Colonel Hay, fell dead, with many of his men. The struggle, however, continued till about eleven o'clock, and by this time, foot by foot, we had gained the whole position. The Sikhs then retired, leaving their dead in their entrenchments and their cannon in our hands. We were not able to follow them, but in the morning we found they were crowding across the Sutlej. In this operation they lost a large portion of their men, the bridge having either broken down from the weight thrown upon it, or having

been destroyed to prevent pursuit; which of the two causes assigned is the true one, we know not.

In the attack upon the entrenched camp lying along the bank of the river, the 4th Cavalry played an important part. It forced its way right through the Sikh line of guns into their central position. In doing this, William had his favourite Arab horse Soonie shot under him by a Sikh with whom he was engaged. William, for his services in these engagements, obtained a medal and two clasps.

This battle of Sobraon closed the first campaign against the Sikhs, and on the 20th of the month of February the citadel of Lahore was occupied by Sir H. Gough, and on the 14th of March the Sikhs surrendered unconditionally. The loss on both sides in this crowning battle was great. Of the Sikhs, not less than 8000 must have perished, and on our side, out of 16,000 who were under fire, 320 were killed and 2063 were wounded. In officers, we lost 140 wounded and 16 slain. Chief among the latter were the brave Sir Robert Dick and Brigadier Taylor.

The Punjaub being thus in our hands, our Government appointed Sir John Lawrence Commissioner, along with his brother, Sir Henry, to arrange the affairs of the conquered country. Divided counsels, however, distracted the Commissioners' policy. It cannot be denied that the Commissioners succeeded wisely and well in reducing the country to peace and order, but it is doubtful whether we did wisely in allowing a country, swarming as it did with ambitious and aspiring soldiers, to have the power of self-government left in their hands. We felt bitterly our error in this respect in 1848, when the second Sikh war broke out, which Lord Gough again brought to a successful close by defeating the Sikh army at Chillianwallah and Guzerat on 13th January 1849. After this second success, we adopted a much firmer and stronger, and, as it proved, wiser policy, by annexing the Punjaub to British

India; and Sir John Lawrence, by a system of firmness, justice, and humanity, succeeded in reconciling this high-spirited people and their soldiery to the British sway. So much was this the case that, in 1857, when the Indian Mutiny broke out, the Sikhs, as is well known, not only remained faithful to us, but allowed themselves to be enrolled by Lord Lawrence for service at any point during that trying crisis in our Indian history. For his important services Sir John was, in 1863, made a baronet; and in the same year, on Lord Elgin's retirement, he succeeded him as Governor-General of India.

The Mutiny.—When the mutiny broke out, my brother was on sick leave at Simla, but he at once rejoined his regiment, and from 15th May to 15th July 1857 was in command of a squadron of his regiment and 500 infantry on detached service in the Ingadharee and Suharempore districts.

This brought him into frequent engagements with the Googurs, who had joined in the rebellion. During this most anxious period, when leading disaffected troops against other tribes in more active rebellion, and when it was his duty to overawe or subdue, he found it frequently necessary to resort to the most severe measures. He records that, during this service, he had to cross the Jumna six times in pursuit of the harassing enemy, twice by fording the river.*

When in Suharempore, the infantry under my brother's command showed a strong disposition to break into open mutiny, and an unsuccessful attempt was made to disarm the more turbulent men, on which occasion they seized their muskets and fired at William, but missing him, shot a soldier by his side, and then made off to Delhi, carrying with them some men of the 4th Light

* Mr Robertson, in his work entitled "District Duties during the Revolt," gives the operations of the detachment under my brother's command in some detail; and Kaye, in his "History of the Sepoy War," also alludes to them.

Cavalry. William soon after this was ordered back to Umballa, and his regiment was there disarmed. This was to him a most distressing breaking down of old associations, a severance from men with whom he had served so many years, and betwixt whom and himself he believed there had always been both affection and respect.

After the disarming of his men, he was employed as interpreter to the courts martial which sat for the trial of mutineers. This he felt to be a very painful duty, and he was glad to escape from it on being appointed Assistant Military Secretary to the Punjaub Government, under his brother-in-law, General Sir James Macpherson.

The appointment of Assistant Military Secretary, which brought him into constant intercourse with Sir John Lawrence, he held for eighteen months, and I can best show the estimation in which he was held, and the ability and success with which he discharged duties so new to him, by transcribing the following memorandum of the Hon. Robert Montgomery, then Lieut.-Governor of the Punjaub: — "Forwarded to Captain Wm. Wyld, of the 3d European Light Cavalry, by Richard Lawrence, officiating Military Secretary, Punjaub, dated 12th April 1859.—Captain Wyld, of the 3rd European Light Cavalry, has been an assistant to the Military Secretary in the Punjaub for eighteen months. He joined the appointment in September 1857, owing to the great additional pressure of work caused by the mutiny, and the necessity of raising additional regiments for service in Hindostan. I regret that the departure of Sir John Lawrence should have prevented his being able to record his sense of Captain Wyld's services, which I am sure he would have done. But I was myself present at Lahore from September 1857 to March 1858, and witnessed the untiring zeal and energy with which he aided the Military Secretary, Colonel Macpherson. Since I succeeded Sir John Lawrence, in February 1859, I have been a daily witness of

Captain Wyld's exertions, and of his excellent judgment and extensive acquaintance with the details of the Military Secretary's offices. I deem it my duty to put on record my high sense of the excellent services he has rendered, and my regret that his promotion to another office deprives the Military Secretary's Office of his valuable services." Signed by "Robert Montgomery," Officiating Lieutenant-Governor, 12th April 1859.

This most trying period in our history seemed like the breaking up of our Indian power, and it was to our amazement that we survived and saw the mutiny subdued. This was only effected by the heroic exertions and talents of men as if by Providence provided for the work, and whose names will live in the hearts of all who study the history of the period. Our Lawrences, Havelocks, Nicholsons, Outrams, Edwards, Montgomeries, Campbells, Neills, Roses, and many others, and even junior and less known officers,—and men also of the rank and file, who faithfully did their duty, will have the satisfaction of knowing that they shared in the accomplishment of a great and beneficent work, destined ultimately, let us hope, to promote the progress and happiness of millions of the human race.

Having succeeded in re-establishing our position in India, we have since then enjoyed comparative peace, and many measures for the material and moral welfare of the country have been introduced. While not venturing to introduce the principle of Home Rule in India, our Government have carefully commenced by throwing open to the educated natives a participation in the honours and emoluments of Government offices. At the same time, we have firmly suppressed Suttee, and other cruel and superstitious practices of Hindooism, as twenty years earlier we had stamped out Thuggee. We have also promoted irrigation and railway communication, and the education of all classes of the native people.

After the close of the mutiny, my brother was rewarded by a civil appointment, namely, the command of the Umballa Division of the Police, and having under his command the Sooreej Mookir battalion of 1000 Sikh infantry and 500 cavalry. This service he greatly enjoyed. While it kept him much in the saddle, visiting stations, whose extreme distances were about 160 miles, it exercised to the full his energy and judgment. His duties required him to study the nature of the country and the character of the people, to learn the good as well as the evil which was in them. It is evident that, without this knowledge, a police officer can be of very little use in suppressing crimes and discouraging habits which, if left alone, tend ever to expand and become more and more dangerous and persistent.

I have now used up all the scanty materials with which my brother has furnished me, or which I have been able to draw from other sources, bearing on his early life and on his military career in India.

My brother, when in India, had two severe malarial fevers, and was subject to frequent distressing headaches; and at different times his health was so impaired, that he had to obtain temporary leave of absence, when he retired to Simla or Cashmere to recruit.

In 1847, he came home to Scotland on furlough, with his beloved wife, who soon became the favourite of all at Gilston, and whom we had only known by the loving letters which she had at regular intervals been in the habit of writing from India. They spent two very happy years, mostly at Gilston, with the father and mother and sisters; also meeting such brothers as might be occasionally at home, of whom I was one. They also enjoyed the society of cousins, nephews, nieces, uncles, and aunts, of our numerous family circle.

William, who all his life had been a keen sportsman, enjoyed abundant opportunity, both of shooting over Gilston and over

neighbouring properties, and of fishing in the Eden, in Fife, the Tweed, the Clyde, and other rivers and lochs.

When in India, he had frequently engaged in tiger shooting, both on foot and mounted on the elephant, also on horseback. He brought home many proofs of his success in such dangerous pursuits, and occasionally recounted some of his narrow escapes.

William, notwithstanding the dangerous services in which he had been engaged, may be regarded as unfortunate in the slow regimental promotion he obtained. He was far from singular in this. A still more distinguished man, Sir Henry Havelock, complains that he only got his captaincy when forty-eight years of age, and that he had been a subaltern for twenty-three years, and lieutenant for seventeen years. This slow promotion was, however, as we have said, a sore subject to my brother, especially as, after his services in the mutiny, a brevet promotion had been issued by which he was gazetted to the rank of major; but this brevet, as was sorely felt at the time, was not confirmed by the Home Government.

My brother, in the year 1863, feeling his health very uncertain, and perhaps also smarting under a sense of what he and his fellow-officers held to be a want of justice with reference to the arrangements which followed the assumption of the Government by the Queen in the matter of regimental promotion, retired from the service, and came home with the rank of major by courtesy. Had his health enabled him to remain two years longer, his promotion, as I have been told, would have been rapid. Looking back, however, at the present day, after a long interval of time, he has ceased to repine at the irregular movements of fortune's wheel which occurred in the days when he was in the field and anxiously watching its turnings.

In the year before William's return home, both his father and mother had passed from the earth and from the scenes with which

he had so long associated them, and Gilston was either sold, or it was advertised for sale.

William at once, on returning to his native land, resolved to live in Edinburgh. He accordingly bought, on my recommendation, a nice house, No. 16 Inverleith Row. In front was the beautiful park of Wester Warriston, and behind, the drawing-room windows looked out on the Royal Botanic Gardens, and afforded a fine view of Edinburgh. The road in front led up to Edinburgh and down to the Firth of Forth, and crossing this westward was the picturesque road to Queensferry, passing by the Corstorphine Hills, Barnton, Dalmeny Park, and on to Hopetoun House.

William and I have thus been close neighbours and friends from the time of his retirement, and we have also had constant intercourse with the Edinburgh section of the family,—Isabella, Marion and her family, Eliza and her lively and intellectual husband, Professor Blackie, and with our sister Augusta, George, Edward, and Janet having their occupations and residences in London.

For a year or two William lived very quietly in Edinburgh, being a very modest man, and satisfied to enjoy the society of his relatives and a few friends. He, after some years, became an active member of the committee of the Civil and Military Service Club in Queen Street. This brought him into close intimacy with many military and naval friends. After some years, when some negligent management had brought this important Club into a state of rather uncomfortable impecuniosity, my brother was pressed to take the post of chairman. He did so, and in the course of two or three years he restored it to what may be called a comfortable state of prosperity.

Billiard playing is generally allowed to be the queen of indoor games. It is esteemed so at the club, and my brother is recognised as a keen and constant, and though somewhat irregular, yet often a brilliant player.

He has for years been a director, and still is (1888), of the Edinburgh Medical Mission, in which he takes a lively interest.

He and his wife Jinnie, as we knew, had long taken a warm interest in missionary work in India, and in all that concerned both the temporal and spiritual well-being of the natives; but I little expected to hear a public declaration made in Bordighera of the wonderful influence of our dear Jinnie both with Hindoos and Mahometans. "There is no missionary I know in India," said the able and indefatigable Mrs Clark, long missionary at the Peshawur District, and her husband, who was sitting by her, confirmed the statement; "there is no missionary I know who has been more successful than an English lady of our acquaintance, now dead, Mrs Wyld, wife of an Indian officer, a dear friend of our mission. This lady's work was conducted in the simplest and most unpretentious manner. She daily gathered into her tent or verandah all the native servants and Sikh soldiers of the guard on duty at the bungalow who were willing to come, and their children, and she read to them a chapter from one of the Gospels, after which she willingly answered any simple questions which any of her interested audience might put to her. The effect was marvellous. A large number, after some time, avowed themselves Christians, and among them was at least one Mahometan, and this man has from that time till we left India, been devoting himself as a missionary to teaching the gospel to his countrymen in India."

This shows us how we may expect the gospel to enter the heart when it is instilled by a tender and loving woman, and accompanied by sincere feelings and acts of kindness.

In the Edinburgh Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor he took an active interest, and after acting on the Board as a Director for many years, he was appointed Chairman, which office he held for five years, during which time he introduced various improvements, tending to the efficiency of the Society,

and especially in remodelling the workshop and yard where the poor, who sought charity, received one shilling a day when willing to work in the manufacture of fire-lighters. The giving of low wages to the industrious poor, for light work, though excellent as a means of discouragement of idle mendicancy, had, however, never covered its own expenses, till my brother recognised the absolute necessity of fixing a minimum quantity of work to be produced before the operatives were entitled to demand their daily shilling of pay. This arrangement, I understand, promises to prove satisfactory. My brother only retired from the office of Chairman in the autumn of 1887, when he felt the discharge of the duties incompatible with due care of his health, which had for about a year not been very good.

As a Director also of the Old Men's Society, he had for some years a pleasant duty in making his periodical visits to the recipients of aid.

God shapes all our ends, and mixes trials with mercies in all our lives. The heaviest stroke that can fall on a man is to lose the loving partner of his younger days. Jinnie was taken from her husband in September 1872, aged forty-seven, after several years, if not of severe suffering, at least of trying and solemnising anticipation of the probable result. When the nature of this fatal malady was communicated to her, she received the announcement with that calm submission and firmness which had distinguished her under many previous trials and dangers.

There was no child of the marriage, but they had taken to their house and heart, Daisy, the infant daughter of William Purdon, an Indian friend, who was a civil engineer, in Government employ, and whose wife had died at Simla some months after the child was born. Daisy thus, from childhood, lived in my brother's house till she was about seventeen years of age, and she lives there

still with him in Edinburgh, though under altered circumstances, for her father is dead, also Jinnie, her more than mother; and Louisa Purdon, her aunt, is now my brother's wife. The bonds which joined Daisy to them, seem thus even more firmly riveted and strengthened, if that were possible.

In the spring of 1882, they set out for an extensive tour in Italy, by which they greatly benefited. Bordighera, on the shores of the Mediterranean, especially took their fancy. Its olive-covered hills—its quiet, peaceful beauty—its stretch of view along the mountainous sea-girt coast, as far as the distant Esterelles, soothed and refreshed them. It was their recommendation chiefly that led the elder brother and his family to visit Bordighera, and after a winter there to buy *Casa Bianca.*

In the spring of 1886, William, Louisa, and with them Daisy, paid a second visit to Bordighera, when we daily saw them in our wee *Casa*—then too small to contain more than our own small family. Again, in the spring of 1888, when we had somewhat enlarged our accommodation, we had the great pleasure of having them with us on this their third visit to the much loved Italian retreat.

Here I must for the present stop, and say farewell to my dear brother, and to Louisa, who has added so much happiness to her husband's mature and declining years, and whose loving nature and sound sense have so thoroughly secured the affection of every member of the family.

Before ending, I must not omit to mention two of my brother William's accomplishments. The first is the gift of conversation; this he possesses beyond most men. He can throw an interest into almost any subject, be it important or trivial, grave or gay, on which he chooses to converse. His voice, his language, his concentration, all indicate that he feels a lively interest in the subject, and that he has no doubt that the listener is held bound by an interest equal to

his own. This makes my brother, when he is in good health and spirits, a valuable guest in all private social entertainments. The second accomplishment to which I refer, is his artistic taste. Nearly all his life he has amused himself with his pencil and brush, sketching off-hand with the former instrument, upon any scrap of paper that lies at hand, the forms, picturesque or grotesque, of man or woman, beast or bird, which may catch his eye. He has also, both in India and at home, practised very successfully water-colour drawing, and his portfolio, and the walls of his rooms, and also the walls of my house in Edinburgh and in Bordighera, exhibit many specimens proving his success in this art. Later in life he began oil-colour painting, often, though not, I think, invariably, with equal success.

CHAPTER XIII.

GEORGE.

My brother George, the seventh son, and the tenth of the family, was born 17th March 1821. He has during most of his life been one of my most interesting companions, and since his settlement in London we have been, if not constant, at least frequent correspondents. When in London, I have generally found a happy home in his house, and received a warm and loving reception both from him and his excellent and amiable wife and their kind and interesting children.

My brother George excels in this, that he has less diffidence than any of us. He is at once frank in his manner, and not at all lacking in self-confidence, qualities which, if combined, as they are in his case, with kindness and with lively intelligence and speculation on a variety of interesting subjects, seldom fail to make one popular.

He attended the Edinburgh Academy for three years, but our father then finding that he had little taste for Latin or Greek, sent him, in 1834, to Mr Cunningham's Institution for English, composition, history, and geometry. George found geometry interesting and easy to him, and in a class of sixty boys he took the first prize in arithmetic. At the Edinburgh Academy he stood, he says, fourth from the bottom; but he and two of the boys below him boasted of being the three swiftest runners in the

class—their energies at this early stage of their existence lying chiefly, it would seem, in their legs.

Having finished his school education, George chose the mercantile profession. He was accordingly sent to the extensive warehouse of the Messrs J. & W. Campbell, of Glasgow, and was boarded in the house of his kind aunt, Mrs John Wyld. After a residence of four years in Glasgow, he removed to London, and for twelve years lived as a son with his uncle and aunt George Stodart, 11 Russell Square. These excellent people having no children, George was so much beloved by his aunt, that on her death, in 1853, she left him a legacy, immediate and prospective, of £6000.

When my brother left Glasgow, the times were very unfavourable for starting in business, and so, after passing six months in the London Branch of the Irish Provincial Bank on a salary of £100 per annum, he made a brief start in London, practising as a ship broker. He then, at his uncle's suggestion, entered into partnership with a Mr Bruce, a publisher in London, my uncle paying £2000 for a half share of the business. Mr Bruce proved a very inferior man in every way, and my brother, finding that he and his partner could not draw well together, agreed to become a sleeping partner, receiving £3 a week. Being thus free, he then went abroad for self-improvement, and had a year both of profit and enjoyment, visiting Holland, Berlin, Leipzig, Switzerland, Naples, Rome, Venice, &c. The whole expense of this tour was only £125.

On his return to London, he found that Mr Bruce had become bankrupt, by which misfortune he lost the £2000 which his uncle had paid for his interest in the concern. This threw my brother into great distress.

My father, on this occurrence, at George's urgent request, agreed to advance him £100 for four years, in order that he

might study medicine. He accordingly entered upon this study with great ardour, and after four years, viz., in 1851, when he was thirty years of age, he took his degree of M.D. at Edinburgh, having studied three years at the University College in London, and one year in the Edinburgh University. He then started as a medical practitioner, living in his uncle George's house in Russel Square. After some years, he bought the moderate practice of Dr Henry Malan, second son of the celebrated Rev. Dr Cæsar Malan, of Geneva, and, as part of their agreement, he took up Dr Malan's lease of the house he had occupied, No. 12 Great Cumberland Place, near the Marble Arch, Hyde Park, and there resided for thirty years, namely, till 1883, when he bought for about £5000 one of the picturesque houses, No. 41 Courtfield Road, in South Kensington, and shortly afterwards retired from medical practice. Here he, Emily, and his children, Maud, Adelaide, and Grace, enjoy the advantage at once of town and country life. His eldest son, Herbert, has for several years had a good situation and share in the mercantile house of Brown & Co., in Sydney. His second son, Norman, has for five years been studying in Edinburgh University for a science degree. While there, he comes usually once a week to one or other of his uncles or aunts, and his society is greatly enjoyed. He is a clever, gentlemanly young man, full of enthusiasm both in science and literature; and if he fixes his mind, with purpose, he can scarcely fail of success in life.

I should have mentioned that, in 1853, George married Emily Kennedy, a lady of fine artistic taste, and eminently kind and amiable nature.

In Courtfield Road my brother is very popular, and having been chiefly instrumental in putting the garden ground into decorative order, he was installed by the inhabitants as secretary and treasurer, and to take superintendence of the ground. Nothing can exceed the easy and friendly intercourse of the occupants of this

delightful suburban quarter, so very different from the stiff unneighbourliness so often witnessed in London.

George, very shortly after beginning his medical practice, became convinced of the injurious effects of administering drugs in the ordinary way, and proclaimed himself a homœopathist, which practice of medicine he has followed during all his medical career, except that he has not held strictly to the infinitesimal doze.

My brother, about December of the year 1873, began to agitate regarding the importance of using vaccination lymph direct from the calf, and thus removing the dangers of human infection, and thus mitigating the prejudice felt by the humble class against vaccination; and in 1878 he held a public disputation, having challenged the anti-vaccination party in London at the time their contentions were at their hottest. From this plucky tilt, a full account of which was afterwards published, he came off with flying colours, his banner bearing the device, *Sound sense and sound statistics.*

By this effort he was chiefly the means of widely introducing the use of calf lymph into England, and of getting it made a department of the Government Vaccination Board, and by this he greatly added to his professional reputation.

In 1876, being then president of the British Homœopathic Society, he was induced to try what he could do to mitigate the rancour which existed between the two schools of medicine. He published his views in the *Lancet*, which were introduced by a letter from Dr Richardson.

In this letter my brother showed that both homœopathists and allopathists had abandoned much of their old practice in the use of drugs, and were thus approaching common grounds, and that the time had therefore come for more friendly professional intercourse. Both the above letters were transcribed into the *Times* newspaper, and occupied about two columns of that journal.

These letters created great attention both in England and America, and gained for my brother much favour in the eyes of moderate men on both sides, and in some measure mitigated the bigotry previously felt.

In 1877, my brother became president of the British Theosophic Society, and subsequently of the Christo-Philosophical Society; the object of which Societies was to encourage a life of perfect physical and moral conduct, and in this view he published a volume with the title, "Theosophy and the Higher Life," which has had an extensive sale, and is now out of print.

No one can fail to be charmed by my brother's frankness and enthusiasm, and the excellence of his aims. He never stagnates; on the contrary, he is ever taking rapid flights in ethics, philosophy, and science.

Most successful men gain wealth and renown by patient perseverance. My brother George advances by sudden impulses and inspirations. At various meetings of the London District Railway Company of London, of which concern he held 1300 shares, he rose and impugned certain of the actions of the Board. In this he so commended himself and his views, as to gain the approval of the shareholders, and on the occurrence of the first vacancy he was voted into the direction, a position which he has held for twenty years. Besides the pecuniary emoluments of this position, it entitles him to a free passage at all times over the railway lines of Great Britain.

He was very unfortunate in some of his early investments, and lost a great deal of money; but in 1878 he formed a favourable opinion of the prospects of the Thames Steamboat Company, and bought largely of its stock, and shortly after, by a sudden rise in the value of the stock, he nearly doubled his private fortune. He then wisely took the tide at the full and sold out, having only held for three months, and bought into gas

stock at the time that the expected introduction of electric light excited apprehensions that gas would ere long be entirely superseded, which had greatly depressed this stock. He still holds the gas stock, and we need not say it has fully regained its normal level. He has been one who has not ceased to urge the great London Gas Company to lay themselves out for extending the application of gas for purposes of cooking, heating, and driving machinery, and the company has entered on these views with great spirit and energy, dealing in gas stoves and heating and cooking apparatus, applications of gas which are daily increasing.

Since these fortunate hits, my brother has cautiously ceased from further speculations, and has occupied himself with various congenial sanitary and psychological movements of the day.

This sketch would be imperfect were I not to say a few words on the subject of *Spiritualism*. His belief in this, which I cannot but regard as a modern imitation of a heathen art, has for fully thirty years interested my brother George. Spiritualistic experiments first excited the London circles, I think, in the year 1854, when Mr Home was exhibiting what he called spiritualistic powers, and George, I think, then avowed himself a believer. His natural enthusiasm, and his desire to obtain a visible proof of a spiritual world, seem to me to have led him to this; and though he admits that there is very frequent fraud mixed up with much of the *phenomena* which is presented to the public, he yet argues that a hundred cases of proved *fraud* cannot neutralise the strength of one *true case, duly authenticated*. This I admit to be a true position, but *with me* it is a mere abstract statement, having no practical weight in the matter of which we speak; for though I have for many years devoted considerable time, as I had opportunity, in investigating the subject, I have never had brought before me a single exhibition which could be accepted as being *duly authenticated*. On the contrary, while I have discovered at least a

dozen cases of fraud, I have never seen one case which I did not believe to be done by the ordinary dexterity which travelling conjurors employ. When I read in their Journal of any wonderful phenomenon being daily repeated in London, after thinking over it for a day or two, I have supposed one or two ways in which it might possibly be effected, and I have then written the parties, offering £40, sometimes £50, provided they succeeded when I applied some simple test of the truth and honesty of the phenomenon exhibited. I have in such cases invariably been either refused the use of the test proposed, or I have been allowed it, but in this latter case I have not in one single instance had any success. The test, even of the simplest kind, has been a complete extinguisher of all assumed spiritualistic power. This has been my invariable experience both in London and in Glasgow, in, I believe, at least a dozen instances. Neither the love of money nor the love of truth could elicit the phenomena when a simple test stood in the way. The argument, then, that any number of negatives cannot neutralise one positive case, perfectly authenticated, is to me, as I have said, a mere empty phrase, signifying nothing, for during fifteen years' inquiry, in which I have probably offered £500 in all, I have never seen one instance of success.

I admit that my brother stands not alone among educated and thoughtful men as a favourer of spiritualism, for he is backed by many men distinguished both in science and literature; but I doubt if any of these believers have seriously exercised their ingenuity for the detection of fraud; and if they have, we know that many men, who are specialists in certain branches of study, are just the least sharp in the discovery of fraud which lies out of their own peculiar beat. We all know also how very difficult it is, even for the sharpest men, to detect the tricks of ordinary practitioners of legerdemain. It is said that some jug-

glers have been consulted, and have declared that the so called spiritualistic manifestations are not the result of *sleight of hand;* no indeed they are not; the many acts of fraud I have myself discovered, have convinced me that much broader and clumsier acts are practised, and will be discovered whenever an investigator has courage to grapple with the ghostly apparitions.*

I fear I have made very little reference to my brother's medical career in London. I have no doubt, from his intelligence, and his frank and kindly manner, he might have acquired a large practice had it not been for certain idiosyncrasies of character, which he possessed in common with most of the members of the family. Nevertheless, a Scotsman, and we may say, an entire stranger in London, he soon acquired a very fair start in his profession. He had among his patients some who were possessed of rank and title, and others who were influential as public and literary characters, but my brother laid himself too much out as a hygienist,

* Since this reference to spiritualism, which I have now shown to my brother, was written, he has kindly furnished me with the following statement of his views, and of what led him to take an interest in the spiritualistic movement.

"In 1839, I became deeply interested in curative and phenomenal mesmerism, and this interest even deepened with my advancing years, while my curative power over neuralgia was often most satisfactory.

"In describing mesmeric and other spiritualistic phenomena, I have generally used the term *experimental* psychology in distinction to the term speculative psychology.

"In these experiments I have been from the year 1854, with intervals, up to the present time, engaged with absorbing interest; knowing, as I do, that these experiments can demonstrate the spiritual nature of man, and, indeed, demonstrate that the foundation of all matter is spiritual force, or the will of God materialised in the visible universe. Hence to me the dominant agnosticism and materialism of the present age is shown to be the result of ignorance, but that this ignorance is destined, within a reasonable time, to become extinguished through the power of scientific demonstration."

and unfortunately he did not conceal his scepticism as regards the use of drugs; this is his own assertion, and it certainly was more a mark of his extreme scrupulosity than of what is regarded as worldly wisdom. He was, moreover, greatly over sensitive as regards the patient's purse strings, and so, often without due consideration, when he thought he was doing little good to his friends, he intermitted his calls, and thus with some, I have no doubt, incurred the character of being careless or indifferent, which certainly was not the case. Lastly, I think it must be admitted that my brother's mind was generally too variously occupied to allow him to harden into the stuff which makes a very successful, hard working medical practitioner. Nevertheless, for more than thirty years he maintained himself and his family in Great Cumberland Place, within fifty yards of the Marble Arch, chiefly by his own professional exertions.

To close my remarks on my brother George, and as serving to illustrate his energetic and impulsive character, I insert the two following letters which he sent to the *Scotsman* newspaper. The first, dated 8th August 1885, was written as he was passing through Edinburgh on his way to Blair Athol. It called forth about a dozen replies in the *Scotsman;* and the second letter of my brother, dated 15th August, wound up the contention :—

"EDINBURGH REVISITED.

"LONDON, *August* 8.

"SIR,—During the last forty-five years I have resided in London, during which period I have from time to time revisited Edinburgh.

"I never do revisit Edinburgh without being filled with admiration at the beauty and splendour of the city; the grand outline of the Castle rock and buildings; the solemn grandeur of Arthur Seat, as a lion couchant, watching over the city, and the bright and imposing aspect of Princes Street as seen from the Mound, with

the beautiful Gardens; the distant sea, and Fife hills; and the many monuments and buildings and spires which fill up the foreground.

"In the very midst, however, of all this beauty and grandeur there is a big dark ugly blot which mars the *tout ensemble.* I allude to that ugly big stone box called the West Church; probably, in relation to the importance of the situation, the ugliest church in Great Britain; and the question forces itself on our attention, what can we do with it? Doubtless, a clever architect, having some thousands of pounds at his disposal, might encase the present ugly box of dark stone with fine masonry, and convert it into a casket worthy of the situation, and of the worshippers within its walls. As, however, this might involve an expense difficult to meet, I would suggest a plan which would cost only a few pounds. I would suggest that evergreen shrubs should be planted round the base of the church, and ivy and other creepers on the walls, and that good trees be planted round it on all sides. These decorations would reduce the apparent gauntness of the church, hide its ugly nakedness, and might even impart to it a picturesque arborescent effect.

"Will the Lord Provost not consider this matter; or will some committee of æsthetical inhabitants not see to it? If accomplished, I think it would add one more ornament to the matchless picturesqueness of the most imposing city in Her Majesty's dominions.

"It is five years since I last revisited Edinburgh, and I find many improvements. Formerly there were many corners and little plots of land, and little garden grounds, chiefly occupied by dead cats, broken crockery and old shoes. These spaces, I find, have all been planted with shrubs and flowers, and enclosed within handsome iron railings. Horticulture generally has made much progress, and the floriculture of Princes Street Gardens quite

rivals that of Hyde Park; and all this progress leads one who is very jealous for the beauty of Edinburgh to hope that the suggestions he has ventured to offer with regard to the West Church may meet with some consideration.—I am, &c.

"G. W., M.D."

"THE UGLIEST CHURCH IN GREAT BRITAIN.

"LONDON, *August* 15, 1885.

"SIR,—As the writer of the letter which has called out so many other letters, will you permit me briefly to reply.

"I regret to find that the controversy has turned on the question of which is the ugliest church in Great Britain, instead of on the more important question, how can the most ugly West Church of Edinburgh be made less ugly?

"I must be permitted to remind your correspondents that I never said the West Church was the ugliest church in Great Britain. My words were—the West Church, *in relation to the beauty and importance of the situation*, is the ugliest church in Great Britain.

"This, I think, nearly all will admit, although 'Ana,' who cannot surely be a descendant of the prophetess of that name, denies that it is ugly, but rather a beautiful protest against all ornament in religion; while, at the same time, she says the spire is a thing of beauty, 'calm and passionate.'

"It is not easy to see the consistency of 'Ana's' remarks, for surely if it is a beautiful thing in religion to have an ugly church, it must be an ugly thing in religion to have a beautiful spire. Neither is it easy to understand how a spire can be at one and the same time 'calm and passionate.'

"However, to return to the practical question. How can the West Church be rendered less ugly than it is? I suggested ivy

and other creepers and the planting of trees, and I still think that, if this were done at once, in two or three years hence the West Church might become a picturesque object as seen from the Mound, or even on closer inspection, and this at an expense of probably not more than £100.

"Most Scotsmen who have spoken to me about it have said—The only cure is to pull down the church, and spend £20,000 on a new church worthy of the congregation and of the situation.

"I am told that the congregation of the West Church is the largest in Scotland—about 2800 sitters, and that the minister is the first clerical orator in Edinburgh. If so, how good it would be if he were to raise his voice and thus stimulate his fellow-citizens to produce a work at once worthy of himself and of the most picturesque capital in Europe.—I am, &c.

"G. W., M.D."

In connection with the subject matter of these letters, I may here state that, in the autumn of 1888, an agreement was come to between the heritors and the city, to expend £10,000 on the improvement and ornament, outside and inside, of this prominent hideosity in our city. I leave the readers to judge how much of this action may be due to the ferment infused by my brother George's letters into the public mind.

George has ventilated his various views in various books, pamphlets, and public lectures, and lately on miracles, as not contrary to, but as accentuations of nature; but, to my mind, he has produced nothing more useful and attractive than a little volume (now in the second edition), entitled, *The Life, Teaching, and Works of the Lord Jesus Christ*, arranged as a continuous narrative of the four Gospels, *according to the Revised Version*. In his arrangement he follows the harmony of the Rev. Dr Robinson, as published by the Religious Tract Society of London.

The preface to this volume, from its brevity, and the masterly estimate it contains of Christ's life, character, and teaching, is, I consider, eminently deserving of our frequent and careful study.

It only remains to be stated as an evidence of George's versatility and activity, that he is a good billiard player, and, for his age, 68, one of the best lawn tennis players. In February 1885, he led a deputation of Generals and Admirals to the Right Hon. Mr Goschen, M.P., to advocate the necessity, in the face of the dangers of the disintegration of the empire threatened by Mr Gladstone's Irish policy, of forming a union of all moderate Conservatives and Liberals, under the name of *The Patriotic Party*. Mr Goschen and his Secretary gave two interviews to this deputation, and expressed thorough concurrence in the views expressed, and a few months afterwards assisted in the formation of *The Liberal Unionist* Association, which George joined, and as an active member, has privately and publicly supported ever since: his idea being that the one grand cure for Irish discontent is, that the Queen should have in Ireland a large landed property and residence, and live there part of every year.

George last year became, by election of the ratepayers, a member of the Kensington Vestry, and he is also a member of the *Kensington Parliament*, where he recently occupied the position of Postmaster General.

CHAPTER XIV.

EDWARD WYLD.

I HAVE made many efforts to obtain materials from which to form a sketch of my brother Edward's life, but in vain; for several years I tried to induce him to note down any events or adventures which he might consider interesting to friends, but my entreaties were all in vain; he never even replied to my applications; and when I asked Nellie if he had ever put pen to paper to help me, she declared, she did not think he ever had. All I have got from my brother George and my sister Janet, are the dates of his three voyages out to Sydney, and his three voyages home to his native land. I know he was in the habit of writing pretty regularly from Sydney, but among the bundles of family letters I have obtained from Augusta, I do not find any from Edward. All I can possibly write, will therefore be exceedingly meagre and insufficient, and unworthy of the simple, warm-hearted brother of whom I treat.

Edward was born at Bonnington Bank, 16th May 1824. His early appearance, when between nine and ten years of age, is well represented by a rough oil sketch in Augusta's possession, executed by Mr Tait, the young Hamilton artist whom I have elsewhere alluded to as having very successfully executed the full length

portrait of our father, which at present hangs in the hall of Professor and Mrs Blackie's house in Douglas Crescent.

Edward began his education at the Edinburgh Circus School, and from that school he went to the Edinburgh Academy, probably when ten years of age.

Edward, as a jolly little boy, was a particular favourite of his uncle Brown, who, at an early period, engaged his sons to take him, when of suitable age, into their office in Sydney. He accordingly, when fifteen years of age, namely in 1839, sailed from Leith to London, and thence to Sydney.

He had a stormy passage to London, and the vessel struck on the Goodwin Sands, and the passengers, if I remember correctly, were taken off to London in another vessel.

Edward served as apprentice, and then as clerk, in the office of his cousins, the Messrs Brown & Co., probably for some six or seven years, after which he became a partner, and received a suitable share of the profits, which were generally very large.

In Sydney, Edward for a time lived with his cousin, Tom Brown, and thereafter in lodgings with a young friend, John Gibson, a son of John Gibson, W.S., Edinburgh, whose father again, Mr Gibson, also W.S., proprietor of Ladhope Burn, lying on the high bank of the Gala, immediately north of the present Galashiels Railway Station, was my old and kind friend when I was a boy at the Galashiels School.

John Gibson, Edward's friend, was a clerk, and then agent, in a Sydney Bank, and he continued one of Edward's chief friends till his death, which occurred soon after Edward's final return to London.

Edward made his first voyage home in 1853, and remained with his parents for one year, returning to Sydney in 1854.

In 1860, on hearing of the death of his father, he came home for the second time, to see if he could be of any service to his

mother and sisters. When at Ceylon, at which his vessel touched, he read in an English newspaper the announcement of his mother's death, at Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight.

On arriving in London, after seeing his brother George and his uncles, George and Benjamin Stodart, he went direct to Ventnor, to the lodgings which had been taken by his mother and sisters, Isabella, Augusta, and Janet. In Ventnor, he also had the society of Dr and Mrs Lewis and their family, who had been for some months resident in the Isle of Wight, as shall be recorded in our sister Marion's life. Edward was a great comfort to his sisters at this trying time. I also, at the same time, went from Queensferry, and spent eight or ten days with my sisters at Ventnor, Edward almost daily treating us to excursions over the beautiful island, and along its verdant coast.

After a year spent with his brothers and sisters in England and in Scotland, Edward returned again to Sydney in 1861. When with us in Edinburgh, I remember he proposed to take a tour to the Highlands, which he probably had scarcely ever properly seen. I said I would gladly accompany him, provided a short tour would satisfy him, and if it could be conducted on economical principles, as I had just removed to the house I had bought in Inverleith Row, and was spending a good deal of money in furnishing it. This was quite to Edward's mind, and he and I and my son James, accordingly left for Callander, Loch Katrine, and Loch Lomond, Oban, and Glasgow, and back to our house in Inverleith Row. I remember only that our entire luggage was a pretty capacious carpet bag between us three, and that when we had to hurry on to coaches, inns, and boats, Edward insisted it should be carried by our thrusting our stout walking sticks through the handles, and carrying it thus between two of us at a time. This was fulfilling the terms of our agreement to the letter. Edward greatly enjoyed the fun, though it cost us some perspiration when the road proved long and rough,

Edward returned to Sydney in 1861, after having spent about a year among us. Some time before leaving Sydney, he had built a very tasteful and comfortable house, and had lived a hospitable bachelor life, giving frequent dinners to his friends, and being a great favourite with the Sydney community.

In 1863, viz., twenty-two years after his first settlement in Sydney, he invited his sister Janet, the youngest of the family, to come out to him and take charge of his house. This proposal Janet at once accepted. She had always a tender affection for her brother, which grew ever stronger by her more perfect knowledge of his loving and generous qualities, and which attached her to him with an enthusiasm, which formed the main happiness of her life during the years they lived together in Australia and in England. Edward came home finally from Sydney in 1867, and assisted John and William Brown in the duties of the London office.

In the summer of 1867, my brother William and I, at Edward's request, went to examine and report upon the romantic property of Ardlui, lying at the immediate narrow head of Loch Lomond, the house, fishings, and shootings of which were then in the market. These we secured for our brother Edward, and we afterwards, with a large gathering of the family and other friends from London and Edinburgh, spent at different periods of the autumn very happy times there, Edward and William especially enjoying the shooting. There were ducks and geese in abundance on the loch, and on the river, which issued from the valley of Inverarnon, and entered Loch Lomond close to Ardlui House, also grouse and black game; mountain hares and rabbits abounded on the exceedingly steep and lofty mountains which shut in the narrow waters of the lake on the east and west sides, over which the shooting extended; and the rugged top of Ben Voirlich, which lay on the west side, was the haunt of ptarmigan, which bred there, and made the shooting more interesting and varied. In the gloaming of a

quiet evening, when the sun was well sunk beneath the dark mountains, I have known nothing more solemn than a solitary stroll up the Inverarnon Valley, and to listen to the music of the numerous cascades which were constantly dashing down the sides of the mountains. Though heavy bags were got by the sportsmen at Ardlui, yet it required strong legs and rough soled boots to climb these steep mountains, and it was chiefly on their crests that the mountain hares abounded.

Edward was an untiring sportsman, and after the hardest day's work, was always fresh. On returning from the high and rough beat on the opposite side of the loch, he, after seeing friends, keepers, gillies, dogs, and game bags into the boat, invariably took the oars, and with long strong strokes, brought all quickly to the jetty under the house.

Next year, namely, in 1868, Edward took the house and shootings of Blelack, on the north side of the river Dee, in Aberdeenshire, lying probably twelve miles above Ballater. There again he had a large gathering of friends and relatives. To persons who were travelling past in the coach towards Braemar, Blelack appeared a wide moorland country, backed by mountains, and fringed by distant trees. When I was travelling to Braemar in the public coach some weeks before Edward's party had settled at Blelack, I remember pointing out to some English ladies who were journeying up Dee side, pieces of scenery which I considered beautiful; but they were more artistic than I, for it was not till we were passing Blelack Moor, that they burst into spontaneous exclamations of admiration. The melancholy stretch of moorland forming its foreground—the tasteful edging of foliage, which at a great distance relieved its desolation and spoke of human shelter, taste, and comfort; and then the mountains, upreared behind except where they opened into unknown regions beyond,—such was Blelack, a characteristic specimen of Aberdeenshire scenery.

Blelack was, however, destined to be a scene of more stirring excitement before the large and friendly party of 1868 broke up. It was on a fine autumn evening of that year,—Edward being, as I have said, a bachelor, and my sister Janet presiding, and gracefully making all the guests feel happy,—that the sudden arrest fell on their companionship. There were gentlemen, ladies, young people, and children, Henry and his newly married wife Louise, William and George, and their families, Col. Markam, and I think some other sportsmen. I and my family were settled at the time in our quiet cottage at Braemar. The party were playing at croquet in front of the house till a late hour, and though the bell had warned them to dress for dinner, they played out the game, and then all ran off to dress. They had just finished dinner, when a servant entered aghast to announce that one of the bedrooms was on fire, and that the flames were bursting through the open doorway. The excitement may be conceived. All rose instantly, and were rushing up stairs to see what was to be done, when they were warned by an old man that the stair, which was of wood, was not to be trusted, as the flames were sweeping along the passage. Some of the gentlemen seem then to have lost their wits in the hubbub of orders, counter orders, and exclamations which resounded through the house, for instead of each one seeking to save his own apparel and other valuables, by throwing them out of the window, they united in an attempt to drag out an old pianoforte of great weight, but of very little value. Very little consequently was saved from the main house except the dress the different individuals were wearing. Captain Markham and William, who had their quarters in the wing connected with the house by a single doorway, had this quickly closed up with wet turf, and thus saved their traps.

It had been a very hot season, the house was old and dry, and the windows were wide open for ventilation; and in an

incredibly short time the roof and floors fell in, and Blelack became a smoking ruin. All the furniture was destroyed, nearly all the clothing and dresses, and a considerable amount of gold coin. Neither Janet nor Louise, owing to their hurried preparations for dinner, had even their ordinary amount of finery on their persons; their loss was consequently all the more severe. The distress of this disaster was, however, less felt from the circumstance that Blelack was an old house, and that it and the furniture were insured by the proprietor. Edward then rented the manse, and thus enjoyed the shootings for several weeks longer.

Edward had reached about forty-five years of age without seriously thinking of matrimony. He was a jolly, hospitable bachelor, as I have said, interested in his daily occupations, and in the afternoon enjoying excursions on horseback, alone or with Janet, or having a game at croquet or at cricket with young men of his own age, and very frequently having his friends at dinner, and a game of whist in the evening. He seemed to be thoroughly satisfied, so far as appeared. When he finally came home, however, in 1867, his sisters urged him to seek a wife, and his brothers joked him on the subject, and even tried to tempt him. I was present at George's house in Great Cumberland Street one evening when he had assembled sixty or seventy of his friends, old and young, and among the latter was a young lady from Scotland, who in every respect, in station, in worldly prospects, in mental and personal attractions, seemed to us all, eminently desirable. I felt exasperated by Edward's conduct on this occasion. Instead of mixing and speaking to all, and especially to the fascinating young lady of whom we have spoken, he stood in a corner of the room apparently engrossed in conversation with two or three old Sydney fogies on matters entirely unimportant, if not wearisome. It seemed as if a gem of inestimable value and lustre was within his reach, and he could

not see it, or at all estimate it, but preferred the carpet under his feet. Unaccountable indifference! The fact is, Edward was naturally a contented and happy and kind man, but beyond this, it would seem, he had little enthusiasm or imagination,—so it seemed to us. One fact we knew, that he was at that time naturally a very shy man, and unpractised in conversing with young ladies. His life in Sydney had connected him with young men, their thoughts, interests, and occupations, except always for the kindness and hospitality he had experienced from Mrs John and Mrs Thomas Brown, with both of whom he was a great favourite. The day, however, was not far off, for a change in his life and habits, for the next Highland shooting he took was Woodhill, in Perthshire, and to it, in 1869, he came with a wife, and by and by came again others of the Wyld family, also his wife's sister, Mrs Latouch, a refined and beautiful young widow, since then married to the Rev. Mr Rhynd.

In April 1869, Edward was married to Ellen Elizabeth Müller, eldest daughter of Mr Müller, a wealthy merchant, who had for many years resided and carried on business in Chili, South America. How the intimacy which led to the marriage originated, I do not for certain know, and at this distant period I do not care to show my ignorance by inquiring; but I naturally conclude it to have arisen from an intimacy between the Müller family and my brother Henry, during his frequent voyages to Chili, and that when Mr Müller retired from business, and brought his family to London, the intimacy may have extended to Janet and Edward. Certain it is that Edward had met Nellie Müller before his return to Sydney in 1861, for some time after he left London, he wrote, that the tones of her voice and the songs she had sung, had never faded from his memory; and we may suppose they had even whispered to him the possibility of happier times to come, as come they did nearly eight years later.

Edward's marriage with Nellie Müller was solemnised in London, at the church of Marylebone, and an elegant lunch followed, given to a large assembly of friends and relatives, in the Paddington Hotel, in the neighbourhood of the church. It was altogether grandly conducted, a matter this of comparatively little importance; a much more important point was, that it proved a very happy marriage in every respect. Nellie was a most active, conscientious, and loving wife, and Edward was an equally loving and indulgent husband. In due time they were blessed with a family of four sons and five daughters. The eldest son, Charles Edward, has been educated at Harrow, and is now (1889) entered at Merton College, Oxford. He is amiable, conscientious, good-looking, steady to his duties, and, strange for a Wyld, devoted to the classical languages. He is also, like his father, active and successful in athletic sports, and though of mild manner and character, he has decided to follow the military profession, and he has already joined the militia battalion of the Duke of Connaught's regiment, and has been entered in the Duke's list for an appointment to the Rifle Brigade. The next members of the family, in order of age, were the twin sisters, Nellie and Mary, and then Violet, Beatrice, William Müller, Hugh, Evelyn, and Edward. They are as fine a family, and as well brought up, as I have ever seen. We have at Bordighera photographs of the parents and children, presented to us by the mother, and contained in a long folding frame, into which we often look. My wife and I paid a very happy visit to Edward and Nellie at the Tile House in the month of September 1886, at the time we took our grandchild, Marguerite Louise Scott, on her return to Miss Pipe's boarding school at Laleham, near London; and at the same time we travelled with Bertie Trayner, per Caledonian Railway, on his return to Rugby school. Our visit to the Tile House extended from 26th September to the 2nd October, after which we returned to Edinburgh *via* Oswestry,

passing there with our son Robert, and Mary his wife, and their only child, Robert Stodart, six or seven days, and rejoicing to see them all so well and happy.

But to return to the subject of Edward's family at the Tile House, and the wise method adopted by the parents with their children. Nellie always encouraged her children in occupying themselves in all such arts, studies, and amusements, as accorded with their several tastes. This she wisely considered the surest way of avoiding an empty, useless, and unhappy life. For men and women who have no distinct and special interests must almost necessarily degenerate into mere idle seekers after pleasure. Nellie, therefore, had regular ways with her children, and as they were active-minded children, they fell readily into their lines. There were certain studies, of course, which were prescribed to them, and these were taught them by an accomplished German governess. After these, came their own amusements and favourite occupations. At their out-door sports, they were allowed to romp as they pleased. Every evening that we were at the Tile House, they came before our dinner hour to the drawing-room, and seated themselves round a large table, on which were pencils and paper, picture books, boxes of puzzles, &c., and each child followed his or her taste, drawing and constructing figures on paper, and forming puzzles in wood; all were busy, amused, and happy. After about an hour of this, they generally had a dance, or a romping game on the floor, and then off they ran to bed. The eldest son was at Harrow at the time of our visit, and we had an excursion to that celebrated school, when Charles Edward showed us the various interesting objects with which it abounds. The twin daughters were at school at Richmond.

Not the least happy of the group at the Tile House were my brother and his wife Nellie, notwithstanding that, for some years, both of them had been well aware that Edward

had the organic disease of aneurism, which, from time to time, gave him great pain, and which they knew might suddenly carry him off; as it did, and entirely without pain, on the morning of 9th May 1887, at his house in Courtfield Gardens. Thus does God prepare the mind of those who trust in Him, and brings them into a peaceful submission to His will. Edward, the morning of his death, had just awakened, and made the remark to his wife, *I have had a most satisfactory night.* Scarcely, however, were the words pronounced, when the rupture of the artery occurred. Edward could only utter the further words, *Send for George.* His brother's house was not above two minutes' walk distant, but before he arrived Edward was dead. Such was the end of a happy, simple, contented, and useful life—devoted much more to make others happy, than to any private gratification, or ambition.

Edward had all his life been fond of athletic sports; and many pretty hard knocks and strains had he got, but the occasion on which he received the injury to the artery, which was destined to shorten his life, neither he nor any of us knew. My brother George tells me, that when the vessel which, in 1839, took him from Leith to London, struck on the Goodwin Sands, while Edward was working at the capstan to ease her off, some of the tackle gave way, and he was struck violently by one of the spokes, and knocked down; also, that on another occasion, when riding at a rapid pace on horseback at Sydney, he came across the branch of a tree, and was hurled on his back to the ground; and on another occasion, when rowing with all his might against the stream, he was suddenly attacked by a severe pain. He was also frequently struck by cricket and racket balls. Any one of these blows or strains may have caused the injury we allude to.

My brother Edward's character was one easily understood, though there were in it traits which some might call contradictions. He was unmistakeably a happy, good tempered, and generous man.

He was never so much in his element as when doing kindness or conferring permanent benefit on a friend, and there are none of us who have not received many proofs of his kindness; and others, who needed it, received permanent proofs of his generosity. At the same time, we may admit that he was in his temper hasty, and sometimes on slight grounds, for a time, prejudiced. This showed itself, not by acts, but by occasional jocular, but sarcastic expressions.

Edward was naturally rash, and devoid of fear. He showed this in his sports, and also in his money speculations. When out shooting, he carried his gun carelessly, neglecting the primary precaution never to have the muzzle pointed either at his own person or at that of others walking beside him. It was from his neglect of this rule that it became rather a nervous occupation to shoot in his company, or to sit in a boat with him when out sporting, for it was in vain to try to convince him that there was danger in the position. One day, however, when he and his brother William were walking together, gun in hand, Edward carrying his with the muzzle close to his ear, and his hand on the lock, the gun went off, driving its contents through the rim of his hat, and stunning him with the noise, which rang in his ear for two or three days. This narrow escape made at least a temporary impression on Edward, he became instantly pale and silent.

In driving and riding on horseback, he generally went at a pelting pace; and even when he was suffering from his mortal disease, and under strict injunctions to avoid all strains, frights, and fatigues, he continued to drive a fiery horse every other day to the railway station, and to sit for hours as a director in London at several bank and insurance company meetings, at one of which he was for long the chairman. I, who sat beside him on the driving box on one occasion, was horrified to see the horse, in spite of all my brother's exertions, take the bit in its teeth, and set off at

a round gallop. On my telling my brother of the extreme impropriety of his driving such a horse, he merely remarked, that it would tire before we reached the station. I, who had twice suffered by accidents from runaway horses, did not feel much assured by this expected eventuality.

In investing his capital, his absence of fear was, as I have said, equally apparent, and before his death he had good reason to become very uneasy regarding the position of two of his heaviest investments, which had fallen dangerously low in the market. He, however, as to money matters, was the wealthy man of the family, and besides his fine house, park, and grounds of Tile House, and his handsome house in Courtfield Gardens, he left an abundant fortune to his wife and children.

Since writing the above, I the other day received a kind letter from my sister Augusta, dated at 11 Lennox Street, Edinburgh, 7th April 1889, regarding her own early life and that of her brother Edward—there were only twenty-one months between them in age. I had written my sister inquiring if she could furnish me with any particulars of his life. In her reply, she merely gave me a picture of their nursery life at Gilston, and of his amiability and kindness as a little companion, remarking, that there could be no doubt that in these times they *felt life worth living*, and that the boy was in Edward's case the father of the man.

She also sent to me a letter of Edward's, addressed to her, dated at Shanghai, China, 8th October 1851. It was most carefully, neatly, and closely written, and occupied four quarto pages. It was written four months after leaving Sydney, and it gave an account of his visit to Singapore, Hong Kong, and Canton; and then from Canton back to Hong Kong. During the last part of the voyage, he had his usual bad luck at sea, and encountered a severe typhoon, which lasted seventeen days, during which time he and his fellow-passengers were kept in the cabin in darkness,

and drenched night and day. They, however, reached Hong Kong again after thirty eight days' voyage from Canton, and there Edward lived for some time with Mr and Mrs Hogg, whom he found in every respect hospitable and agreeable. Mr Hogg was the tea agent of the Messrs Brown's firm. I believe that this visit to China had been suggested by Edward himself, and that its object was to get their tea transactions put on a more satisfactory basis. Without, however, explaining the nature of his mission, he in this letter alludes to it, saying, "I have now completed my mission, and I hope, and think, in a satisfactory manner; however, we are short-sighted mortals, groping about in darkness visible, at the best of times."

The voyage was not yet ended, nor its trials. Edward, in returning to Sydney, encountered another severe storm, and the vessel, which he had laded with a large cargo of tea for the Sydney firm, was shipwrecked or stranded, and much damage done to the cargo, but which was fortunately fully insured. My sister tells me that, on another occasion he was tossed in an open boat, subjected to hunger and thirst, scorched and chilled by sun and frost for a fortnight. But of such things, Edward, who was not fond of parading either his sufferings or his successes, habitually said little.

I shall finish this very insufficient account of my brother Edward, by inserting a letter, written after his death, by one of his friends, and inserted in the *Uxbridge and Buckingham Gazette*, and cut out from that periodical, and sent to us by Nellie. It is gratifying, as showing a correct appreciation of my brother's character, by one who had, for several years, had the best opportunities of knowing it.

"THE LATE MR EDWARD WYLD.

"*To the Editor.*

"SIR,—The kindliness of your notice in last week's issue, of the

death of Mr Edward Wyld of the Tile House, Denham, induces me to write correcting one or two points of error, and adding a little to the information given. Mr Wyld, whose death, at the age of sixty-three, occurred on Monday, the 9th inst., at his London residence, 74 Courtfield Gardens, was the youngest surviving son of the late Mr Wyld of Gilston, Fifeshire. After spending most of the early part of his life in Australia, he returned finally to England in 1868, and in 1869 married Ellen Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late William Müller, J.P., of Hillside, Shenley, Herts, and 86 Portland Place, London. He was senior partner in the old established firm of Messrs Brown & Co., of London and Sydney, N.S.W., and was a Director of the Bank of Australasia, the Standard Bank of South Africa, and of the Ocean Marine Insurance Co. Your words of appreciation of Mr Wyld's character are by no means exaggerated, and to them you will perhaps allow me to add, as one who deeply valued his friendship, that his strict integrity of character, his unfailing courtesy and amiability of disposition, his thoughtful kindness towards the poor, and those who had need of help, were but the practical outcome of deep religious convictions, the natural fruit of a tree rooted and grounded in the love of Christ.

"I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

"WYNDHAM A. BEWES.

"11 Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.,
"*17th May* 1887."

CHAPTER XV.

LIEUTENANT BENJAMIN WYLD.

REGARDING my brother Benjamin's life in India, I had nothing sufficiently precise to enable me to attempt anything like a narrative. The other day, however (June 1887), my brother William sent to me a little parcel of papers he had obtained from his widow. These at once threw light upon a considerable part of Benjamin's Indian life, and showed how earnest and successful he had been in prosecuting the engineering duties in which he had been principally engaged during his too brief life in India, and how high he stood in the esteem of the heads of the engineering department. I feel it to be very satisfactory to be able to establish this, however much I may regret the imperfect and fragmentary nature of the documents and the blanks in their number.

Benjamin was the ninth son, and the fourteenth child of the family. He was born at Bonnington Bank, on the 17th April 1827. When of proper age, he was sent to the Edinburgh Academy, and afterwards to the Military Academy, then lately started in Edinburgh, and put under the superintendence of Captain Orr. There he studied geometry, fortification, and the drawing of military plans, which, though he had only been a year or two at this Academy, stood him in good stead when he

went to India, and gave him a decided bias in favour of engineering pursuits.

When Benjamin was at school, I remember him as a good-natured, easy-minded, playful boy, with lint-white hair. At that time he did not give any outward promise, either of decided good looks, or of the firmness and energy which distinguished his after professional life.

He got his cadetship, and was posted on arrival at Fort George to the 18th Madras Native Infantry. The cadetship was obtained through the influence of a son of David George Sandeman, of Spring Bank, Perth, an old friend and a co-director with my father in the Commercial Bank of Scotland. What post in India was held by my brother's patron, I am not aware.

The day on which he received intimation of his cadetship, was the day on which he acted as my best man on my marriage to Margaret Cassels; and in the inscription on the blank leaf of the volume, Thomson's *Seasons*, which he then presented to the bride, he thus indicates in his own hand this happy coincidence affecting both our lives. "To Margaret Wyld, from a Cadet, in remembrance of the first of November 1844. B.W."

The young man was thus launched on his professional career when a little over seventeen years of age, and shortly thereafter he sailed for India, and joined his regiment in the Madras Presidency.

After twelve years of Indian life, he came home to Gilston on furlough from Secunderabad, where I understand he had been stationed for some time, engaged in engineering work. And on 30th July 1856, he was married at Durie to Anne Lindsay, eldest daughter of Charles Maitland Christie, proprietor of the fine Fifeshire estate of Durie. Both families were much pleased with this marriage, especially my father and Mr Christie, who, as zealous Free Churchmen, had for many years lived in congenial fellowship.

How long Benjamin remained with his regiment, discharging regimental duties on his first going to India, I cannot tell, but among the scanty documents in my possession, there is one in my brother's hand, written and dated April 1858, two years before his death, designated, "*A List of Public Works executed by Lieutenant B. Wyld*," which is duly certified and signed by him, and accompanied by testimonials in reference thereto. The works therein entered are seven in number. The first work in the list, and therefore probably his first engineering appointment, has reference to the Coormonghia Ghat Road, the construction of which was entrusted to him. This road was five miles in length, and it was executed by him in six months, and obtained for him a complimentary certificate from the agent for the Hill Tracts of Orissa.

The second work entered in the list, is the Komgerah and Sohonpore Road, whose length was 58½ miles. For the execution of this, three seasons were assigned, but after one month, he was thanked for what he had done by the Governor-General in Council, and appointed to construct the more important work of forming the road between Cuttack and Nugool, 80 miles in length. Cuttack or Kattack was formerly the capital of the district of that name, which runs along the sea coast, south west from Calcutta. He was subsequently transferred to the 3rd European Regiment, which was commanded by the heroic Colonel Neal, who fell after recovering Cawnpore from the rebels during the mutiny. I shall give the documents certifying the success with which this work was accomplished, and which shows also that the eyes of the heads of the engineering department were upon my brother, and that they regarded him as a man on whom they could rely. The appointment was dated at Fort William, 25th June 1853, and is addressed to my brother as Lieutenant of the 18th Regiment of Madras Native Infantry, in these terms :—

"Sir, Your services having been placed at the disposal of this

Government, I am directed by the most noble the Governor of Bengal, to inform you that his Lordship has been pleased this day to appoint you to superintend the construction of the proposed new road from Cuttack to Nugool. You will place yourself under the orders of Mr Gouldsberry, the superintendent of the Tributary Mehals, at Cuttack. I have the honour to be," &c. &c. The next document I shall quote, is an extract from a letter written by Mr E. A. Samuells, superintendent above referred to, and addressed to the Secretary of the Government of Bengal. It is dated 3rd August 1854. In this letter he says, "I think Lieutenant Wyld is entitled to the favourable consideration of Government. He was allowed three years to make the Nugool Road. He has opened it for traffic in one year, and will hand it over finished completely in two. The district through which the road passes is exceedingly unhealthy, but Lieutenant Wyld has never spared himself. He was under canvass the whole of the hot weather, and has been out for a week at a time during the late heavy rains. Such zeal and devotion deserves encouragement." This was followed by an official reply from the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, concurring with Mr Samuells in his opinion, "that the exertions of Lieutenant Wyld in the construction of the road, are exceedingly creditable to him." Extract letter, dated Council Chambers, 6th October 1854, bears :—"His Lordship in Council has been pleased to authorise the grant to Lieutenant Wyld, of the increased allowance proposed for him."

The next document bears on the quality of the work done. It is an official letter of Mr Samuells, and is dated 11th January 1855. He says, "Taken as a whole, the road is in excellent order, and judiciously laid out; the rough wooden bridges you have built over several of the streams are substantial, and answer their purpose admirably. You are unquestionably entitled to great credit for the large amount of really good work you have done on very

small means. Generally speaking, I consider your work to have been most creditable, and the few details to which I have objected are quite exceptional."

The next entry in Lieutenant Wyld's *List* bears, that he had been pressed by the Lieutenant-Governor to undertake the Durmedah and Ganges road. It would seem he declined this offer, which was personally pressed upon him, but the reason of his declinature is not mentioned. It is probable that, after suffering from exposure to the fatigues and fevers alluded to in Mr Samuell's letter above quoted, he wisely saw the necessity of sparing himself further exposure at the time in a district held to be equally unwholesome. Be that as it may, he declined, and the next letter from Mr Samuells seems to close the correspondence incident to the completion of works Nos. 3 and 4 of the *List*. The letter is dated 14th May 1855, and intimates to my brother, that his letter, with a request to be relieved, had, in accordance with his wishes, been forwarded to Government. Mr Samuells adds, "I can truly say, that we shall be very sorry to lose your services, which have been most valuable."

The next and last public work, on the nature of which I have any documentary evidence, is the survey my brother made of an intended road from Moulmein to Margui, in Burmah, and which forms the fifth work entered in his list. This intended road was surveyed by my brother, and his report was forwarded to Government, accompanied by eleven maps, on 11th July 1857. This proposed road extended over the district along the sea coast of British Burmah, running south of Rangoon, and the nature of the surface of the country, and the reflections of my brother on the subject of a road over such a country, will be best understood by a perusal of the report which he made and forwarded to Lieutenant-Colonel A. Cunningham. It is interesting on many grounds, but especially to his father's family, as showing how little their brother grudged toil and exposure ; and to me it has a further interest, because in

some observations in the report, I think I observe evidence of ideas suggested to my brother when, many years previous, he was watching the draining and ditching carried on by his father at Gilston.

Report by Lieutenant B. Wyld, Executive Officer I.P.W., on the route from Moulmein to Tavoy, with eleven maps, dated 11th July 1857, Moulmein.

To Lieutenant-Colonel A. Cunningham, Chief Engineer, Pegu and Tenasseverin, at Rangoon.

Sir,—On the 31st of January 1857, I received my appointment in Calcutta as Executive Officer of the Moulmein and Margui road survey, and I left a week after, reaching my station at Moulmein, viz., on the 19th February.

2. *Time occupied in field.*—Although assured by a high official in Calcutta that the first season was lost, I was enabled with some exertion to make a start on survey duty by the 8th March, and was fortunate enough to reach Tavoy in thirty-five days, returning to Moulmein in twenty-seven, with a tolerably full field book, and considerable information regarding the route, which, so far as I know, has never been travelled through by any European.

3. This journey was not accomplished without very severe hardship in the two hottest months of the year. Every single member of the party of seventeen was afflicted with sickness, more or less, and one died a few days after the close of the journey. I myself suffered very much from a kind of bilious attack, which was the type of disease that prevailed among the whole party; the plagues of leeches, flies, drenching rains, and bottomless mud, need not be dilated on, though forming a most prominent feature in the pleasures of the journey.

4. *General public opinion regarding route.*—In obedience to your views as expressed in conversation at Rangoon, and to those

of Sir Archibald Bogle here, I made it my duty to discover, by every possible means, the public opinion as to the best manner and route by which to find one's way by land to Tavoy, and the result was, that there was but one opinion as to the route, viz. that by Modany and Yea; and, indeed, Sir Archibald Bogle expressly ordered me to report on that line.

5. *Confirmed by examination of country.*—Subsequent examination and experience has confirmed the soundness of this opinion as to the proper route, for there is but one possible route. The Amherst (?) and Tavoy Broonees (?) through which the traveller passes, are traversed from north to south by a high and broad belt of mountains, at a distance of from ten to five and twenty miles from the sea. Both the ends of the proposed road lying on the coast, or rather at a trifling distance of seven to nine miles, the road must be taken along the best ground between the mountain range and the sea, and this line has been roughly fixed for, at least, half a century, especially since the progress of General Dins Woon Ming, with an army, 'tis said, of 120,000 men and followers, *en route* to chastise a mingled revolt of the Tavoyans, and incursion of the Siamese.

6. *Dinswoon Road.*—The passage of an undoubtedly grand army through such a country was an immense undertaking, and a road had to be cut for it. This is the present route, called the "Dinswoon Road."

7. In the progress of time, the identical Dinswoon Road has, however, been found faulty in some places. Villages have sprung up lower down the creeks, and the result is, that the present route is occasionally more direct, and nearer the sea.

8. *Nature of the country.*—Finally, then, we have a barrier of nearly uninhabited mountains on the left (going south), and fearful tidal creeks and straggling swamps on the right, and the only available route is from village to village, and even these are

few and far between, at a distance generally of from one to four miles from the hills.

9. *Maps not all they should be.*—This is the route faithfully delineated in the accompanying maps; and here, in deprecation of hypercritical stricture on these last, I would respectfully remind you that they are the result of the end of a season's labour; and that even they, such as they are, were obtained with much difficulty.

10. *All this considerable extent done in short time.*—The very last means I should have recourse to, to magnify any little merit that I fancy attaches to my having, in two months' field work and two in offices, produced a sketch of upwards of two hundred miles of most difficult country to cross, would be a reference to the misfortunes of my predecessor, whom I thought a zealous, hard working man; but still I think it pardonable, to point to the proportions of forty miles of mapped country in eighteen months, and two hundred in four, and I do not think my maps are less informatory than his.

11. I trust the plan will give sufficient information to enable you to judge of the project of a road from Moulmein as far as Tavoy, with the additional information I now propose to submit to you.

12. *Only one feasible route in the country.*—If it is argued that no choice of route is obtainable from these sketches, I would respectfully submit once more, that it is the only feasible route in the Tenasseverin Provinces. It is that on which the few villages lie. It is that which is judiciously found avoiding the hills on one side, and the swamps on the other.

13. *Bare of villages and population.*—These provinces, as traversed to Tavoy, are remarkably bare of villages and population. Literally, except close to the two extremities, there are none east and none west of those indicated on the maps.

14. *Also of cultivation.*—Another feature is, that the cultivated surface is as a drop in the ocean. 'Tis not for me to expatiate on this point, which I believe to be caused, partly by the genius of the people being non-agricultural, and partly by the liability of all flat lands to frequent and undue inundation.

15. It cannot fail also to be noticed, the prodigious number of streams, creeks, and water courses that intersect the route, amounting, large and small, to 220 in number, and varying in breadth from 6 to 300 feet. All those not specially excepted are tidal, and many subject to overflow, consequently the difficulties of crossing them, especially at low water, are seriously increased; these it is impossible to avoid. Even in looking at a 12-inch globe, one may, without seeing the country, predicate that there must be an immense number of water courses; the road runs within from five to fifteen miles of a mountainous coast.

16. I have been careful to learn the views of Major Tytche, officiating commissioner of these Provinces, and of the deputy commissioner of Tavoy, Captain Briggs, who is also well acquainted with the Amherst province, where he at present officiates, and who has seen more of the country and its inhabitants than any other officer I know.

17. Major Tytche will state his own views to you and to Government, but in several conversations which I have had the pleasure of having with that gentleman, he seems to concur in my own opinion and Captain Briggs, that in the event of Government being anxious to open up a land communication with Tavoy, and as certainly (?) with Margui, the first step, if not the whole measure, should be to make an irregular (if I may use the expression) instead of a regular road. Any attempts at constructing and maintaining would be an unwarrantable waste of money, which may be much more usefully and profitably expended on other public works; for the following reasons :—

1st. *Objections to laying out large sums on a road. Water communications infinitely preferable.*—That the water communications with Tavoy and Margui, will ever be the great highways, owing to their greater facilities. The *penchant* of the Burmese for boating, their antipathy to walking when not absolutely necessary.

2nd. That the land traffic is at present, and ever would remain, for the foregoing reasons, insignificant.

3rd. That a regular road would ever remain unappreciated by the people for whom it was made, as it is beyond a doubt they would never use it if their object could be attained by the creeks and open sea.

4th. Other reasons, direct and indirect, might be brought forward against a complete road, as understood in the O.P.W., and against raised, levelled, bridged, metalled, and last, not least, maintained in a country and climate such as Tenasseverin.

18. *Lieutenant Wyld's opinion of kind of road required.*—What in my humble opinion seems to be required for the benefit of the Provinces and the Government Service, and public in general, is an opening, straightening rough bridging as far as feasible (and where bridging is precluded by expense, or natural obstacles, then the institution of ferries), of the only route.

19. The facilities for such a work are considerable, inasmuch as there is plenty of timber, and the natural surface of the country is better than any road short of a first rate one could be kept in. Such a road would offer increased facilities for intercourse between village and village, for the driving of cattle, for the transmission of Dawks if found necessary, from absence of steamers in the S.W. monsoon. And here it should be mentioned, that only during the stormy months of the year would the land route be used by traffickers right through from Moulmein to Margui, and *vice versa.*

20. *Tortuosity of Survey Road.*—With reference to the tortuousness of the surveyed route, I would suggest the necessity thereof in a road crossing a mountainous coast, but it is capable of some straightening, although, where apparently most required, viz., in sheets XIX. and XXI., it is scarcely attainable in the former No., on account of the consequent necessity of avoiding the convenient and comparatively important village of Oonbingain, and in the second No., it will probably be necessary to lengthen the route, as it encounters mountains on one hand, and rocks, swamps, and sea on the other. Most of the minor sinuosities (on sheet XI.) may possibly be done away with. In other instances, further examination of the country may lead to improvements.

21. *Must not slavishly adhere to surveyed route.*—When insisting on the only route, it is not meant that the exact line as surveyed is the one, for from that much exploration and judgment will be necessary in fixing the line, but still the general direction has no alternative.

22. *Country unsuitable for road making.*—From what has been said and delineated in the maps, it is evident the country is very unsuitable for roadmaking, consequently the expense of constructing one will be considerable.

23. *Lieutenant Wyld proposes "trial lines" and a grant of Rs.* 30,000.—At present, I am not prepared to furnish complete estimates, as the style of roads has not been decided upon by you and the other authorities; but in my sketch-estimate lately forwarded to you, I have submitted the sum of Rs. 30,000, as what might with propriety be sanctioned this year ('57/'58) for outlay in establishment of works, the latter to consist firstly, in cutting the jungle to a breadth of, say, fifteen feet, in fact, in "trial lines," in improving the same, as much as time and means will allow. In due time, I shall be able to submit a particular estimate, but I hope my past experience of eight years

on roads, and the economy with which my funds were expended, will, at present, be a sufficient guarantee that no money will be wasted. After a line is fixed, it will be possible to make an estimate with some degree of correctness; to do so at present would be idle presumption.

24. *Jungle cutting would be done nearly gratuitously by villagers.*—It is not intended to be said that cutting "trial lines" will cost Rs. 30,000 (with establishment), but merely that the ex-officer should have that sum at his disposal for next season's work. It might subsequently be increased, if found insufficient.

25. *Highest rate of labour.*—The people on the line would nearly gratuitously cut the jungle, but anything like grubbing roots, trenching, &c., would require to be paid for, at rates that might be fixed hereafter. In earth work, I would propose 5a. 4p. *per diem*. But the population being so extremely thin, extraneous labour would be required after a time, and food would, in that case, require to be brought for the latter.

26. *Fair supply of fresh water.*—There is a fair, although by no means abundant, supply of fresh water on the route. For seven days, the surveying party camped in dense jungle, without a hut, between Isekengyer and Indiadsa, both little Roneen settlements surrounded by wild elephants, and the rhinoceros. One of the former we shot.

27. *Only two ghauts of any consequence in the route.—No traffic by wheeled carriages.*—The chief, indeed the only, obstruction is from hills, excepting sheet XXI., unexplored, and the mallowaydoring in sheet XIV., and the oonty in sheet XIX., and both, if judiciously traced, may be reduced, I think, to gradients suitable for wheels. At present there is scarcely a wheeled conveyance for eight-tenths of the way.

28. I do not at present think of any other point requiring the notice of a road surveyor. Those demanding attention, and which

are, I am aware, imperfectly commented on in this report, may, in my humble opinion, be summarised as follows, viz :—

Summary, viz. : 1st.—The style of road that would best suit the objects of Government, and the convenience, of course, of the public.

2nd. If ordered to be executed, the grant primarily of, say Rs. 30,000, to fix the line, and improve to the best of one's ability for the first season.

3rd. After first season's work, to prepare further plans for crossing rivers, creeks, and swamps, with details, estimates of the expense, &c.

29. As it seems desirable to submit this report in time to admit of your forwarding it to Government, and to obtain their orders a month or two before the working season, commencing 1st December 1857, and as any more elaborate effusion would only, I humbly believe, waste your valuable time, I now forward it, craving indulgence for all errors of omission and comission, and I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant,

B. WYLD, Lieut.,

Ex. Officer Moulmein and Margui Road Survey.

P.S.—4 maps by Mr Kelly, and 21 by myself, accompany the report.

Those who take the trouble to peruse this report can scarcely, I think, fail to discover how much sound thought and judgment are brought to bear on the subject entrusted to the writer. The survey of 240 miles of country was an arduous and important undertaking, and the reader will discover evidence, not only of much thought, but also of much confidence and self-reliance, the result of consciousness that he had made himself master of the subject. The fatigues and privations in conducting such a survey, at such a season, and in executing the necessary plans, may be conceived,

they are merely touched on by the writer, they are certainly never paraded.

My brother's conclusion as to the doubtful propriety of forming a *regular road* through such a country, it will be seen, commended itself to the heads of the engineering department, as also to Government, and the prompt and peculiarly hearty recognition of his services in this affair, will also be remarked. These cannot have failed to be very gratifying to my brother.

The first of these marks of approval which I can give, is in the form of a letter from Lieutenant C. D. Newmarch, assistant chief engineer of Pegu and Tenasserim, then in charge of the chief engineer's office.

"*Rangoon*, 23*rd July* 1857.

My Dear Wyld,—By a letter you got by the last mail, you will have learnt that your present appointment had been abolished, and the Moulmein and Margui Road consigned to oblivion for some years to come.

"This would entail your returning to your regiment under ordinary circumstances, but in the present instance, I am happy to inform you that there is a prospect of your services being retained in the department for other duty.

"Government have stopped all roads throughout the country, but have desired that plans and estimates should be submitted for a line between Thoystony and Tonghoo, which is considered of great importance in a military point of view, and Colonel Cunningham intends proposing that you should be retained for this duty. It is of course much too early in the season for you to do anything in the field, but in the mean time you might be usefully employed in Rangoon, in assisting Ingram in the preparation of the plans and estimates of the Rangoon and Prome Road, now making out from surveys and information obtained last cold season.

"You have been so prompt with your work on the Moulmein and Margui survey, that it was felt to be a pity to let a man go away who was both willing and able to work, especially in these provinces where we have several hard bargains.

"As soon therefore as you have wound up your affairs, public and private, at Moulmein, you had better come over here.

"I write this semi-officially, as your being under one commission at Moulmein, and being now proposed to be employed under another commission here, there is a difficulty in giving official orders without clashing. You had better be off with the old love before you are on with the new, and this you can easily manage, by leaving things to take their natural course. Your appointment being abolished, you wind it up, and report your departure, and on your arrival here you will get another.

"I trust Mrs Wyld and yourself are quite well, and that you will not dislike the proposed arrangement. I think you will find it a much nicer line of country.—Yours sincerely,

"C. D. NEWMARCH."

Accompanying this private letter of Mr Newmarch, there was the official despatch acknowledging receipt of a letter from my brother, of date 10th July 1857, with his *Report and Plans*, in which he says,

"Concurring generally in the opinion you have expressed, I would further desire to remark, that the industry exhibited in their prompt preparation, and the amount of work done in a short time, under circumstances of more than ordinary difficulty, appear very creditable to you. I have the honour to be, &c. &c.,

"C. D. NEWMARCH."

The next document I have is an official letter, dated 28th February 1858, from Mr Newmarch, transmitting copy Orders

of Government, passed upon the survey of the Moulmein and Margui Road, along with the following letter received by Mr Newmarch, namely, a letter of Captain Henry Hopkinson, officiating commissioner of the Tenasserim and Martuban Provinces, addressed to Lieutenant-Colonel A. Cunningham, chief engineer of Pegu and Tenasserim. It is in the following terms :—

"*Moulmein*, 30*th January* 1858.

"SIR,—I have the honour to forward herewith the accompanying extract from a letter from the officiating secretary to the Government of India, No. 57, of the 6th ultimo, and to request that you will be good enough to communicate the same to Lieutenant Wyld, and express to him the pleasure I feel in conveying to him the handsome recognition by Government, of his exertions in the survey of the Tavoy and Mergui Road. I have the honour, &c.

"(Signed) HENRY HOPKINSON,
"*Officiating Commissioner of Tenasserim and Martuban Provinces.*"

Extract from a letter, No. 57, dated 6th January 1858, from Captain H. Yule, officiating secretary to the Government of India, D.P.W., to the officiating commissioner of the Tenasserim and Martuban Provinces.

"1st. I am commanded to return to you, for record, the original plans (received with your letter, No. 440, dated 28th November last) of survey made by Lieutenant Wyld, with a view to the construction of a road to traverse the Tenasserim Provinces from north to south.

"2nd. There is evidently no call for a road while the population and traffic remain so scant, especially as the country presents so many difficulties to its construction. The project has therefore been abandoned.

"The exertions of Lieutenant Wyld whilst employed on this

duty, are fully recognised by the Right Honourable the Governor-General in Council. You will be good enough to communicate to him the sense of his zeal entertained by the Government. (True Extract.)"

The sixth and last work which is entered on the List made out by my brother, and which I have referred to, is styled, The Koungha Road Survey; length, about 300 miles. The time expected before a report on this could be given in, is stated thus :—"Report and maps will be ready in a couple of months or so, *i.e.*, 5½ months." No remarks are made on this survey, from which I am left uncertain whether it was ever entered upon, reported on, or finished.

When my brother, impelled by his natural energy, and the desire to carry through the engineering works committed to him, was in the spring and summer months of 1860 in Burmah, engaged in what was destined to be his last professional work, namely, preparing the site for a lighthouse on Silver Island, on the Aracan coast—a most unhealthy position—many of the men of his working party were struck down by malarian fever and dysentery, my brother feeling ill, and judging that he had been attacked by the same disease, withdrew with his wife to Calcutta almost immediately. After his reaching Calcutta, he was attacked with dysentery. He remained there some six weeks, and received the kindest and most helpful assistance from Lady Canning, the Governor-General's wife, who was cousin once removed to Ann's mother. But the disease not yielding to medical treatment, my brother, having received an important appointment to the Umballah division, started, I think, very unadvisedly by the river route to take up his new position, hoping that the river air might restore him to health. When the steamer, however, reached Benares, he found himself sinking fast, and, a few days after, when he reached Cawnpore, he died of dysentery, namely, on 30th August 1860.

His last words to his wife were, "Let not your heart be troubled." My brother William at once left Umballa for Cawnpore, and brought Ann to his home at Umballa, where her son Benjamin Charles was born on 24th November thereafter. And early in March of 1861, she and the child sailed for England.

My brother William had got, through his friend General Hutchison, head of the engineering department, the important appointment just alluded to for his brother Benjamin, viz., to be executive engineer of the Umballa district, and Benjamin would naturally feel anxious to lose no time in presenting himself to General Hutchison, and getting the arrangement with him concluded. I have often heard my brother William deeply regret the circumstance of his brother Benjamin's removal by death at this juncture, for, knowing the character of his friend General Hutchison, and that of his brother Benjamin in prosecuting his engineering duties, he could not but anticipate how well the two would have agreed in pushing on the engineering operations of the district. To William, my brother, who was at the time superintendent of police over the same district, it would, no less than to Benjamin, have been most gratifying, that though acting in different departments of the public service, the two brothers should have had an opportunity, so far, of working in concert, and being serviceable the one to the other. These fond anticipations were, however, not to be realised, and there is now no remeid. Whether there was unjustifiable rashness in travelling during his sickness on the part of Benjamin, we cannot tell. Our only duty and comfort lies in submission to the will of the sovereign Disposer of all earthly events.

I regret much my inability to give anything like a true, substantial portrait of my young brother Benjamin's private life and character. There were nineteen years between us in age. I have already said, that I well remember him as a quiet, modest, good-tempered, somewhat silent boy, enjoying himself, when at home,

after his own ways. When he returned from India, on furlough, after twelve years of active military engineering experience, he was still perfectly recognisable, the same tall, somewhat slender young man, still quiet, kind, and gentle-mannered—still fond of gymnastics, whether in the open field or in the drawing room —decidedly handsome, with good features, and a clear, florid complexion.

Neither in boyhood nor in manhood had a harsh or angry word, so far as I remember, ever passed between us. We lived in perfect brotherly accord; but beyond this, I cannot say that we ever had any distinct or intimate knowledge the one of the other. The disparity in our age, and the living much apart, may serve to account for this. Looking back to these distant times, Benjamin's form and character seem thus rather to float in my mind's eye as a spiritual apparition, or as a figure in a dream, than as the embodiment of a real human being, whose inner thoughts, feelings, and interests I had ever really known; but nevertheless, even in this phantom form I love to regard him, and he possesses for me, and ever will possess, his own peculiar and indefinable interest and charm.

One generation follows another, and I may therefore here record an important recent event connected with my brother Benjamin's only child, Benjamin Charles. He was on Tuesday, 15th January 1889, married in St Peter's Church, Eaton Square, London, to Nannette Letitia Satterthwaite.

Benjamin, up to the date of this event, had lived both in Edinburgh and in St Andrews with his mother, and since his marriage, and up to the time in which I write, they have both continued to live, though in different dwellings, in the same interesting and classical old city of St Andrews.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DAUGHTERS.

ISABELLA.—In treating of the daughters of the family, a brother can do little more than touch on so difficult and delicate a subject. Ladies rarely lead historic lives; their merit lies in being kind and helpful; and when necessity occurs, self-denying, rather than in achieving mighty deeds. If they are married, one of their prominent duties consists in guiding the minds and manners of the children, in cheering, strengthening, and refining the minds of their husbands, and in regulating domestic arrangements. In acting thus, they are not merely ornaments and sweeteners of society, they are its vital and necessary elements, forming with the rougher sex that mysterious duality in unity which so peculiarly distinguishes the human race. If they accomplish these duties even tolerably well, it should be esteemed their high merit; and if this difficult and important task is nobly and efficiently accomplished, how noble and satisfying should be the reward experienced in the heroic woman's heart.

Every human being has a mixture both of strength and weakness, of good and evil, within them. It is important that we should all recognise this truth, and that we should struggle to subdue the evil, and to encourage, strengthen, and extend the good.

Who can clearly unravel the thoughts, feelings, and cravings of the female mind? I shall certainly not attempt it. Sufficient in

the present instance to say, that I believe all my sisters are substantially kind in heart, and honest, just, and true in principle. I shall not probe deeper than this, but shall merely, in my slight sketch, record such facts and traits as may serve to distinguish the one sister from the other. Old age and growing infirmity must be my apology for failure on a subject which would doubtless inspire a younger and abler man to his best and happiest efforts.

My sister Isabella was born on 16th August 1804. Being the first-born child, it was natural that she should be much more anxiously reared than any of the numerous members of the flock which followed. Boys, I suspect, always fasten on what seems to them to be humorous in connection with their sisters. I therefore remember my eldest sister's stiff-iron body-supporter, her steel head-elevator, and her gold-wire teeth separators. None of the other children, I think, had any such instrumental appliances; but in spite of these artificial trammels, the eldest born proved a tall, handsome, warm-hearted girl. On her escape each Saturday afternoon from her first Edinburgh boarding school, I remember how she used to make a breathless gallop through the house at Bonnington, in order to kiss and hug, in succession, each member, great and small, of the household.

As her education and years advanced, she became enthusiastic, especially regarding heroic or distinguished individuals. Belzoni, the Egyptian explorer, was for a considerable time her hero. And afterwards, Madame De Genlis, the smart governess in the Orleans family, and the author of Memoirs of that and the elder branch of the Royal Family of France, became her favourite.

Isabella's sense of propriety was always strong, and if she offended us youngsters at times, it was either in her attempts to restrain our thoughtless wildness, or to instil into us a sense of duty. *This sense of duty* was, with her, ever a strong impelling power—surely no higher commendation can be given to a young person.

Though she was herself naturally somewhat prudish, I can give proof that she was not entirely without all traces of the *old Adam*, which showed itself at times in girlish tricks. One Sunday afternoon we had got home from the afternoon church service, hungry and tired no doubt. I was leaning over the dining room table, on which, besides the knives and forks, &c., there were placed the usual condiments. My sister, who saw an opportunity for fun, came quietly behind me, put her finger into the mustard pot, and dexterously smeared the pungent material over my face. She then attempted a hasty retreat. I had nothing at hand but a four pound loaf, which lay on the table; this I caught quickly up, and hurled at my sister's head, just as it was vanishing through the doorway. The missile took effect on the cheek, and elicited a sudden yell of pain and terror. This brought my father immediately to the field. It was a wise law, sternly enforced in our house, that no boy was on any provocation to lift his hand against a sister. In the present instance I was caught *flagranti delicto*, and it was in vain to plead the provocation, and to exhibit my smarting face—the plea was held irrelevant—the law was inflexible. I was led to my bedroom, and there I received a pretty severe castigation, to keep me in better memory of the rights of sisters. Upon the whole, it was a very wise rule, and it was quite right to enforce it—as the Chief Secretary is doing at present in Ireland with the Home Rulers.

I need not here dwell on the subject of my sister Isabella's school life. I think I have already somewhere mentioned that she had a good education in Edinburgh, at Miss Lee's boarding school, and she was then and there, as on all occasions in after life, most diligent and conscientious.

Isabella, after her school days were ended, being the eldest daughter, began naturally to assist her mother in home duties, first at Bonnington Bank and then at Gilston, and afterwards at the

Royal Terrace. At such times as her mother was necessarily requiring rest from domestic toils, the eldest daughter must have had a pretty heavy charge. For all these labours and anxieties we surely owe her much gratitude, and all the more because we know that such cares and activities were not specially congenial to her nature, but that, on the contrary, she had a natural dislike to the details involved in such occupations, and probably had not much skill in arranging and simplifying them ; but be this as it may, she for many a long day and year laboriously continued to discharge these duties both faithfully and well.

Our uncle and aunt, Mr and Mrs George Stodart, had always been on the most intimate and friendly terms with our parents and with the children, all of whom fully appreciated the real goodness and kindness of these excellent relatives, although the younger members of the family could not avoid occasional jokes at the old world formality of the quiet and loving couple, whom a life-long residence in London had not estranged from the innocence and simplicity of doves. Our uncle and aunt used to pay us pretty regular visits, sometimes remaining at Gilston for several weeks at a time. And when any of my father's children, whether sons or daughters, visited London, No. 11 Russel Square was their ever natural and happy residence. This was especially the case with the sons ; when they returned on furlough from India, Canada, or Australia, the kind uncle and aunt received them ever into paternal and maternal arms. I have already shown their special kindness to their name nephew George, and need not again allude to it.

Isabella was always peculiarly affectionate and attentive to her uncle and aunt when they came to Scotland ; and when our aunt died, and her husband was left alone, Isabella, two years after her parents' death, was invited by the quiet and solitary man to live with him at the well known London house, where she remained with him till his death in 1867.

We all felt the loss of the kind old uncle. He had no children, and the way he left his considerable fortune, marked the invariable affectionateness which influenced all his doings. He left a liferent interest to his brother, John Riddle Stodart, W.S., and a legacy to his shy, retiring, but excellent and kind bachelor brother Benjamin, who lived next to a hermit life in London; also handsome legacies were apportioned to all the surviving children of our father's family, and to the children of his brother John, after their father's liferent had expired by death. And to mark his special sense of Isabella's character and affection, he nominated her his residuary legatee. This brought her, I believe, about £10,000,—a sum which, with her father's provision, enabled her to exercise the generous hospitality which was so congenial to her nature. Intercourse with her friends and relatives had always been her chief enjoyment, and now she was encouraged to indulge still more in her peculiar taste. She was fond of elegance in the ornamenting of her house—No. 11 Lennox Street—and especially in collecting furniture, trinkets, and paintings which had belonged to deceased relatives. In the article of dress she had, however, her own peculiar tastes. She chose colours which were not specially approved by the critical brothers and sisters, but which for many years she clung to with strong pertinacity, preferring, for instance, alternately bright yellows, sage greens, and doleful purples. Such colours were, at least, not always excluded; these she, however, later in life, surrendered, on the persuasion of her friends.

She was punctilious in having her house kept clean, and therefore she had a decided objection to cats and dogs, and all domestic pets. The horse was the animal she all her life greatly admired. She was a bold and spirited rider, and was never more thoroughly in her element than when, in young-lady life, she was galloping over the turf or along the sea-shore, with a brother or an uncle. Late in life, however, William presented her with a canary bird

and a cage. This proved a most successful experiment. It implanted a new affection in her breast, and for many years she derived much pleasure from her fellowship with this active and noisy little companion.

She was fond of Gilston, and was, I think, the only sister who thoroughly enjoyed it. Accordingly, the remembrances of it filled her memory, and afforded her, in after life, a never failing store of conversation. Love of Fife and of Fife folks, and of the Wyld and Stodart families, in root, stem, and branch, thoroughly occupied her heart, and stories and genealogical details regarding them became her special science.

Though a spinster, she never exhibited any particle of that sourness or severity which is sometimes said to dwell in those whom fate has ordained to dwell in single blessedness. On the contrary, old age sat gracefully on our sister, it only rendered her more mellow and benevolent, and less critical than she was in earlier years. Yet there is a prevailing belief, that at an early period of her life, a tenderness existed between her and a tall manly commander in the Honourable East India Company's naval service, a man who was in character and appearance in every way worthy of her. They rode on horseback in company, and planned excursions to the country; but her prudish shyness prevented their intercourse ever ripening into anything more intimate, and single life has ever seemed in Isabella's case perfectly natural. I cannot even picture her in any other position, least of all as taking charge of children in an easy, motherly way. In her old age, she smiles benevolently on these little beings, but their endless movements seem somehow incompatible with her physical nature, which, when not stimulated by exciting scenes, has ever coveted repose. Moreover, I do not think she could ever greatly interest children, her mind and their minds, notwithstanding all her kindness, possessing naturally little material in common.

Isabella is now eighty-one years of age; she is tall, slender, and with a slight stoop. She has a clear ruddy, Stodart complexion, and a sweet expression. When she is dressed for dinner, and *has company*, she glides gracefully into the drawing room, and has a striking resemblance to some of Gainsborough's fine old ladies of the last century. Few at her age are so sweet, cheerful, and happy. She is still able to enjoy thoroughly the society of friends, whether new or old, and she avails herself freely of the opportunity of conversing with all she meets on her past experiences. All she requires is an indulgent ear. She takes a lively interest in her young nieces and grandnieces, and not unfrequently instils into them lessons in polite manners and minor morals. "My dears, hold yourselves well up, and always cultivate having an amiable expression; be always as beautiful and agreeable as you can; this, you know, is quite a part of true Christianity."

The above sketch was substantially written two or three years ago. I shall not re-write or alter it, now that my sister has left us, with a feeling in our hearts, that one of the sweetest elements in our family circle has gone from us. But when I look back on what I have written, surely I have erred in saying, that I cannot picture Isabella taking a quiet motherly care of young children, for well do I remember when Frances' mother died, and I took my tender child to Gilston, where she for some years received the kindest care of her grandparents, and of her numerous aunts, how specially she enlisted the love and anxiety of her eldest aunt. No mother could possibly have shown a more tender interest in her child, than did aunt Isabella in my little rather fragile *Facie*, and this interest never faded, but rather strengthened with increasing years. I need scarcely say that this romantic love was reciprocal, and continued through life. Whatever household occupations, or even hurries or worries, might have existed at the time, my daughter ever smilingly concealed them, and

warmly welcomed the old aunty, and sat listening to all she had to say. It is strange that my dear sister's sudden and unexpected death was connected with the last of these love visits to my daughter. Isabella had lunched with us and several friends at Inverleith Row, on Wednesday, 12th October 1887, and was in more than her usual health and spirits. On Thursday, she went to see Frances—scarce a week passed in which she did not pay such visits to her. On this the last occasion, she remained rather late, and then hurried home to No. 11 Lennox Street to dinner. In that short walk, she encountered a piercing wind, and felt she was insufficiently protected. After dinner she remarked to her sister Augusta, who lived with her, that she felt sick, and shortly after she went to bed, and the doctor was called in and prescribed something to keep down the pulse. A hurried breathing, however, came on, and at the same time a partial lethargy. We only heard of this illness on Saturday forenoon, and on driving to dine with Professor Blackie we went round by Lennox Street, and were surprised to find our sister in a state of insensibility, or lethargy. Being, however, engaged to dine at Douglas Crescent, we went there, and immediately after dinner returned to Lennox Street, where we remained till a late hour. On Sunday morning, my brother William, my daughter Alice, and I returned, and found that death was not far off, her breathing being quick and laborious. Sisters, brothers, and nieces, were soon ranged round her bed. It was a solemn sight to see the much beloved one unconscious, and after eighty-three years of a happy and healthy life, on so short notice, suddenly called to quit us and all earthly cares. At eleven o'clock on Sunday morning, on 16th October 1887, aged eighty-three, she quietly breathed her last, as we all stood around in perfect silence, but in prayer to her God and our God. Isabella was buried on Wednesday, 19th, in the family burying-ground in the Grange, which the sons had bought in

1861 ; and all her relatives, male and female, who were in Edinburgh were present at the grave.

Isabella's last will is dated 4th July 1883. It was written by herself, and it afforded a proof, if any were wanted, of how much she was always influenced by principles of fairness and kindness. There were various difficulties felt in interpreting her meaning, but William and I, whom she had appointed her administrators, drew out a scheme of division, which seemed to us to give effect to what our sister wanted, and this at once received the approbation of all, at home and abroad, who were interested in it. The result was, that her eight surviving brothers and sisters got each a legacy of £1000 ; and Cecil and Benjamin Charles, the two surviving children of Henry and Benjamin, each legacies of like amount ; and the children of Edward, as representing their deceased father, a like sum, divided equally among them.

The residue, which, after paying government duty and expenses, amounted, if I remember aright, to above £6000, was divided equally between the parties following, viz., James Charles' two granddaughters, Isabel and Ethel, as representing their deceased mother, Marion Osler, one share between them ; Cecil and Benjamin Charles, one share each, in terms of Isabella's express instructions ; and each of the four daughters of Mrs Lewis, equal shares with the other residuary legatees, which we, the administrators, judged to be the intention of the testator.

The liferent use of the house and furniture in Lennox Street was left to Augusta. To William and me, as her administrators, she kindly left £50 a piece, and to me she left also any interest she might have in the Leith Tontine. It so happened, fortunately for me, that the eighth share of this speculation had fallen to my sister, in consequence of the death of two of the nominees, shortly before her death, as was discovered shortly after that event. This, according to the original constitution of the Tontine, necessitated

the close of the concern, and the sale of the property, which had existed since 1802. It yielded £170 to each of the eight surviving nominees, of whom my sister was one, and whose share thus fell under her bequest to me.

MARION was the daughter next in age to Isabella. She was born at Bonnington Bank, 22nd September 1811. On 9th December 1834, she was united in marriage to the Rev. James Lewis, a much esteemed pupil and friend of Dr Chalmers.

Two years previous to his marriage, Mr Lewis had been chosen as their pastor by the congregation of the well known but then rather antiquated looking church in Constitution Street, Leith, called *The New Church.* It had for many years been under the charge of Dr Colquhoun, a worthy and learned divine of the old Scottish type.

By his energy, some years after his appointment, Mr Lewis got his people to remodel and improve this church inside and out, to enlarge the windows, and to ornament the fabric by the addition of a square tower, and neat and comfortable schoolrooms. This renovation was planned by my friend David Rhind, recommended to Mr Lewis by me, and the builder's contract was concocted by me. These were, I believe, nearly our first pieces of professional work, and they were gratuitous on our part.

After about fifteen years' duty in Leith, Mr Lewis began to suffer from the weakness of throat so common to clergymen. He struggled with this for many years, and in 1856, James Grant Mackintosh was appointed his assistant. In 1860, owing to an increase of debility, he resigned the Leith charge, and sought a milder climate in Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight, to which he retired with his wife and family. In 1864, he, with his wife

and three unmarried daughters, went still further south, his eldest daughter Marion having, on 9th February 1858, been married to the Rev. James Grant Mackintosh; and his son George having entered the office of Messrs Brown & Co., of Sydney, of which firm he has now for some years been a partner.

In Rome, Mr Lewis's health gradually improved. He became exceedingly popular, not only from his ministerial abilities and usefulness, but also from his general intelligence and literary accomplishments, also from his eminently attractive social manners. When in Rome, his merits received recognition from the College of Princetown, New Jersey, which, at the instance of the Rev. Dr M'Cosh, presented him with the degree of D.D.

In Papal Rome, after much trial and labour, he managed to overcome the opposition of the high-handed ecclesiastics of these days, and erected a Presbyterian Church, immediately outside the city walls, as we pass through the gate of the Piazza del Popolo. This was the first church built at Rome for Protestant worship. It was opened in the year 1871.

On 29th January 1872, when apparently, by the influence of the Italian climate, restored to perfect health, Dr Lewis was suddenly struck down by diphtheria. He sleeps in the picturesque English cemetery in Rome, a grey granite obelisk marking the place of his rest.

After this sad bereavement, Mrs Lewis and her three unmarried daughters, Margaret, Catherine, and Alice, returned to Edinburgh, and after two years she bought No. 12 Dean Park Crescent, where she still (1889) resides with her two daughters, Maggie and Kate. Alice has been for about four years engaged in useful Christian work among the poor in Tottenham, London; striving, as many other well-born young ladies in our eventful and hopeful age are, to improve the comforts, the mind, and the morals, of the humbler classes. She, and her favourite nephew Lewis

Mackintosh, live in a neat little house in the immediate neighbourhood of her daily occupations; she, the intellectual and artistic, is ever active, lively, and happy, in this new sphere of life and labour.

Marion being only three years my junior, we were much together in our early years, and were great friends. In temperament, however, we were, I think, in many respects entirely dissimilar. I was comparatively slow and hesitating; she was, in all her opinions, movements, questions, and demands, eminently quick and decided, and this part of her character remained little changed throughout the greater part of her life. She usually does not long hesitate in order to mature her judgment, but, like not a few ladies, her opinions are formed and fired off in an instant. In the nursery, her rapid movements, in and out, joined with her quiet, under-toned voice, led our father to confer on her the pet name of *Mousie*. From her impulsiveness, she when a child encountered many crosses and scars; thus, when very young she drew a jug of boiling water over her breast, thinking it contained cold milk, and received a severe scald, the marks of which, I believe, are still visible. On another occasion, she struck her right temple on the sharp corner of the fender, and inflicted a permanent scar; a little after, in rushing out of the room, her left temple came in contact with the snib of the door. Later on, I was giving her a ride on a large rough slate, and pulling it along the road by a string, as she sat on it the slate slipped, and the edge inflicted an ugly gash on the calf of her leg. The last item in the catalogue of her infantile misfortunes was this:—I and several of my schoolmates were enjoying a swing we had extemporised in the hay-loft above the stable at Bonnington; suddenly Marion, having crept up the steep ladder leading from the stable to the loft, darted across the line of the swing, and was struck by the swinging boy, and pitched through the trap door down to the causwayed floor beneath, a depth of ten or twelve feet at least.

Marion has always had a serious, sincere, and honest nature. In her manner, she is quiet and somewhat shy, her voice, as it was in childhood, is still low and soft. We always considered her the beauty of the family. She had a clear, bright complexion, and a profusion of golden hair; her figure was light and symmetrical, and of middle height, like that of her mother. She was always fond of having everything neat, and when she married and had a house of her own, she had everything about it tasteful and pleasing to the eye. She was a quiet and good manager, irrespective of expense, and continued to conduct her house cares till her daughters relieved her of this toil.

Marion is never happier than when exercising hospitality to her brothers and sisters, or to young friends who come sometimes from great distances to pay lengthened visits to her daughters. I have always, both during her married and her widowed life, found her the soul of hospitality; and now that we are both old, it is most pleasing to remember such past intercourse, and to find my steps still so frequently sloping towards her dwelling, especially on Sunday, on our way home from the forenoon service in Free St George's Church, when we lunch with her. The quiet, loving way in which she ever receives us, and treats us with the best, shows her true womanly and sisterly nature.

There is no use in expatiating on the unobtrusive virtues of a person whose life has been mainly devoted to domestic duties. It is necessary, however, if the picture is to be recognisable, that we should catch hold of some salient points, good or amusing, if such there be. A man or woman without such must appear very uninteresting, and as we have said, unrecognisable.

Marion, notwithstanding her soft, low-pitched voice, yet delights, or let us rather say delighted, in sending forth occasional strong prophetic and oracular utterances. These were her peculiar *forte;* they amused, but rarely wounded us. In criticising individuals,

and in passing sentence on events of the day, there issued from her mouth at times, if not thunder and lightning, at least those darts and arrows which the female tongue somehow knows so well how to forge. I was never quite able to determine the cause of this decided peculiarity in one who was in her actings both kind, just, and religious. She may have been goaded by mental or by physical discomforts, of which we knew nothing. Or, perhaps, it may be explained in another way; she had certainly formed an ideal standard. Is it possible that, feeling disappointed with herself and with mankind in general, she may have sought to relieve herself by those explosive utterances, those sharp arrows, and coals of juniper, which inflicted such suffering upon King David?

Marion has been blessed with active, dutiful, and loving daughters and granddaughters. The three cousins, Alice Lewis, Alice Lorimer, now Lady Chalmers, and *my Alice*, have all their lives been mystic and congenial friends. Connected thus closely, I call them the *Alicidæ*. For Maggie Lewis, I have always had peculiar affection. She was born 26th July 1839, six days before my eldest child Frances, and these two cousins have always been constant in warm and trustful friendship.

More than fifty years ago, Marion, as well as others of the family, were brought under strong religious impressions by the zeal of Alexander Moody, then acting as tutor to some of the younger brothers in our father's house. Nothing can be so important as the earnest directing of the mind to determine the relationship existing between the anxious inquirer and his Creator. If wisely conducted, this momentous inquiry cannot fail of producing the best and most lasting results.

Mr Moody is now the Rev. Dr Moody Stuart, of Free St Luke's Church, Edinburgh, and in 1875, he was chosen as Moderator of the Free Church General Assembly. I never knew a more zealous and conscientious young man than he was while in

my father's house; but his religious opinions I judged to be sombre and one-sided, founded on passages selected from the Bible, which were in these days explained and expanded according to the strictest principles of Calvinism. There was in our Church then, and indeed has been till within late years, far too little attempt to draw the heart, by representing the character of the Supreme Being as that of a loving Father, as Christ represents Him, ever pitying and ready to forgive the erring but penitent creatures he has formed, and who are placed in circumstances of peculiar difficulty and trial. Our theology practically consigned the whole human race, saving and excepting a remarkably small and selected portion, to an after fate not to be here described. Such a faith as this was not the natural outcome of Christ's teaching, which ever fanned the flame, whenever there was discovered any humble searching after God. Marion, there can be little doubt, at this early stage of her religious awakening, imbibed too much of this severe pattern of Christianity, and much of it stuck to her through a large part of her life. Our children, however, often become our teachers, directly or indirectly. They take in new ideas more readily than their seniors, and thus often, in God's good providence, they influence the parents, and mitigate the severity of earlier times and thoughts. We doubt if either our Bonars or our Moody Stuarts, at the present day, hold strictly to all their early beliefs. It has a much more humanising effect, to be taught by our children, than by the old doctors of theology, either in the pulpit or in the divinity hall.

Even yet, however, some of the ground swell of our former selves may return, and cast up strong Calvinistic matter. And this led us, the sons, occasionally to have good-natured jokes at Marion's expense. One day, for instance, it was several years ago, when she was expatiating on the prevailing freedom, or scepticism of the present times, the result of what is called *human reason*, "Just see," said she, "what reason has done for us. It

first threw doubts on the nature of the atonement, it afterwards questioned the eternity of our after punishments, and now, I am told, it has taken away the devil! What, I ask, will it leave us?" Although Marion may still possibly retain a good deal of such peculiar Scottish orthodoxy, I believe it is more what I have called the ground swell or echo of what has passed away, than the present and abiding foundation on which she now wishes to rest her head and heart.

On coming home, in the summer of 1888, from Bordighera and Aix-les-Bains, where we had gone for the treatment of Mrs Wyld for rheumatism, and where our niece, Maggie Lewis, was with us also for treatment, we found nearly all our nearest kith and kin, from London and from Edinburgh, located in Kingussie, William and Louisa only remaining at home and near us. Marion also I found sitting quietly and alone in her comfortable, well ornamented drawing-room at Dean Park Crescent. She was perceptibly thinner and paler, in fact older, but she was calmer, happier, and more tender; *no sharpness*; on the contrary, her love from time to time welled up, as we conversed, and it sometimes ended with a spontaneous wave of affection, and a brotherly and sisterly kiss. We both appeared conscious that our day was declining, but we felt also as if golden clouds were visible on the western horizon, and we were contented and happy.

This summer (1889), after our home-coming, William drove me at once to Linkfield, to see my sister, who had had an attack of pleurisy, from which she was recovering, and who had gone with Mr and Mrs Grant Mackintosh and family to Musselburgh, for change of air. She was necessarily very thin, but seemed to me more beautiful than I had ever known her, and her presence of mind and readiness of thought seemed to me more prominent almost than I had ever seen them. She is now at home again, and well and lively. How much have we to be thankful for!

ELIZA was born 26th April 1819. When a child, she was pale, and much less robust than the other children. I remember her as a little creature of two or three years, playing on the bowling green at Bonnington Bank, after I returned from Galashiels. When or how the first effort was made to teach the young idea how to shoot, I do not know, but it would seem she had evinced some repugnance to being subjected to compulsion in that direction, for I remember one Sunday evening, when our father had taken her and me to our grandfather's house, No. 52 Queen Street, there was an old lady, a Mrs Gray, paying a visit in the house; and after tea and some conversation, as a little variety, the old lady proposed that Eliza, then probably five or six years of age, should give evidence of her scholarship, by reading a little bit of the volume of sermons she, the old lady, had in her hands. This proposal was very naturally met by a pout and a shrug of the shoulder, and my father struck in with the remark, "My little girl does not like her lessons, she cannot read yet;" at this charge the minute creature fired up, saying in an offended voice, "*I can read*," and instantly she pushed the volume towards Mrs Gray, and about two feet away from herself; and with her eyes painfully askew, she began reading in a clear and rapid voice, to the astonishment of her father, and to the great amusement of the company, for none of us knew she could read. She had evidently, after due resistance, suddenly, and as if by inspiration, picked up the art of reading. This magical quickness has been her characteristic all her life. Everything she does is done with lightning speed, or not done at all. Whatever she may take a fancy to, she will learn quickly, but she is ever impatient of what requires laborious application. Her quick apprehension enables her to see into a great variety of subjects, and sometimes before others have had time to wilder over more than a few pages; but then she must have a desire and curiosity to know, otherwise she will haply

not bestow five minutes on the subject. Like Jack Falstaff, she will do nothing by compulsion.

Her quickness I consider as in some respects a misfortune, for she often forms her opinions in a moment, and it is not easy to induce her to reconsider them, or to weigh the arguments that may be brought in their defence.

Eliza is naturally full of pity and compassion towards the poor and miserable and downtrodden. And when she is herself suffering from indifferent health, she is sometimes even morbidly pained regarding them; often, it must be confessed, imagining pains and wants, which, if inquired into, will be found to be mainly ideal. She is always kind and considerate regarding her servants, and I have heard her again and again express her wonder that our domestic servants are so good and civil, when we consider the many things that are required of them, and the practical slavery of their lives. On the other hand, and there is no contradiction in this, she has strongly the female character; she admires not only the good, but also the bold, the strong; and the successful—this is the reward which the world bestows on strength and ambition; but we sometimes see that the world judges too hardly the weak and unfortunate. Eliza would be more than a mortal woman had she not at times yielded in some measure to this tendency. One thing, however, I can assert assuredly, there is no man or woman whom I know who would rush more readily to the rescue of such as are in real distress than my sister, even though the suffering might have originated from folly or stupidity, or even from evil.

I think we would all agree, that Eliza is the most gifted of the family. She has a more active mind, more energy and capacity, she acquires knowledge readily, and retains it easily. She has sharp and ready judgment of the feminine cast. Her natural gifts might have made her a talented speaker or writer, a musician, a poet, or

perhaps a painter, but she had not the strength of body and of nerve necessary for such labour. On the contrary, she is often much depressed by bodily weakness and the consequent want of animal spirits. With a fair supply of healthful animal enjoyment, we may do almost anything, but burdened by morbid action of our vital organs, the spiritual principle has no fair play, and every exertion is only an uphill labour and pain.

Eliza is an insatiable reader, mostly in poetry, biography, fiction, and in the fine arts. She has a keen apprehension of all that is good and beautiful, and her memory being excellent, she shows her intelligence in conversing on such subjects as have interested her. In letter writing, she dashes off what she has to say with masterly brevity, force of expression, and freedom of penmanship.

Eliza is tall, the tallest of all the tall daughters of our large family. I imagine she is five feet nine inches in height. When in fair health and spirits, she is very attractive, her face is full of animation and eloquence, and her eyes, when she speaks, are bright, expressing every variety of sentiment. Owing to her dislike to sit to the photographer, for thirty photographs of her lively husband, we shall not find over three or four of her; at least, if there are more I have not seen them. Generally, when submitting to so hateful an ordeal, she has an exhausted or haggard, and sometimes even an unhappy expression. There is, however, fortunately an oil-colour sketch in my brother William's drawing-room, executed by Mr Tait, the young artist whom I have already alluded to as having painted a full length portrait of our father. This small sketch, taken more than forty years ago, gives a truthful impression of Eliza, when under favourable conditions. She appears young, sensitive, and refined, with that bright intelligence which usually distinguishes her.

Her taste for music is just and refined, and when she was younger, she was in the habit of singing the best specimens of

those modern English songs, so full of English domestic feeling, and which, when sung as she sung them, never failed to melt the heart. Her voice, though not powerful, was remarkably rich, clear, and in the highest degree expressive. She has for many years abandoned singing, and we rarely hear her voice, except when, in listening to another, she occasionally throws in a single ringing note, which startles the hearer, and reminds old friends of past times, when she wielded so sweet and commanding a power. We must learn to submit, and seeing that the nightingale power has flown, we must be content to enjoy the far off echoes, which memory still to many of us depicts as hovering around her.

Eliza is much admired by gentlemen. She has many interesting friends, male and female, who greatly value her. Naturally she likes young people, and loves to exercise an influence over them in a kind and motherly fashion. Among these, there are nephews and nieces, and a considerable number of the young rising generation, whom she likes to see, and who are at once easy, obedient, and admiring. She is also, I need scarcely say, on intimate terms with many men and women of recognised genius; her husband's position, and frankness of character, has given her rare advantages in this respect.

Mrs Blackie has no children of her own; but fortunately her motherly sympathies led her about twenty years ago to set her affections on a son of one of her husband's half brothers, who had lost his father and mother when yet a young boy. Eliza adopted him, got him, after his education was finished, into a first-class mercantile house in Liverpool, where he has, by his attention to his duties, secured the confidence of the heads of the house. She has all this time allowed him, out of her own private fortune, means of comfort and enjoyment far above what is possessed by most young men, and though he has thus been enabled freely to indulge his own tastes, this liberty has never been abused. Alec

Blackie, about seven years ago, married the only daughter of Dr Hanna, son in-law and biographer of Dr Chalmers. When the young married couple, with their little daughter, first paid a visit to the adopted mother, and to Professor Blackie, it was delightful to see the sunshine that gathered over both Eliza and her energetic husband; for though the Professor at first evinced no great interest in his nephew, he was suddenly roused up, and seemed to experience a variety of new sensations, when seeing the little child waddling about his rooms, and when listening to the infantile babble, the new language appeared to the philologist as interesting as either Greek or Latin—or even Gaelic.

As a wife, Eliza has had opportunities of happiness beyond most women. With a husband whose labours and activities have been thoroughly congenial to him, and who himself has been both eminently prosperous and popular—a husband with a temper scarcely ever ruffled, and who, whether at home or abroad, is generally overflowing with cheerfulness and spirit—these certainly are most important elements in domestic life—this must be fully admitted. If, however, we were to enter upon a more minute criticism, we might perhaps say, that for the development of a higher or ideal domestic happiness, his nature may have been felt, by a delicate and ailing wife, too robust and restless, and his occupations and relaxations too much outside the house. The Professor is exceedingly social, and fond of visiting his friends—and he is, when at home, literally never quiet, except when asleep—even when he is shut up in his study, his voice echoes through the house, every sentence he frames being repeated and re-repeated several times before it is committed to paper. This constant exuberant energy, and it may be, his possessing a nature somewhat unsympathetic with weakness, suffering, or misfortune, may at times be fatiguing to a constant companion who is delicate. This, however, I merely suggest as a possibility, for I have never

seen any decided evidence of it. If the possibility is, however, an actuality, the peculiarity is abundantly relieved and mitigated by the overflowing kindness, cheerfulness, and good nature of the Professor. If it be the case, then, that the wife either sighs or suffers from the restlessness and noise, it is certain that she much more frequently rejoices at her husband's popularity, and wonders at his energy and life.

Eliza has always showed kind and sisterly affection to me and mine. She, several years ago, when living at Alt-na-Craig, tried to persuade us to build a cottage near her, and she chose a commanding site for it; but the moist climate of that picturesque western sea coast was found by me, and afterwards by her, to be most uncongenial. I shrank from the idea, and she, after some years' experience, also became aware of the antipathetic influences of that climate for her peculiar complaints, and was compelled to leave Oban, and her romantic house and cliff. She always invited me when she had any dinner party, where there were expected those whom she knew would be peculiarly congenial to me, and I know no convivial meetings which I ever enjoyed so thoroughly—not the dinners, but the guests, for eating feasts have ever been my aversion and my bane. It has always been my fixed opinion, that at such convivial meetings as he gave, the gay and sparkling Professor was ever seen at his best; his ready wild wit and humour, joined with his wholesome moral tone and overflowing human joyfulness, were infinitely better, at least more to my taste, than all the public lectures on the subjects with which he so much amused his outside audiences.

I feel how inadequate has been this slight sketch. I have always regretted that I do not know my sister so well as I desire. We have, I hope, always felt mutual respect and confidence towards each other, but we have never been very intimate and mystical. My constitutional shyness is almost insuperable, and I

naturally shrink back, unless a frank advance is made towards me. Now, I can scarcely expect this movement from one who has herself much of the same diffident nature. Still I believe, that where there is soundness at the core, and mutual respect, and a sufficient consciousness of one's own individual imperfections, there is no reason why a much closer and warmer affection should not spring up in the evening of our days. If this, however, cannot be effected, from the above obstructing causes, and from my constant residence in Italy during the winter months, and my sister's absence in the country during summer, it must necessarily be postponed till the future life, when we shall all be more transparent, and mutually interpenetrable.

AUGUSTA GEORGINA, the eleventh of my father's family, was born 28th August 1822. This ambitious name came from a double source—first, from her being chosen as the name niece of her aunt, Augusta Stodart; and, second, from her having been born at Bonnington, just as the cannons in Edinburgh Castle were responding to those in the Firth of Forth, as George IV. was steaming down on his return to London, after the memorable visit which threw Sir Walter Scott, and all Scotsmen, into a fever of loyalty in the autumn of 1822.

I had written a sketch of my sister's life, which, at her request, I sent to her for revision. She expunged several passages which I had inserted, and which gave what I knew of the simple events of her life, which also gave my apprehension of her character. The alterations she made are incorporated, and indeed they form the greater part of what follows. I did not feel justified in doing much more than adding a few remarks at the close.

Augusta was three years old when her father bought Gilston,

and ten when he retired from business, to live in the county of Fife, where there were very few advantages for young people. Augusta, however, delighted in nature, and found much interest in the agricultural operations which she saw around her, and many of which were entirely new to her. She had strong animal spirits, and the happiest times of her life were when her brothers came to Gilston to spend their holidays. She entered into all their sports in the field, and when driving in their carts, &c.; and later, when they returned from India, China, and Australia, she remembers the enjoyment experienced when listening to their tales of war and of travel, while she sat sewing on their buttons, or when working slippers for them.

When her youngest sister, Janet, was born, she would hurry from the schoolroom to the nursery, where she spent hours seated on the floor with baby on her lap, or walking up and down putting her to sleep. This, it was supposed, caused one of her shoulders to project, and she afterwards suffered great pains in her back, and her education was carried on under difficulty on a reclining board. Her governess, Miss Dickson, to whom she was much attached, was also very delicate, and was often confined to bed. At such times, Augusta was in her element, smoothing her pillow, making her bed arrangements, and attending to many of the other little comforts necessary, such as making, for instance, occasionally her gruel in the kitchen. Thus she developed a talent for nursing, which proved of advantage afterwards in the declining years of her father's life.

Charlotte Mary, her sweet younger sister, was associated with her in the schoolroom. The two sisters had often very serious talks about the difficulties of a religious life, and connected with this was the necessity of concentrated thought in prayer. This sweet young sister was, at the age of twelve, attacked with fever and became delirious. She died after a fortnight's illness. Augusta

tells me that her mind, after this loss, dwelt much on the subject of death, and that there was a thread of sadness through her life.

The following winter was spent in Edinburgh, where she got dancing lessons from Madame D'Egville, with whom she was a great favourite. She delighted in dancing as an outlet to her energy, and she was at this time invited to many evening parties. At the same time she and the other members of the family attended the church of a much esteemed clergymen, Dr Glover, and she and Eliza attended his Scripture classes with much interest.

In the year of the Disruption, Dr Glover made the subject of the divisions in the Church his theme, and when the Disruption came, Augusta, with her friend Margaret Cassels, were among the crowd of persons, old and young, who followed Dr Chalmers and the long train of Disruption ministers from St Andrew's Church to Tanfield. Augusta's soul was stirred as it had never been before, and she felt the reality of religion, which had induced so many earnest men to give up so much at the call of conscience. This feeling caused her, at the same time, to give up her balls at the age when most girls begin them.

In those days it was believed, that at eighteen years of age education should be finished, and Augusta was in despair when she heard that her dear friend and governess was to go away. She felt that she knew nothing. She was thrown on her own resources; her brother-in-law, James Lewis, however, whom she always found a valuable friend and counsellor, then suggested that she should gather together the cottage children, and teach them on Sunday evenings. This she accordingly did, and found in it much happiness and profit. She was also fortunate in her other brother-in-law, Professor Blackie, who drew up for her a course of reading, and supplied her also with books of history and biography, to which

she devoted herself for hours daily, sometimes taking her books into the woods to avoid interruption.

The year 1844 was a great step in her life. James Lewis was ordered to Italy for his health, and Marion and he pled that Augusta might accompany them. It was better than six years at a boarding-school. A new world of interest was opened up, new knowledge acquired, and a new desire to read and learn, for which there was fortunately plenty of time in the quiet solitudes of the country.

After her father's and mother's death, Augusta lived happily with Eliza and the Professor in Edinburgh for ten years, at the end of which period, Gregory Blackie, the Professor's half brother, died, leaving his children unprovided for. These good people took the two sons to educate and bring up. Their house in Hill Street was small, and Augusta had to seek a home elsewhere. Her dear friend Mrs D. O. Hill having just lost her husband, entreated Augusta to come to her, which she did, much to their mutual advantage. Isabella, meanwhile, had come to Edinburgh, and taken up house in Lennox Street, and Augusta came to live with her, and was an inmate at Lennox Street till her sister's death. But being in indifferent health, she was ordered by the doctor to Palestine, Egypt, and the Nile. She came home by the Grecian Isles, Venice, and Switzerland, enchanted with all she had seen and done, and all the charming people she had met. Another illness called for a cruise on the Mediterranean. On these occasions she always made new friends, and she was seldom known to lose one of those made in early life.

Though Augusta was not at all literary, yet when she is interested in any subject, I know no one who can write a better letter. I have been seeking, but in vain, for one she wrote to me some years ago, when she was on her way down the Nile from Upper Egypt. It was a most graphic epistle. It described the country, and the

mode of travel, and the incident of her, by chance, hailing my wife's sister, Mrs Allan, on her way up the same mystic river. A short conversation was enjoyed, and then the two independent ladies parted, on their different routes through the land of Ham.

The first winter we passed in Bordighera, in the spring of 1883, she intimated that she meant to take a steamboat tour round Spain and Portugal, then through the Straits of Gibraltar to Sicily, thence northward along the coast of Italy, and that she would pay us a visit at our chalet at Bordighera. All this she accomplished, as an independent female; and as we were one Sunday morning in May on our way to church service, she appeared. She spent a month with us on this occasion, and some time afterwards joined us at the *Grand Chalet at Rosiniere, Canton de Vaud, Switzerland.* On such occasions, whether in Scotland or in Italy, I have always felt my heart beat, with peculiar affection, towards the adventurous and wandering sister. She has at different times visited Europe, Asia, Africa, Canada, and the United States.

Augusta has, for several years, suffered much from rheumatism, and has for cure resorted with benefit to *Aix-les-Bains.*

Since her sister Isabella's death, she has lived in the house left to her by her elder sister, but has always devoted many months to travel, chiefly in France and Switzerland. Her energy, gaiety of spirits, and sense of humour, have always secured her a welcome in social meetings, as also with those with whom she has acted in benevolent enterprises. They knew that what she put her hand to was not likely to stagnate, or prove a failure from want of energy and pluck.

JANET was named after the wife of my uncle George Stodart. She was born on 29th September 1831. Being the youngest of our large family, she was naturally much beloved and fondled by her parents, especially by her father. I regret that I can remember very few events of Janet's early life, and little of the nature of her education, except that she was taught at home by Miss Dickson, a delicate but most amiable and conscientious governess, who conducted the education of all the younger branches of the family. Our father was afterwards urged by Mr and Mrs Bannerman, of Manchester, to allow Janet to live with them, and to be a companion and schoolmate with their only child, Mary Wyld Bannerman, and thus have the benefit of the education provided for her young companion. It would seem, however, that though the school to which these young ladies were sent was a fairly good one, no peculiarly happy results came from this English education. At least, I do not think that Janet, in these early years, received much to stimulate enthusiasm either for music, language, or for learning of any kind. Any tastes or accomplishments which she afterwards acquired, were very much left to develop themselves considerably later in life. After being in the English school, Janet was, for one or two years, educated at Mrs Campbell's school, Bellevue Crescent, in Edinburgh.

Janet had always a loving and leaning nature; friendship and affection, throughout her life, have been her chief enjoyments.

Her first mystic friend was Constance Kennedy, one of the sisters of Emily Wyld, my brother George's wife. Janet could not have chosen a more judicious, affectionate, and instructive friend and companion. Constance used to come from her father's house in London, and frequently she spent months at Gilston with Janet, and the other members of the family. Constance Kennedy was a lover of nature; she had much taste and had considerable skill in water-colour landscape painting, and she and Janet

never tired of making long pedestrian rambles over the neighbourhood of Gilston, and many of the sketches made by Constance were brought home and afterwards finished. Many of these, at present, are delightful memorials of past times, and ornaments in our rooms, and especially, as I saw, in 1889, in Janet's rooms in London. Constance, as I have already stated in my sketch of Henry's life, became the beloved wife of this brother. She, alas, died at Callander, 7th October 1865.

In my sketch of Edward, I have given some details of Janet's life while living with that much beloved brother in Sydney, and afterwards in England and Scotland.

After Edward's marriage, in 1869, Janet, for three years, namely, from 1872 to 1875, lived with her quiet and amiable old uncle, Benjamin Stodart, in his London house in Montague Street, Portman Square. He had been ailing before Janet went to cheer and help him; and some of his relations suggested that Janet might be useful to him in his then frail condition. Uncle Ben, when this suggestion was communicated to him, replied in his usual quiet, yielding way, that he would be very happy that Janet should come and live with him, if she could endure the quiet of his house and company. Our uncle Benjamin was one of the most retiring and diffident men I have ever known; indeed, for all his life, or at least from his early years, he lived the life of a hermit in London. I am certain Janet, though she never complained, must have felt her life rather a solitary one, though she had some few other friends at that time in London. To give some idea of our uncle's unobtrusive character, I may mention one or two anecdotes. Uncle Ben was very fond of me, and on two occasions he, without a letter or a line of premonition, came down from London to live with me and my wife. The first visit was when I was living alone at Queensferry, for it so happened that my wife and children

had gone to spend some weeks with my father-in-law, Mr Cassels, at Auchenhard, in West Lothian, which he had leased for summer quarters. My uncle found me at Queensferry in the rather deserted condition I have described, and he lived with me for a fortnight. Nearly a week passed, but he never once asked me either if I had a family or a wife, or where they were located at the time. It was as if he considered solitude the normal and befitting condition of man. This unquestioning and uninquiring conduct was so curious, that I enjoyed the sport, and allowed some days to run before I put the question to him, "Uncle Ben, are you aware that I am a married man?" My uncle afterwards came to know my wife very well, and her frankness and animation much pleased him, so that some years afterwards he paid us another visit, when we were spending some autumn weeks at Innerleithen. We wandered much about the neighbourhood with him, and one day I asked him if he ever regretted his father having so hastily sold Kailzie, which lay a few miles from where we were at the time, reminding him that, but for that hasty act, he might possibly have become the laird. He replied, in his usual quiet way, with a smile, "Not in the least. Nothing could be less in *my way*. London is my world. *I can enjoy everything there.*" Uncle Ben left no will; he had not even the self-reliance and boldness to make a will. It must not, however, be supposed that he was either a dull or unintelligent man. He read and spoke both German and French. He used, in earlier years, to run off to the continent, and travel about for months. There was also some smouldering fire within him; sometimes, after sitting for an hour absolutely silent, he would suddenly start up and recite, with a loud voice and good emphasis, some favourite passage from one or other of Shakespeare's tragedies. He also had an excellent taste for music, and belonged to a London Music Club, where he played

on a high-priced Straduarius violin. None of us, however, ever heard a note of his performance on this, or on any other instrument. It would have made him quite nervous to venture on such a private exhibition.

After the death of our uncles George and Benjamin Stodart, Janet (as well as all the nephews and nieces of the two families of Wyld and Stodart), having got addition to what her paternal provision conferred, bought and furnished, in 1876, a house, 5 Pembridge Crescent. In this house, she and her friend Minnie Sullivan lived together till 1887.

Janet, however, began at length to feel the trouble somewhat irksome of repairing her house, and of keeping it in the necessary good order; she also sighed for more freedom to move about in the world, whether in summer or winter, and whether in Great Britain or on the Continent of Europe. She accordingly, in the year last mentioned, considered herself fortunate in finding a handsome top flat in the west end of London, in one of the new and novel houses built in a style much adopted in recent years, and in every way suited to her tastes and wishes. It is in the quadrangular range of buildings called Bramham Gardens. She leased this flat. It is the *fifth* from the pavement. She pays what may seem a considerable rent for so elevated a position, but it has many comforts and conveniences. The staircase is covered with a comfortable carpet; at each of the landings there is a good couch, settee, or covered bench to rest the aspiring visitor; there are handsome lamps to light it throughout at night; there is a trusty porter or janitor, who lives on the ground flat, who opens the entrance door; and who attends the call of the families on the different flats; there is a speaking tube to convey messages from the entrance below to each family above, and there are lifts to send packages and parcels to each door; and lastly, for the rent which Janet pays to the landlord, he takes on his own shoulders

payment of all the local and municipal taxes, thus relieving the tenant of all trouble and anxiety on this score. He also relieves the tenants by keeping the roof and drains in good order. Thus is modern ease and luxury obtained. Janet showed me with much glee that her flat contained every indoor comfort that the most fastidious person could desire: handsome dining and drawing-rooms, a handsome bed-room for herself and Miss Sullivan, a spare bed-room for one or two visitors, which we found in every way commodious; kitchen and pantry, bed-rooms for two servants, a bath room, a coal store, a wine cellar, closets, wardrobes, &c., all so necessary for ladies. Our visit to the two ladies, which extended over a week, we found to be charming. There they lived in peace and contentment as in an eagle's nest, or I should perhaps say, in a dove's nest, high above all the noise and dust and bustle of the outer world; self-contained in every respect, but looking down on the scenes below with interest and curiosity. My sister's æsthetic tastes were immediately discovered by the furniture of her rooms; they exhibited everything that is pleasant and tasteful,—some of them, as I have said, were memorials of long past times, and of friends no longer seen. There were also antique lamps and natty desks and caskets, and chairs, and couches in keeping. But this is not all, or the best. In every available corner and recess, and under the windows, in her public rooms, are numerous shelves, and books, of all sorts and sizes. I was curious to know the genera and species of these; and one morning, before breakfast, I peered about to satisfy my curiosity. I was very much gratified to find that the collection was one of, to me, a most interesting character. Books old and new; books both with old world interest and with bold modern thought,—all subjects, religion, philosophy, physical science, not abundant, but select: Darwin, Lyell's Elements and Principles of Geology, &c., &c. I enjoyed the sight of all this

as a proof of an aiming after learning on the part of those I loved; and the question put by Philip to the Ethiopian treasurer of Queen Candace occurred to me, "Understandest thou what thou readest?" and the desire also that I, or some younger and more competent friend, had the opportunity and the ability to help them forward in such knowledge.

Janet has been ever most fortunate and happy in her friendships. Minnie Sullivan is everything that could be desired to add to Janet's comfort and happiness. She is intelligent, and capable in business matters, affectionate, trusty, and good tempered. The two ladies have lived together now for more than thirteen years, lovingly and happily. Janet's countenance used sometimes in youth to bear an expression of perplexity, and even of unhappiness; and the long illness and uncertainty, connected with her brother Edward's life, must for years have rendered her extremely anxious. The experiences of life and years, however, and their many trials, have much changed Janet, and who will not say for the better? She has grieved over friends lost, but she has realised that God is good, and that He does all things well. I never knew Janet more contented and happy than she has been for the last few years, founded, no doubt, on a sound realising of man's life and destiny. Where there are sound principles and a loving nature, the frets and waywardness, or call it self-will, of youth are sure gradually to disappear, or at least to mellow down.

Janet is tall and slender. She has a sensitive and a timid expression. The ruddy Stodart complexion which she formerly had is now much toned down, she having for some years suffered at intervals from rheumatism, and having had to subject herself to the hot bath and massage treatment, so ably conducted at *Aix-les-Bains*. Her hair, which in youth was ruddy, has gradually passed from that into the silvery grey, and now it is not far

from a beautiful, silver white. She has, in a measure, got quit of rheumatism, and I hope she may have many years yet in store of a happy, healthy, and contented life. She has friends who sympathise in her tastes, opinions, and enjoyments. She is still advancing in knowledge; cultivating her mind, and mellowing her heart, and lending help in various ways to those who require it, and adding to their comfort and happiness.

CHAPTER XVII.

CONCLUSION.

On our annual home-coming in June 1888, we found most of our relatives and many friends still in Edinburgh, but as the season advanced, Professor Blackie and Eliza, George and his family, and some others, were located at Kingussie. Our brother and sister, William and Louisa, with Daisy, remained our neighbours till we went to Ruthven. Later, we saw numerous friends as they assembled in Edinburgh, or passed through on their way to London, namely, William, Louisa, and Daisy; George, Emily, Maud, Ida, Norman, and Grace; Louise Wyld and her son Cecil from Lausanne; Charles Edward, of the Tile House; Marion, Professor Blackie, Eliza, and Augusta; my son Robert from Oswestry, his wife and son Robert; Mr and Mrs Mackintosh and their daughters; Mrs John Wyld; Mr and Mrs A. Y. Pitcairn and their children. One of their sons, Thomas, was preparing to emigrate to a friend in South East Africa. He was receiving some gifts from friends at going. I gave him a saddle and trappings, to help him over the wild country of his adoption. We were fortunate, in October—before going again to Italy—in seeing Walter Gibson Cassels, and Richard Scougall Cassels, from Toronto, Canada, brothers of my wife. They came on a visit to their eldest sister, Mrs Allan, 5 Magdala Crescent, Edinburgh. She is fresh and vigorous at eighty-six years of age. We also saw

some of my oldest friends, among them Hugh Lyon and Andrew Macgeorge of Glasgow, old office friends of 1832; also one of our oldest friends, Margaret More, daughter of Professor John Shank More, so well known in Edinburgh in his day; also several Bordighera friends, who sought us out in Edinburgh.

All this was very happy and cheerful, but the meeting at Ruthven House, to celebrate the silver wedding of Lord Trayner and my daughter Frances, on 4th August 1888, must be regarded as the most interesting event of this year's home-coming. We were a select and happy party; we enjoyed a few weeks together on this occasion. There were Lord Trayner and Frances, the two sons and two daughters, Edward Salvesen, and little Dorothy, the grandchild, Mr and Mrs Salvesen, with their family, being absent on their annual tour to Norway. William and Louisa, Marion, my wife, Walter, Alice, and myself, my son Robert, his wife and son, completed the party. The event of the day was celebrated by festoons and mottoes in the entrance hall; by tables laden with gifts from friends far and near; and at lunch, at which the husbands and wives sat side by side in couples, the others being scattered promiscuously round the table, I, as the oldest of the family party, claimed the privilege of giving the toast of the day, somewhat in these terms :—

"This marriage was truly a love marriage, and we all know the love has neither cooled nor decayed, but, on the contrary, has rather grown stronger and more confirmed, after the fellowship of twenty-five years. The most eventful and anxious period of marriage is generally, I believe, the first portion of twenty-five years; there are many problems solved during that period, regarding health, temper, character, then also regarding professional success or professional failure. Well, we have much cause of thankfulness in being able to congratulate the happy couple, whose company and hospitality we have for some time been

enjoying, that they have, up to this time, been blessed with a fair amount of good health, good temper, and good character; there has also been professional success.

"By the steady exercise of his abilities, the young advocate who, twenty-five years ago, presented himself to me, claiming the hand of my eldest daughter, first rose to professional notice, and then steadily to high eminence. In due time he was appointed Sheriff of one of the finest counties of Scotland, namely, the county in which we at present are assembled; and after he had earnestly and faithfully discharged all the arduous duties pertaining to this office, he has, as we know, been elevated to the honourable position of a Judge of the Court of Session.

"Besides these honours, let us congratulate the happy couple on one of the greatest blessings of married life, the blessing of a fine family, seated round the family board, as we see them at present, namely, two stalwart sons and two fair and amiable daughters. The children of this family, it is most pleasing to observe, have always been eminently loving and obedient to their parents. The two sons are preparing themselves for their chosen professional lives, and we all, I am sure, earnestly unite in wishing them, first, perseverance in their preparations, and then all due prosperity and success in life. Isabelle, the eldest daughter, is pretty, wise, and practical. She has been early married to Edward Salvesen, a rising young barrister, whose character and abilities have inspired us all not only with confidence, but with affection and respect.

"Lord Trayner and my daughter are thus most happy in their married relation; they are also happy as parents in their children and grandchildren; and I ask you all to unite in congratulating them on this their silver wedding-day, and I am sure we all pray God to bless them and their children, with happy, healthy, and useful lives."

Lord Trayner replied, with much feeling and taste, but on

reaching the natural climax, the speaker's voice failed him, and as words would not come at command, they were superseded by a warm and tender embrace of the object of his affection. This elicited an instant and hearty burst of applause from all the company present. After dinner, the domestics and the people on the property had a ball and supper—our young people joining in the dance. Thus the pleasing anniversary was brought to an end.

And now this quite unexpectedly long series of family memoirs is closed; and the cheers of friends, and the ringing notes of children, must be followed by a few sober reflections on ourselves, the matured surviving members of our father's family.

When our parents died in 1860, the surviving children were twelve in number, namely, seven sons and five daughters; since then, till the present month of August 1889, four of the family have dropped from our society. Benjamin died of dysentery at Cawnpore, on 30th August 1860, aged thirty-three; Henry, at Leamington Road Villas, London, on 11th March 1880, aged sixty-five; Edward died of aneurism, at Courtfield Gardens, London, on 9th May 1887, aged sixty-three; and on the 16th October of the same year, at 11 Lennox Street, Edinburgh, aged eighty-three years, Isabella, the beloved head of the family.

The living members of this generation are thus reduced to four sons and four daughters. We still cling lovingly to each other, and feel cheerful and young in seeing the happiness of the rising generations of children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren, round about us.

Our cheerfulness would, however, be imperfect and feeble, were it not sustained by the higher principles of faith and hope which Christ has impressed, I trust, on each one of us—the hope of future everlasting life. "BECAUSE I LIVE," SAID CHRIST, "YE SHALL LIVE ALSO."

ADDENDUM.

I find I have omitted, in its proper place, due notice of my sister Marion's eldest daughter, Minnie Mackintosh, and her family, probably the most interesting and heroic of our many branches.

Minnie has been tried throughout most of her married life, by the delicate health of her husband, the effect of scarlet fever, caught when he was clergyman of the Presbyterian Church of Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land; and more lately, by the broken health of her second son Augustus, who has, at least for the present, been compelled to resign the career in life to which his talents entitled him to aspire. The mother and her eldest daughter Edith, notwithstanding these trials, are ever the patterns of cheerful hopefulness. Edith has been for three years in a nurse's home in London, and being educated as a nurse probationer at St Thomas's Hospital, she has now been sent as an out-door nurse and visitor to a district of the mining population at Bishop Auckland, near Durham. Small, slender, but as I have said, beaming with cheerfulness and hopefulness, there ever seems to me in that face and heart, the potentiality, if God preserves her, of endless help and comfort to the suffering fellow-creatures to whom she has devoted herself. Ethel, the youngest, is at home with her parents.

The Rev. James Grant Mackintosh, the father of the family, notwithstanding his long continued bodily weakness, has for some years, and still is, bravely discharging the onerous duties of Secretary to the Colonial and Continental Free Church Missions.

A CLOSING REFLECTION BY THE AUTHOR.

GILSTON, 24TH JULY 1884, WHEN ON A VISIT TO MR AND MRS TRAYNER.

To-day, as I was walking along the road which runs east and west through Gilston, I looked with strange feelings over the fields in which my father had for thirty-five years taken a daily and engrossing interest. They lay green and bright under the sun. The belts of wood planted by him along the ridges of Dunnikier Law, and all around, were much grown, and were sheltering and ornamenting the estate. It is now twenty-four years since my father passed from this scene which he had so greatly enjoyed; and I, the eldest son, now seventy-five years of age, am surveying the land which by his testament was fondly destined to me, but which a higher Power arranged otherwise.

I can sincerely say, that I entirely, and without one sentiment of regret, concur in this result—it is best for me and my children, it is best for my father's family, and, in fact, no other arrangement would have been either possible or right. From my heart, I can thank God for all my present blessings. I have an active, energetic, and loving, though, for her own comfort, probably over-anxious wife. My children are all healthy, affectionate, and to use a modest term, they are *well-conditioned and good.*

Regarding myself, as I am in a reflective mood, I may say that I have no strong desire to have a much longer extension of my earthly existence, especially as old age has increased certain life-long bodily infirmities. Still less have I any desire to live my life

over again, even if that were possible. No man who properly considers the philosophy of life would desire this, even if it were psychologically possible, which it is not. To be subjected a second time to the restraints and sufferings of childhood and early youth, and to the toils of middle age, with its many disappointments, errors, and it may be compromises and crimes, simply for the sake of life and its ordinary commonplace enjoyments, what man could covet such a recast of existence! The childish sports repeated, would lack all freshness and zest; and youth repeated, but without the hopes and expectations and aspirations which alone supported us, even in our most distasteful toils, would be simply intolerable, for the toils and fatigues, disappointments and remorses, alone would retain their original sharpness.

If the question were indeed put, Would you accept a second opportunity of *recasting the plan of your life*, of altering and amending your education, of changing your professional occupations, and reconsidering your actions and resolves, so that you might apply yourself to better purpose? such an offer as this we might indeed accept; to refuse it would be cowardice; but even this the bravest man might hesitate to accept, not feeling over confident of the result—we are such frail beings.

No such offer shall be made to us *in this world*. Let us, therefore, be content to turn from the past and hopefully anticipate the future, when parents and children, brothers and sisters, and that great multitude of the good and faithful and aspiring, gathered from all nations, shall meet, as we believe, under more favourable conditions, where they may succeed in making much more worthy and successful efforts and advances, under their Great Leader and Exemplar.

A SKETCH OF ROBERT STODART, Esq. OF KAILZIE AND ORMISTON HILL.

ROBERT STODART, Esq. OF KAILZIE AND ORMISTON HILL.

MY GRANDFATHER, ROBERT STODART, ESQ. OF KAILZIE, &c., AND HIS FAMILY.

I HAVE always had pleasant memories of my grandfather, and many years ago I suggested to my cousin, Robert Riddle Stodart, eldest son of John Stodart, W.S., that he should gather up some particulars of his grandfather's early life. I considered that the circumstance of a young Scotsman, of limited education, going to push his way in London, after somewhat of a roving and unsettled start in early life, having so planned and carried out his own schemes, as almost at once to have taken a leading position in the profession or trade into which he embarked, so as to be able, at a comparatively early age, to return to his native land, to purchase an estate in a district adjoining his native county, and enjoy repose and the respect and affection of his relatives,—all this to me argued something superior in the individual. My cousin, acting on my suggestion, after some time furnished me with some particulars, especially as regards my grandfather's London life; of these I have availed myself in the following very brief and imperfect sketch. My cousin also allowed me to copy the genealogical table of the Stodarts which he had prepared, and which I propose to append to the present sketch.

My grandfather, Robert Stodart of Kailzie, in Peeblesshire, thereafter of Ormiston Hill, in West Lothian, and who, during the last

thirty years of his life, resided in his Edinburgh house, 52 Queen Street, was the seventh and youngest son of James Stodart, tenant in Walston Place Farm, in the county of Lanark, in which county the family for several generations had dwelt, as will appear from inspection of the appended genealogical table. He was born in Walston farm house in 1748.

Being an active and intelligent boy, and having a decided taste for mechanics, he was, at a suitable age, apprenticed by his father to an engineer and wheelwright in Dalkeith, in which town some of his relatives resided. On the expiry of his apprenticeship, he went direct to the West Indies, to the Island of Tobago, with the view of prosecuting the business of an engineer. He soon got into full employment there, in putting up machinery on sugar and coffee estates ; but having experienced a strong repugnance to the system of slavery, with which he was brought into close connection, he returned to his native land, with the repute, as was natural, of possessing somewhat of a restless and unsettled disposition. What his next immediate movements were, I have been unable to ascertain, but I have heard conversations which led me to conclude that he had gone to sea, and that he had made at least one voyage to the north of Europe, or to the Greenland seas. Be this as it may, his next arena was London. He set out for the great city, following the bent of his own free will, and here he engaged himself in the employment of Beakhart Shudi, a native of Glarus, in Switzerland. This person, originally a journeyman joiner, had come to London in 1732, when a young man, and had risen to be the first musical instrument maker in the English capital, where he died in 1775. My grandfather, Mr Stodart, would consequently be twenty-seven years of age at the time of his master's death, and we are led to believe that it was shortly after this, namely, in 1775, that he began business as a successor to Americus Baekers, a German, of Neüberg, whose warehouse was in

Jermyn Street. Mr Stodart, however, established himself in business in Golden Square, and at the same time he took a house on the west side of Wardour Street, Soho, of which he had a lease, dated in the above year, at a rent of fifty guineas. His next residence was in Grosvenor Place.

In the year 1783, Mr Stodart, when thirty-five years of age, married Alison, daughter of James Turnbull, a London merchant, who traded to the Levant. The marriage portion obtained with this lady, though but moderate, no doubt materially assisted the young man in prosecuting his business. The lady, born and educated in London, possessed very considerable personal attractions, as is evident from a fine and characteristic portrait of her executed by George Watson, R.S.A., Edinburgh, when she was apparently about sixty years of age, and which is now the property of her grandson, the writer of this sketch.

That Mr Stodart had rapid success in business, is proved by the fact, that he sold his business to his two nephews, Matthew and William Stodart, and returned to his native country in the year 1800, where he had already purchased the romantic little property of Kailzie. Now, suppose he began business on his own account immediately after the death of Americus Backers, in 1775, this allows him only twenty-five years, in which to have realised what was then considered an ample fortune. I have heard it asserted, that he had only been in business from ten to fifteen years. I think, however, I must be much nearer the truth in stating it at twenty-five years, for he certainly retired in 1800.

That Mr Stodart thoroughly understood his business, and made superior instruments, cannot be doubted; but other circumstances must have contributed to the speedy success of an unfriended Scotsman in London in those days. Mr Stodart was tall, and gentlemanly in his manners; he was grave, but by no means taciturn. He had absolutely nothing of what is known as the *shop manner;*

on the contrary, he retained through life a singularly quiet and retiring but dignified deportment, with decided traces of that Doric plainness of speech which distinguishes those bred north of the Tweed, and which strikingly contrasts with cockney glibness of utterance. His Doric style seems not to have stood in his way; on the contrary, his warehouse, at an early date, became the resort of the three Princesses Royal, daughters of George III., and we know how readily the higher circles in London follow in the wake of those who are accepted as the leaders of fashion. It may not seem generous towards such kind and influential patronesses to mention, that I have heard the subject of this memoir good-naturedly hint, many years after these excellent ladies had passed from their exalted earthly sphere, that though they were true lovers of music, they yet shared the peculiarity of the family, of being very slow payers, so that Mr Stodart used frequently to wince when he saw them setting their affections on an extra high-priced instrument.

Mr Stodart having been one of the early improvers of the pianoforte, which, though introduced little more than a century ago, has now, for domestic purposes, superseded all other stringed instruments, it is right that his share in the improvement of the instrument should not be entirely overlooked.

The virginal, three hundred years ago, occupied the place now held by the piano. It is alluded to by Shakespeare in his Winter's Tale. Pepys also, in his description of the great fire in London, in 1666, in describing the escape down the Thames of the inhabitants, whose houses and furniture were involved in risk of destruction, says, "I observed that hardly one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house, but there was a pair of virginals in it." This was the first stringed instrument in which the wires were struck by a hammer. In appearance, it very much resembled a harp laid horizontally, and each note was due to the vibration of

a single wire. The strokes were given by hammers attached to the end of strong elastic wires, which followed the movements of the keys played on by the fingers.

The spinet was an improvement on the virginal. It was an instrument in which the vibrations of the wires were produced by a piece of crow quill set in a moveable jack, in moving up which the quill scraped against and twanged the wire producing the note, and in descending it was so arranged that the quill yielded as it passed the wire. The jack carried up with it a small piece of felt, which on descending was left on the wire, and thus served as a damper.

The harpsichord, introduced into England in the early part of the 17th century, was an improvement again on the spinet, chiefly, as we believe, from having two wires for each note. It is said to have produced a brilliant, but somewhat harsh and jingling sound. It was on this instrument, however, that Scarlatti, Handel, and Bach performed their wonderful compositions.

The pianoforte, originally called the *Grand Forte Piano*, is generally understood to have been invented by Christopher Gottlieb Schröter, a native of Hoenstein, in Germany. He exhibited the model of his invention at one of the German courts so early as 1721. This ingenious man reaped no profit from his invention, nor was it in his own country that its merits were recognised. The first maker at all known in England was Americus Baekers, whom we have above named. Neither, it would seem, did any great success reward Baekers in prosecuting the new invention, which embraced an improved connection of the keys and hammers.

We have already said, that Mr Stodart had apprenticed himself to Beakhart Shudi. In the same establishment, and in the same position, though he entered a few years earlier, was another young Scotsman, John Broadwood, a native of Berwickshire. Broadwood had been bred a joiner. He had the like artisan skill which Mr

Stodart had acquired in Dalkeith, and I have heard my grandfather often allude to the benefit he derived from the dexterity he had acquired in the use of carpenters' instruments.

In 1769, Broadwood married Shudi's only surviving daughter, Barbara, and at the same time he became a partner in his father-in-law's business. Stodart and Broadwood thus became friends, and they were consulted by Baekers, and assisted him in his successful experiments to improve the piano; and as Mr Broadwood was at that time fully occupied as partner in Shudi's business, Mr Stodart, on Mr Baekers' death, took the full benefit of the knowledge he had acquired, when planning improvements with Baekers in his warehouse, and thus he may practically be said to have become his successor, for Mr Broadwood was at that time, as we have mentioned, in his father-in-law's warehouse, busy in the construction of the harpsichord, a decidedly inferior instrument. My grandfather was thus the first who was enabled to introduce an improved pianoforte which satisfied the public taste, and thus led greatly to his success in business.

In 1777, or two years after Mr Baekers' death, we find Mr Stodart taking out a patent "for *a new sort of instrument, or a grand forte piano*, with an octavo swell." About the same time, he became pianoforte maker to the Royal Family. Another improvement was about this time introduced by Mr Stodart. It is known that the tension of the strings in a pianoforte is equal to fully six tons. To counteract this enormous strain, Mr Stodart introduced metal tubes, instead of the wooden frame previously employed. This was found to be a great improvement in many ways, one of which was, that it allowed the vibrations to act freely on the sounding board placed beneath. Mr Stodart's nephew, William, in the year 1820, more fully carried out his uncle's idea, and took out a patent "for the first perfect system of metallic bracers for grand pianos, the string plate and bars being united." In this invention, the iron

wires were stretched on iron bars, and the brass wires on brass bars. By this contrivance of the wires, whether iron or brass, being stretched on bars of corresponding metal, the evil of the unequal expansion of the wire and its stretcher, from change of temperature, was avoided, and the instrument was kept in much better tune.

Mr Stodart also, I believe, invented the upright piano. This form of instrument was always a favourite with him, especially from the advantage it possessed of occupying little space in the small London rooms then so common. On the marriage of my mother, he presented her with one of these upright pianos, which long stood in the drawing-room at Bonnington Bank. I have heard him say, that before he constructed a piano of this sort, he long puzzled himself as to how the levers of the horizontal key board should be connected with the hammers, so as *best* to make them strike the vertical wires; and that an idea struck him one day in church, which compelled him to rise from his seat, and immediately, with a piece of wood and a bit of leather, to make trial in his house of the mechanical connection that had occurred to him, and to establish how it would work when put in position. It was not, however, till 13th January 1795, that William Stodart, my grandfather's nephew and successor in the business, took out a patent for what he designated "*The Upright Grand Piano Forte of the form of a Book Case, the mechanism of which is of an entirely new construction.*"

Mr Stodart, as we have remarked, retired from London after having been in business certainly not more than twenty-five years. This early retirement would indicate a character impatient of restraint, and there can be little doubt this was one of my grandfather's characteristics. He sighed for the country life to which in youth he had been accustomed, and in 1789, loving freedom more than money, he handed over his business, as we have already

said, to his two nephews, Matthew and William Stodart, reserving only a right to £3, 3s. during his life, on all pianofortes sold by them. This arrangement was afterwards changed by an agreement, dated 8th May 1797, by which, in lieu of the above tax, Mr Stodart obtained a life annuity of £300. Before retiring from business, and settling in Scotland, he paid a visit to his native county, and purchased the small but romantic estate of Kailzie, on the banks of the Tweed, a few miles below Peebles—and to it he brought his wife and children, posting all the way from London.

Mr Stodart, while in Peeblesshire, not only occupied himself with agricultural pursuits, but being accustomed to horses from boyhood, he entered keenly into the enjoyment of hunting, and became a great favourite in the county. This life, however, had its drawbacks as well as its enjoyments, at least so thought his London-bred wife. I have heard my grandfather recount some adventures he had in returning home after dining out with his country friends. Bridges were not abundant, and he had frequently to ford the Tweed on horseback, an exploit not without risk when the night was dark and the river was swollen by rain. This greatly agitated and distressed my grandmother, and ultimately led my grandfather suddenly to sell Kailzie. Colonel Campbell had been dining with him, and happening to praise the beauty of the place, Mr Stodart remarked, that he was ready to sell it or anything else except his wife and children. The bargain was accordingly immediately closed, and Kailzie passed into the hands of the guest; to the satisfaction, no doubt, of Mrs Stodart, but to the distress of her children. I have heard my mother talk of the first long journey from London to Scotland, and of the burden of the song kept up by the happy children while they were on the way, "I wish to go to Kailzie house—I wish to go to Kailzie," and of the enthusiasm she herself felt in the new scene, and in the large range of trees growing in the park a little way back from the Tweed, at the roots of which

she used to sit, and to speculate and admire, as romantic young girls, in similar circumstances, have done, and will do.

Many things in Scottish life had been puzzling to my grandmother. Sometimes, however, they afforded her no little amusement, for though somewhat prim, she had always a considerable relish for humour. Her cook one day announced that there was a person in the kitchen selling pigs. I am very fond of pigs, said the natty London lady, and off she ran to see if she could make a purchase. What was her disappointment when, instead of veritable pigs, as such are known in England, she saw a country woman selling coarse crockery. "This is a strange country," said Mrs Stodart, "I never know exactly where I am." "Ay," remarked the female merchant, "y'ill doubtless whiles be jist like a coo in an unco loan."

I have not ascertained at what date my grandfather purchased the pretty property of Ormiston Hill, in West Lothian. It was shortly after parting with Kailzie. And shortly after this he also bought his Edinburgh house, No. 52 Queen Street, which after the death of his widow, in 1833, was sold to the eminent physician, Sir James Simpson, to whom we owe the introduction of chloroform as an anæsthetic.

To this house Mr Stodart sent his sons while they were attending the Edinburgh High School. And in it he and his wife and younger children resided during the winter months.

My mother, the eldest of the family, was sent for a time to a boarding school at Musselburgh, called Linkfield, a school then of some repute. Among the names of her school companions whom she mentioned as being pupils there, I remember that of the daughters of the family of Mr Hunter of Hunterston. With the representatives of this family, namely, Colonel and Mrs Hunter Weston, we became acquainted in 1888 and 1889, at Aix-les-Bains, and we found they still held in memory some traditions of the old school.

Kailzie was sold by my grandfather, I think, before my father's marriage, namely, in 1803. When my grandfather had sold Ormiston Hill, he settled in his Queen Street house. He must at this time have been about sixty-two years of age. If his life when in London was one involving both anxiety and labour, his life in Edinburgh was one of the quietest possible. He suffered a good deal from gout and rheumatism, and from painful ailments connected with digestion; and my memory pictures the tall genial old man sitting much by the fireside in Queen Street, very quiet indeed, till a stranger or friend engaged him in conversation, then all his pains seemed speedily forgotten. Nearly every clear summer day he took a drive out of Edinburgh to see the green fields and grain crops, and at least once a week he called at Bonnington Bank, on my mother, accompanied generally by his wife or his two daughters, Eliza and Augusta. At longer intervals, he varied his excursions by driving to Musselburgh Links for the sake of a game at golf with any friends he might meet, or, to use the Scottish expression, *tryst* there. If there was one thing my grandfather valued more than another, it was to drive the best horses he could purchase. He also, so far back as I can remember, allowed his two sons, Robert and John, the use of saddle horses.

Besides occasional family dinners, at which I remember frequently meeting his nephew, Willie Watson, W.S., afterwards Sheriff of Aberdeen, and his nephew, George Stodart, W.S., of Oliver; he also had occasional musical parties for the benefit of his children, and more rarely dancing parties. At least once a year he had a more formal dinner party, at which my father and mother, and some of us children, his family physician and friend, Mr Law and wife, and their two handsome daughters, and their son, Willie Law, were guests; also the Rev. Mr Johnston, of Roxburgh Place Chapel, a gentleman of piety and gifts, but who got into trouble by introducing, at the instigation of

my grandfather, an organ into his church. My grandfather must thus bear the reproach or the honour of being the first who, in a Presbyterian Scottish Church, led to the introduction of instrumental music in public worship.

Mr Stodart occasionally took summer quarters in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, for the sake of variety to himself and his family. I remember a visit of some duration paid to him at Limefield, near West Calder, in 1819, and well I may remember it. My father drove my mother there from Bonnington Bank in his gig, and I, who had only returned from Fulnec a few days before, and had thus but a very brief opportunity of practising horsemanship, was destined to accompany them on a small Shetland pony, and thus make proof of my skill in a new art. To keep well abreast of the gig, I very soon discovered would task both me and my pony to the utmost. Do what we could, the gig soon shot far ahead of me, and I kept lashing and spurring my pony, that I might not lose sight of my guiding star, the gig, and thus become a castaway, for I had not the slightest idea of the direction of the place of my destination. I was only eleven years of age. I soon got saddle sore, and in addition to other pains and difficulties, I found that the straps of the saddle had got loose. The pony and I were thoroughly out of breath ; but though faint, we were yet pursuing the inexorable gig, when, just as we reached the main street of West Calder, the saddle slipped round, and I fell on the road, my feet fast in the stirrups. Luckily, some one of those in the gig looking round, perceived the mishap, and I was rescued from my unfortunate posture. A saddler made a new hole in the saddle belt, and I, sore battered, was again placed in position, and after a little more painful experience, I arrived at the desired place of repose.

When, after a few days rest at Limefield, I had recovered my skin, I had the temerity to mount a newly bought young horse, an

ill conditioned creature it proved; for no sooner was I on its back, than off it started at full gallop down the avenue; the trees, cows, and everything else seemed to my whirling brain to spin past me. The first object I became distinctly conscious of, was the five-barred white entrance gate, which was getting rapidly near. Would the mad animal venture the leap? and would I clear it, or would I be left on the near side? these were the questions which presented themselves. That my brains might bespatter the gate posts, I confess never occurred to me. Just as we reached the gate, the brute drew suddenly up, and I cautiously turned his head homeward. When I was near the house, I met my grandfather, walking with his staff in his hand. He took the animal short by the bridle. "Come down," he said to me, "and I'll teach that animal to play no more such pranks." He then slowly mounted. The fear I felt when I saw the old man with his thin knee breeches, his long gray stockings, extending from the knee downwards, and his house shoes, mount the panting horse, was great, but it was misplaced—the creature knew its master, and it had also seen the stick he carried. It walked off as meek and sober as a penitent after confession. This inspired me with a reverence for my grandfather, which nothing else could so instantly have called forth. I saw also that the sagacity of the quadruped in such cases counts for much. The animal, however, after some weeks' trial, proved incorrigible, and was parted with, much to the general satisfaction.

Though my grandfather, as I have said, was habitually taciturn, he uniformly became much enlivened by conversation. He was one of the very best story tellers I have ever known. Many of his stories were narratives of his own experience in town and country life, and a good many others were current in Scotland, and some of them may be found in the popular volume published by the Rev. and most genial Dean Ramsay of Edinburgh. Mr Stodart invariably began his story slowly and gravely, till the characters were

fully before his audience, and the telling point was looming into view; the proper key note was then struck, and the confined and concentrated essence of humour burst forth, involving the teller and the listener in the usual succession of irrepressible and indescribable spasms to which the human animal alone is subject.

My grandfather's closing years, as I have already said, were quiet, uneventful, and unruffled. He and his family paid frequent visits to my father and mother at Gilston. All members of his family, whether married or unmarried, were willingly received in that hospitable mansion, not excepting the quietest, but not on that account the less instructed and less interesting member of the Stodart family, Uncle Ben.

When a man has enjoyed his family for many years, and has seen them established in the world, and grandchildren rising around him, it does not seem a hard law which calls him to resign his life, with the many weaknesses and sufferings which age generally increases. So it was with our grandfather; he died in his bed in Queen Street, on 7th March 1831, aged eighty-three years, leaving his wife and two unmarried daughters the sole occupants of the house they had so long known. His faithful and well-beloved wife followed her husband two years and four months after his death, viz., on 25th July 1833, aged seventy-three years. To her, the children of our family who were old enough to know her, can look back with unfeigned love and tenderness, not diminished but probably enhanced by the remembrance of certain peculiarities in her dealings with them; as for example, when she was bathing at Newhaven, which she occasionally would do, with some of the children of our family, she would insist on our being plunged by the maid three times in quick succession under the waves; or when she entered our nursery, she would order the windows, even in cold weather, to be instantly opened; or when she caught us at our evening meal, she would prohibit our gnawing our

crusts, and ordered the maid immediately to *notch* them, while she stood watching the hated operation. These traits show that she was an active disciplinarian, and a lover of bracing and not of coddling treatment. We look back to these records of her character with pleasure, and can sincerely pray for peace to her soul, in realms where there is neither mistaken kindness nor unnecessary fidgettiness, for these were the excellent lady's only weaknesses, so far as we the grandchildren knew. In all other respects, she was an active, conscientious, and most affectionate wife and grandmother.

MARION STODART, my mother, was the eldest of my grandfather's children, and she was ever the special favourite of her parents. She was born in London, I think, in 1783.

I have alluded to my mother's intercourse with me in several of the early parts of this volume. I look back to all I knew of her when I was a schoolboy, with a loving and poetic interest. Through her entire life, my mother was kind and loving to me, and a pat of her hand on my shoulder was to me in those times better than anything else she could give me. I shall here only make such remarks, and give such few anecdotes, as may show some peculiar traits of her character.

She was constitutionally a lover of nature, and of fresh air, and of poetry. She had also a natural craving for knowledge, though the cares of a large family and of a busy house entirely prevented her prosecuting this taste. She submitted, however, cheerfully to her fate, and to calls of duty, and led a happy, practical, and busy life.

It cannot be denied that she had a somewhat quick and excitable, nervous temperament, but substantially she possessed along with this a sound physique, and a cheerful and contented spirit. I do not doubt she was over sensitive, and, therefore, easily ruffled by the small vexations of life—what woman escapes this? But this I can say truly, that she had nothing of the morbid in her

constitution, the cloud of the ruffle soon passed away, and the sunshine again quickly broke forth.

When she was fatigued or vexed, recognising the disturbance as mostly physical, she had the philosophy quietly in these cases just to put on her garden bonnet and shawl, and to slip out alone for the benefit of a quiet walk in the cool air. She usually would walk up the Gilston avenue as far as to the west wood, plucking on her way a rose, or some other scented plant, to soothe and gratify her, and she scarcely ever failed to come back fresh and cheerful.

In the earlier years of her married life, she took an honest share in relieving the nursery-maid, who had charge of the youngest child, and when thus engaged, in order to amuse the child, and to relieve her arms and shoulders, she adopted various expedients. She would lay the little creature down on the floor on its back, and would sing and gesticulate to it, or dance round it in a circle. When these means failed, there was a dance which was wonderfully successful. The child lying on the carpet, my mother would stand on the hard floor, or if she was in the dining-room then on the wax cloth, and perform a feat which consisted in a quick movement of the feet, in tune ; but the chief merit of the piece lay in the refrain, which consisted in making the loose slippers slap and clatter at intervals on the hard floor. This my mother called *leather de patch*, or leather dispatch. It was an invaluable discovery.

I have said that my mother naturally had a desire for knowledge. She took a lively interest in all things around her. This is one of the chief charms of a woman, and especially of the mother of a family. Indifference is a sad and melancholy state of mind ; to be always alive, alert, and interested in everything real, whether great or small, such was my mother's usual mood.

I believe the dear mother reared and nursed fully twelve children ; doubtless, she had many cares, aches, and anxieties, and

often sleepless nights, but she never entirely lost what I call her liveliness, or love of knowledge; and frequently, when I might be standing at the open library case at Bonnington, trying to pick up some morsels of scientific knowledge out of Brewster's *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, my mother, who would probably be sewing in the adjoining dining-room, would ask me what I was reading, and we would not unfrequently have a good deal of talk, she evidently taking an interest in the subject, and asking many questions.

My mother had a natural love of humour, and often relieved herself, and amused us, by indulging it. When we lived at Bonnington, she used to pay the house accounts due in Leith, periodically. When paying the bread account on one occasion, Mrs Rankine, the baker's wife, who was blessed with a very numerous family of young children, was much pestered by one of them hanging about her and pulling her skirts, and yelping out, *Mither, mither*, to gain her attention, thereby preventing the distracted woman from settling the business transaction. At length, in suppressed wrath, she exclaimed, "Weel, bairn, whatever is't ye're wanting noo?" "Mither," asked the imperturbable brat, "may I eat this bake?" holding up a biscuit in its hand. "*Eat it!*" exclaimed *the mother*, "*what would ye dae but eat it; when ye're eating that, ye're eating naething else.*" This touched my mother's sense of the ludicrous—the woman with her incorrigible children, ever eating, and ever crying, in season and out of season, for more, and a whole bakery before them. The mother remembering Mrs Rankine's words, used sometimes to apply them to us when we were a little *exigeant*. "*When you're doing that, you're doing nothing worse, as Mrs Rankine said.*"

Our mother had once on a time a very big and stupid cook; and one evening the mother happened to pass the kitchen door, when she beheld a tremendous fire blazing in the grate. "Bless me, Margaret," said she, "what are you doing at this time of night?"

"*Weel, mem,*" said the heavy Margaret, "*Ye see the snipe!*" And there indeed, if you looked closely, might be discovered an almost invisibly minute snipe roasting for my father's supper. My mother, some days after this scene, generalised and utilised *the words* of Margaret. We were offering some ridiculous explanation for some trifling fault or foolish thing we had done, when our mother, with a comical face, exclaimed, "Oh, *just so! Ye see the snipe.*" We well knew the meaning of the words.

All this shows that our mother had a healthy, happy, and contented nature.

I have referred to my genial uncle Robert, Mr Stodart's eldest son, in an early chapter of my father's life, and I need not here add any thing further.

Uncle George.—I have never known a more kind, just, and dutiful man than my uncle, George Stodart, my grandfather's third son. He was married to his cousin, Janet Stodart, and he and his wife lived for all their married lives in No. 11 Russel Square, as I have said in the sketch of my sister Isabella's life. My uncle George had for many years been a shipbroker in London, and the senior partner in the firm with his friend Mr Vertue. He got a considerable fortune with his wife, on the decease of her father, James Stodart, who was at once a cutler and a man of scientific genius in London, a member of the Royal Society, an intimate friend of Sir Humphrey Davy, Professor Sir John Leslie of Edinburgh, David Wilkie, and of many other celebrities. When my uncle was left alone, by the death of his wife, he asked my sister Isabella to live with him at Russel Square, as I have already mentioned in treating of her life. This she did till his death in 1867.

My grandfather's fourth son, John Riddle Stodart, born in

London, 1793, was much more a man of the world than any others of the family. He was a man of decided ability, of reading, and of general information. I never remember his entering a drawing-room, or any social meeting, without his almost immediately introducing some topic of interest, and thereby at once brightening the conversation. When a young man, he was spirited and generous, and we young people used to hang much about him, for he could always interest us deeply with stories and adventures, which so attract young people and boys in particular. But at a later period it was held by us, I know not how or whence the impression came, that he had had a disappointment in love. This led him, we imagined, to assume somewhat of the stoical manner, in room of his previous natural vivacity and warmth.

The young lady for whom he was supposed to have had this unfortunate attachment, was the well known Jeanie Welsh, sighed for by many, but notably by Edward Irving, when he was only known by his friends as an enthusiastic and generous young man, but who was, some years later, destined to blaze for a season in London, and before the kingdom, as one of the meteors and portents of the day. The young lady, seemingly so attractive, became, as is well known, the wife of the eminent Thomas Carlyle.

In a family memoir of this kind, I may be allowed to allude to the volume of letters of Mrs Carlyle addressed to my mother's cousin, Eliza Stodart. These, in 1889, some years after the death of Eliza Stodart, were published by her grandnephew, David George Ritchie, fellow and tutor of Jesus College, Oxford. These letters being written by Mrs Carlyle during her married life at Craigenputtock, I consider to be valuable, as incidentally throwing light, and most pleasingly removing some painful impressions regarding the happiness of the married pair at that period, which have disturbed the minds of the readers of Mr Froude's biography of the eminent man referred to.

My uncle, John Riddle Stodart, all his life was a steady Whig. He took a prominent part in the popular movements which accompanied and urged forward the passing of the Reform Acts of 1832. The monster processions of those days, the flags, the threatening mottoes and emblazonry, and no less threatening speeches delivered in the King's Park in Edinburgh, and in so many other great cities, it cannot be doubted, powerfully strengthened the hands of the Government of the day, and deterred the House of Lords from its resolve to measure its strength against that of the House of Commons.

My uncle, after the passing of the Reform Act, became a member of the Town Council of Edinburgh, and at the same time he was appointed one of its magistrates. The duties consequent on this office he long and faithfully discharged, sacrificing thereby much time which he might have devoted to his profession as a Writer to the Signet.

My uncle married Jemima Henrietta Brown, of Brandon Street, a niece of my father-in-law, W. G. Cassels, and a sister of Harriet Brown, the wife of Professor Sir Robert Christison, Bart. My uncle John died on 5th January 1871, aged seventy-eight.

His wife, Mrs Stodart, had a refined expression of countenance when young. She had a decided taste for music, and sang with great feeling. She had also a love for literature, as is well shown by her translation, in 1848, of *Leopold Schefer's Artist's Married Life, being that of Albert Dürer.* This translation from German always appeared to me to be executed with that careful, quaint, and antique touch, which scarcely any but a lady of taste and sympathy could have accomplished. She died on 27th September 1865.

My grandfather's two daughters, Eliza and Augusta, were tall and handsome. Eliza was kind and gentle. She had a feeble action of the heart. This rendered a quiet life necessary. Her sister

Augusta was energetic and commanding, and I may say occasionally somewhat dictatorial. I picture these two sisters in their early years as ever closely associated; but shortly after the death of their parents, they separated. Eliza sought a quiet time among friends and relations in Hamilton, and lived happily there beloved and valued by all. She died, 21st May 1858, aged sixty-four. Augusta lived in Edinburgh, and died in Melville Street, some years after her sister Eliza.

Robert Riddle Stodart, my uncle's eldest son, Deputy-Clerk in the Lyon's Office, Edinburgh, died in the spring of 1886, after a fall on the ice, which was lying on the street. This sudden and unexpected event was a severe bereavement to us all; but by none was it so severely felt as by his sister Henrietta. The brother and sister had long lived together in No. 51 Northumberland Street, affording in their joys and sorrows, and in all their interests, a perfect picture of brotherly and sisterly affection.

Since her brother's death, Henrietta Stodart has found a happy home in the family of her brother-in-law and her sister, Professor and Mrs Lorimer.

I cannot do better here than insert the biographical notice of my cousin, Robert R. Stodart, which after his death appeared in the *Scotsman* newspaper, 20th April 1886, written by Mr Burnett, the Lyon King at Arms, and probably the most distinguished herald and geneaologist of the time, who better than most men knew his professional ability and his personal worth.

"The Late Mr Robert Riddle Stodart.

"No small number of our readers will hear with deep concern of the death yesterday morning, after a short illness, of our highly-gifted and much-respected townsman, Mr Robert Riddle Stodart of the Lyon Office. Mr Stodart, born 16th November 1827, was elder son of the late Mr John Riddle Stodart, W.S., and received

his education at the High School of Edinburgh, a private school, and at the Edinburgh University. At the age of eighteen he went to Ceylon, where he took charge for sixteen years of a coffee plantation belonging to his father. Generally a man of refined and scholarly tastes, he had early developed a love—almost amounting to a passion—for local and family history, heraldry, and kindred studies; and while in Ceylon he had nearly every work of importance on these subjects which appeared either in Britain or on the Continent forwarded to him. Prolonged residence in a hot climate having proved unfavourable to his health, he returned home in the close of 1863, and in April 1864 was appointed to the eminently congenial post which he has held till now of Lyon Clerk Depute. The fortunate accident of his being brother-in-law of Professor Lorimer, who, as Lyon Clerk, had that office in his gift, ensured its being bestowed on the best qualified man for it in Scotland. In the Lyon Office, Mr Stodart was pre-eminently the right man in the right place. Owing to a variety of causes, but chiefly the gradual growth of a system of sinecures, and the long tenure of the office of Lyon King of Arms by two Peers who acted through deputies, the Scottish office of Arms had been declining in the estimation of historical scholars and archæologists, some of whom had complained bitterly of the little assistance which they could obtain there in the prosecution of their researches. Mr Burnett (the present Lyon King of Arms), whose tastes and pursuits lay in the right direction, was appointed Lyon Depute by the late Earl of Kinnoull in 1863, with a hope that he would do what in him lay to retrieve the character of the Lyon Office; but his efforts, though not unattended with success, were prosecuted under serious difficulties, so long as officials appointed under the old *régime* retained their places. With the accession, however, of Mr Stodart to its staff, the Scottish heraldic establishment at once resumed its proper position; nor was it long in becoming known that the

officer with whom the public came most immediately in contact was a gentleman of high general culture and accomplishments, and an almost unique knowledge of heraldry and genealogy—Scottish, English, French, German, and Italian—and who was ready on all occasions to put his vast stores of information at the service of all who had a taste for similar pursuits, or whose literary undertakings led them to communicate with him. Many were the cases in which relations with him which began in purely official intercourse deepened into warm private friendship.

"Mr Stodart was a frequent and highly-prized contributor to various archæological periodicals, including the *Genealogist*, the *Herald and Genealogist*, *Miscellanea Genealogica*, &c.; his articles, always the result of much original research, included papers on the Chatelherault title, the different branches of the Ker family, on the law of change of surname, and on a multitude of antiquarian and historical subjects, and monographs on Scottish families, whose history had never before been properly written. He was also the author of various privately-printed genealogical papers, which were largely circulated among those interested in such matters. But his best known literary undertaking, was his "Scottish Arms," published in 1880, two large volumes in crown folio, the first containing a vast collection of arms beautifully fac-similed in colour from ancient MSS., the second consisting of heraldic and genealogical notes illustrative of these arms. This work, the most important contribution to Scottish historical heraldry since the days of Nisbet, was reviewed in our columns at some length; and received like commendatory notices in the *Times* and elsewhere. The fourteenth century representation of Scottish coats in the till then unknown 'Armorial de Gelre,' in the Royal Library at Brussels, astonished and delighted all lovers of pure heraldic art; and the valuable letterpress, dipping largely into the obscurer chapters of heraldry and genealogy, established more than ever

their author's position as one of the ablest genealogists of the day.

"On the 26th of March last, he was for the first time absent from his post, from what seemed to be an ordinary bilious attack: but serious symptoms supervened in a few days; and after a short deceptive rally he gradually sunk, and gently passed away at half-past four yesterday morning. While his quiet, courteous, unostentatious manner, and his modest estimate of his own acquirements, will remain in the memory of all who came in contact with him, he was endeared to his personal friends by yet finer qualities of heart and mind, on which it would be out of place here to enlarge. Mr Stodart was unmarried, and has latterly resided in Northumberland Street with a much-attached sister."

To the works of my cousin above referred to, I must add another genealogical work by him, privately printed by the Messrs T. & A. Constable, Edinburgh, in quarto, in 1887, after his death, entitled, "Memorials of the Browns of Fordell." This work he dedicated to his kinsfolk, the descendants of Mr John Brown.

David, my uncle John's second son, emigrated to Canada. He married and settled in Montreal as a merchant, where he has a family.

HANNAH, my uncle John's eldest daughter, married James Lorimer, Professor of Public Law in the University of Edinburgh. They have a family of six children, three sons and three daughters, all of whom are still alive. I shall give their names by and bye.

I have always regarded Professor Lorimer, his profession, his wife, and his children, also their surroundings, as being eminently typical, and respectively in fine accord. Himself a man of letters, and a philosopher; his wife, Hannah, motherly, and with a peculiar tone of ladylike tenderness, essentially *unlike* the wife of Albert

Dürer, whose life we have lately alluded to; she sympathises with, and encourages her husband and her children in all their various tastes, tasks, and pursuits, and most of her children have thus fortunately shown pleasing literary and artistic tendencies.

James, the eldest son, born 4th July 1853, is settled in the mercantile house of Messrs Gibb, Bright, & Co., in Melbourne, Australia. He has a comical vein, and he and my son Robert have ever been faithful friends. Hannah Cassels, born 7th December 1854, is a skilled artist both in water colour and in oil painting and in wood carving. She acts as her father's secretary, writing to his dictation both his lectures, his letters, and his other literary works, and assists him in many other ways. John Henry, born August 12th, 1855, is a painter, an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy. Many of his productions, exhibited both in London and in Edinburgh, have been pronounced by those competent to judge, as specimens of high art. It seems to me, however, that when not inspired by having good subjects before him, he has occasionally not done himself justice. He is too realistic in his nature to do so. I have no doubt, however, that by careful study, he will find that even what we call the plain or the ugly in nature, frequently conceals hidden interests and charms, if we take pains to discover them, and I believe that, to discover these, is one of the highest criterions of artistic genius. Janet Alice, born 6th November 1857, is married to Sir David Patrick Chalmers, Chief Justice of British Guiana. Of her I need not speak further, having already alluded to her as having been for many years regarded as a beloved friend in our house, and especially a dear friend of her namesake, my daughter Alice. She has a family of three fine boys and two girls, and we all hope we may ere long see her and her highly esteemed husband enjoying an honourable retirement among their many friends in their native land, and along with them their fine young children.

The Professor's fifth child is Caroline Louisa, born 18th November 1860. She is both witty and wise, and a universal favourite. Robert Stodart, the youngest of the family, born 4th November 1864, is an architect, now in the office of Messrs Bodley & Garner, London. He has all along shown a decided enthusiasm for the profession on which he has just entered, which can scarcely fail, in the wealthy and ambitious age in which we live, in due time to lead to merited success.

Professor Lorimer, the father of this family just named, is the son of James Lorimer of Kellyfield, and of Janet Webster, of the Websters of Balruddery and Balgarvie, the latter a very numerous race. Mr Lorimer was factor on the Kinnoul estates for the long period of fifty-seven years, during almost the whole of which time he lived at Aberdalgie, formerly the residence of the original or Perthshire branch of the Oliphants, to whom Kellie Castle also belonged, and by a singular accident Professor Lorimer was born on the site of what was one of their castles; "and," he he remarks, in writing to me, "I shall probably die within the walls of another."

With all these singular coincidences, it seems no more than natural that the Professor should have a happy enthusiasm for all that suggests and keeps before him historical reflections. In a happy moment he cast his eye on the ruins of the old mansion and garden of Kellie Castle, with its pleasing surroundings. It belonged to the Earl of Mar and Kellie, and stands on what has been called the rich or golden hem of the coast which encircles the East Neuk of Fife, a little back from Pittenweem. The Professor and the noble Earl came to terms for its restoration, and for its being again tenanted. A long lease was accordingly granted by his Lordship. I understand the noble proprietor restored the dilapidated roof, and the Professor completed the restoration of the other parts of the mansion, outside and in; he also raised the garden

walls, planted fruit trees and bushes, plants and flowers, of all kinds. How long the old mansion had stood a ruin, I cannot say, but when the work of restoration commenced, it was found that the glass of all the windows was entirely demolished, and some tons of small stones were found lying on the floors of the principal public rooms—the accumulated missiles which for many years had been projected by schoolboys through the windows.

In 1878, the Professor and his family took possession of the restored Kellie Castle, and they have resided there during the long vacation ever since. It is a charming and romantic residence, and nothing could exceed the kindness of the reception which the family received from their neighbours in the country side, of all ranks and conditions.

Over the outside entrance the Professor has placed this well chosen and descriptive inscription—

HOC DOMICILIUM CORBIS ET BUBONIBUS EREPTUM HONESTO
INTER LABORES OTIO CONSECRATUM EST.

The labours of the Professor in the advancement of education and learning, and his published works, are too numerous to be here mentioned. I will only say, that in recognition of these, in May 1887, he was elected a corresponding member of the Royal Academy of Belgium ; and on the occasion of the Octocentenary of the University of Bologna last June (1889), he received from that ancient school the degree of Doctor of Law. He has also the degree of LL.D., &c.

His town house is 1 Bruntsfield Crescent, Edinburgh.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

GENEALOGY OF THE STODARTS, as furnished by Robert Riddle Stodart, of the Lyon Office, Edinburgh.

I.

John Stodart, in Liberton, Edinburgh, born probably about 1545. He was alive in 1643.

II.

John's Children were—

1. John, in Liberton, who left descendants there, and at Gilmerton, and at Dalkeith.
2. James, in Kevock Mill, Lasswade, married to Helen Howison, and died in 1678.
3. Walter, a miller at Cairntown, Liberton, left descendants.

III.

James' Children were—

1. Cuthbert, who seems to have died early.
2. Patrick, in Hyvot's Mill and Kevock Mill. He left descendants at Edgefield, Loanhead, &c.
3. James, farmer, at Loanhead and Bilstane, was married in 1694

to Elizabeth, daughter of James Johnstone, portioner, of Loanhead. She died at Dalkeith in 1754, in her 86th year, leaving between 80 and 90 children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren.

IV.

JAMES' CHILDREN WERE—

1. James Stodart, born 30th March 1703. He succeeded his father in his farm of Bilstane, on the estate of Dryden, the property of Count Lockhart Wishart, in 1745. He removed to the farm of Walston Place, Lanarkshire, belonging to the same landlord. In the same year, 1745, he rode from Walston to Dryden to give information that a search was being made for George Lockhart, eldest son of the Count, on a charge of high treason, and this timely warning enabled him to escape to Newcastle, and thence by sea to France. Mr Stodart was also factor to Count Lockhart. He married, in 1728, Marion, daughter of Adam Haig, of Townhead, at Loanhead. For many years before his death he kept his coffin in his bedroom.
2. Mary Stodart, born 1695, married John Menilaws, Lasswade.
3. Christian, born 1698.
4. Anna, born 1701, married William Mitchell, Loanhead.
5. Patrick, born 1705.
6. Elizabeth, born 1709, married James Potter, Loanhead.
7. Nicolas, born 1711, married John Borthwick, Dryden.
8. John, born 1715.
9. Robert, born 1717.

V.

CHILDREN OF JAMES.

1. Adam Stodart, farmer, Covington, Hillhead, Lanarkshire, born in 1719, married Agnes Wilkie, who died in 1818.

2. George, farmer, Walston Place, married Jean, daughter of Thomas Tweedie, of Quarters.
   1. Thomas, farmer at Biggarshiels, married, first, Christian, daughter of Thomas Tweedie, of Oliver; second, Anne, daughter of Lawrence Brown, of Edmonstone, and had besides other children—
      1. George Tweedie Stodart, W.S., of Oliver, whose son, Thomas Tweedie Stodart, is proprietor of Oliver and others.

   James, a brother of George, farmed Walston, and his son, Thomas, has that farm still, which has been in the family from 1746 till 1876.
3. James Stodart, Edinburgh.
   1. Had a son, James, F.R.S., London. A scientific man, who invented different combinations of iron and silver, and was a friend of Sir Humphrey Davy. Was a surgeon's instrument maker, and left a daughter, Janet, who married her cousin, George Stodart, of 11 Russel Square, London.
   2. A second son, Samuel, who left a family in India.
4. John, farmer, of the Bank, Lanarkshire. He was twice married, and had two sons and ten daughters. His descendants are wine merchants in Glasgow, farmers in Lanarkshire, and are very numerous.
5. William, architect in Hamilton. Married, in 1782, Christian, daughter of John Naismith, of Drumloch. Had three daughters, of whom only one was married, viz., Mrs Blackie. Her son, John Stuart Blackie, Professor of Greek in Edinburgh University, married his cousin (once removed), Eliza Helen Wyld, daughter of James Wyld of Gilston.
6. David, farmer, Easton, Lanarkshire, and Bankhead, near

Dalmeny. He married, first, Mary, daughter of the Rev. John Bradfote, of Dunsyre, and had twelve children, of whom several died unmarried.

1. Christian, married the Rev. John Ritchie, D.D., Tarbolton, Ayr.
2. Mary, wife of John Graham, merchant, Glasgow.
3. Elizabeth (Bess), married the Rev. David Aitken, D.D., Minto, afterwards of No. 4 Charlotte Square, Edinburgh.
4. Robert, died in Tasmania, 1848. He married his cousin, Maria, daughter of Matthew Stodart, of London, and had three sons, David Edmond, M.D., of Geelong; Robert, in Victoria; James Samuel, in New Zealand; also a daughter, Mrs Murray, St Kilda, Melbourne.
5. George, lives in London, and has daughters.
6. Margaret, married John Dudgeon, farmer, Almond Hill, West Lothian.
7. Robert Stodart, pianoforte maker, London. He married Alison Turnbull, of London, and had a large family, of whom only two left children, viz,
   1. John Riddle Stodart, Writer to the Signet, and for many years a Councillor and Magistrate in Edinburgh. He married Jemima Henrietta Brown, and left—
      1. Robert, of the Lyon Office, Edinburgh, of whom see biographical notice appended. He is the compiler of these notices of the Stodart family.
      2. David, a stockbroker in Montreal.
      3. Hannah, married to James Lorimer, Professor of National Law, Edinburgh.
      4. Henrietta.
   2. Marion, married to James Wyld of Gilston, Fife, who left twelve children.

VI.

Children of Adam Stodart.

1. James, farmer, at Covington, Hillhead. From his size and strength, he was called the King of Covington. He married, in 1781, Agnes, daughter of John Thomson, of Carmston, Lanarkshire.
   1. Had a son, John, a farmer, who died at Utica, U.S.A., 1835, leaving a family.
   2. Adam, pianoforte maker, New York, who left a daughter.
   3. A son, James, who died in 1873, leaving a family.
   4. Archibald, now at Covington, aged 51. Has a family.
2. Matthew Stodart, pianoforte maker, Golden Square, London. Died 1844 (or 1845). Married, first, to Charlotte Buchen Young; second, to Elizabeth Holmes. By first, he had William, who went to New York.
   2. Matthew, who settled in Buenos Ayres.
   3. Adam, married —— Laurence, and had three daughters.
      1. Louisa (married).
      2. Anne Charlotte.
      3. Maria (married her cousin Robert, second marriage).
         1. Edward, M.D., married his cousin, Liston Stodart. Second, Caroline Webb.
3. William Stodart, pianoforte maker. Died 1841. Married his cousin, Janet Wilkie, and left, 1. Mrs Hayes, 2. Mr Edward Stodart, and 3. Mr Matthew Stodart, the last who carried on the pianoforte business in London, till 1851, when he went to Australia. He married Jane Loader, and has a family.
   1. William, born 1792, and died 1831.
   2. Matthew, made a humble marriage to Jane Loader, and went to Australia.

3. Janet, died.
4. Agnes, died.

4. Lockhart, farmer, at Pentland, Damhead, married Susannah Cassels, and left a family of six sons and two daughters. *N.B.* Two of the sons are in their father's farm. One is farmer at Drumelzier Haugh, Peeblesshire. Marion, born 1803, married George Keith, Lieutenant Royal Artillery. Another married Rev. Mr Hayes.

NOTE.—General Scott's Fife property was Balcomie. His second daughter married Francis Stuart, 9th Earl of Moray. (See page 53.)

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